PENTHOUSE
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAG
MARCH 1979 $2.25
A RUSSIAN SPY INSIDE THE CIA?
HUMAN SEXUALITY: WOMEN AND WOMEN
MORT SAHL IS ALIVE AND ANGRY
AND NOW... UGLY LIBERATION
VIOLENCE IN SPORTS
TALKING BACK TO TELEVISION
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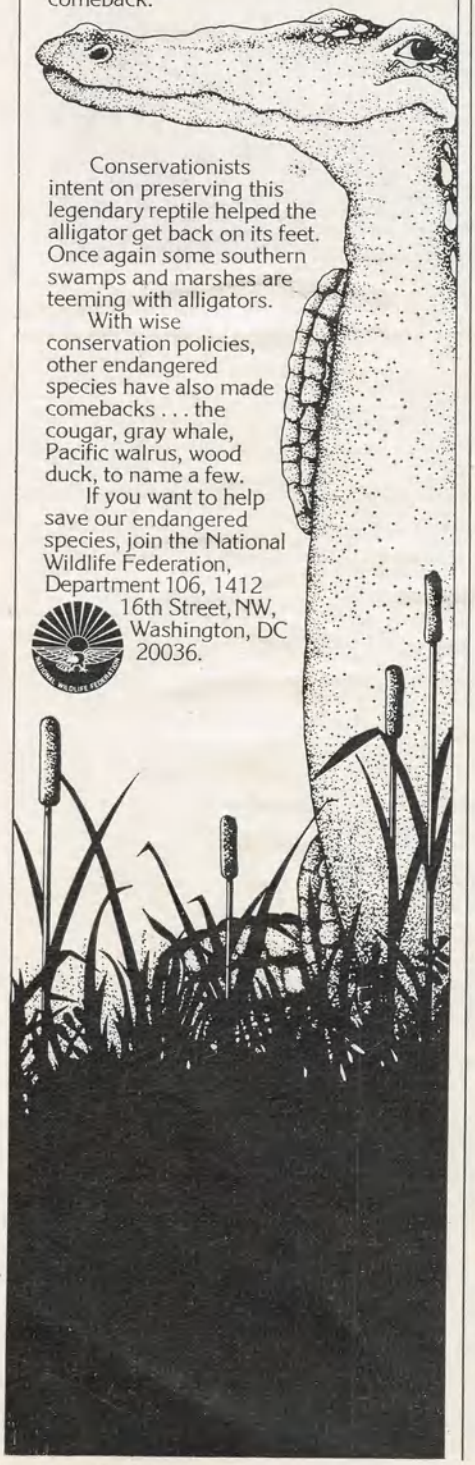
Just a few years ago, illegal hunting and encroaching civilization had all but destroyed the alligator population in the south. They were added to the official list of endangered species in the United States.

Now alligators have made a comeback.



Conservationists intent on preserving this legendary reptile helped the alligator get back on its feet. Once again some southern swamps and marshes are teeming with alligators.

With wise conservation policies, other endangered species have also made comebacks . . . the cougar, gray whale, Pacific walrus, wood duck, to name a few.

If you want to help save our endangered species, join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 106, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

PENTHOUSE

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CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER			
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		30
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	34
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Robert S. Wieder	43
SCENES		Marilyn Stasio	44
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	46
WORDS		Gerald Jonas	47
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	49
THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS	Article	Joe Trento	52
DUAL IN THE SUN	Pictorial	Photos by Antonin Kratochvil	62
VIOLENCE IN SPORTS	Article	Joseph B. Treaster	72
ANYONE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL	Humor	Craig S. Karpel	78
THE DOMINO THEORY OF THE SELF	Fiction	Rob Swigart	82
SUGAR BABY	Pet of the Month	Photos by John Copeland	91
THE REAL LEGACY OF RICHARD NIXON	Essay	Nat Hentoff	106
HARDCORE	Pictorial	By Michael Goodwin	108
MORT SAHL	Interview	Lawrence Linderman	114
TALK BACK TO TELEVISION	Article	William Kowinski	124
SOL SISTER	Pictorial	Photos by Malinowski	134
THE LESBIAN EXPERIENCE	Article	Karla Jay and Allen Young	155
CAN THIS RELATIONSHIP LAST?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	159
EASY LIVING	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	166
ALFA AUTOMATIC	Service	Wade Hoyt	174
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	190

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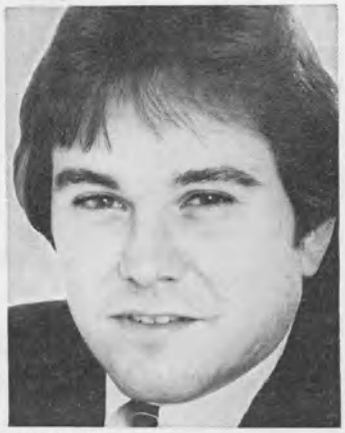

Pat Hill

JOE TRENTO

JOSEPH B. TREASTER

HOUSECALL

The CIA has long been criticized for its internal corruption and its unauthorized interference in domestic politics, but the recent mysterious death of John Paisley, supposedly a "retired" CIA official, raises even more serious questions about the Agency's ineptness at the highest, most critical levels. Wilmington's *News Journal* reporter **Joe Trento**, who last reported in these pages on the KGB at the UN (August 1978) worked with *Penthouse* National Affairs Editor William Corson to investigate the CIA's highly suspect conclusion that Paisley committed suicide during a boating excursion in Chesapeake Bay. Trento learned that Paisley was, in fact, a highly placed intelligence expert with access to the most sensitive information on our spy satellite surveillance system; that the bloated, decomposed body fished from the bay may not have been Paisley's; and that once again the CIA, albeit clumsily, is deliberately covering up the facts.

"The Spy Who Never Was," page 52, is Trento's account of an investigation so replete with misleading information, seemingly impossible coincidences, and conveniently destroyed records that it reads like a John Le Carré spy thriller. Paisley may well have been a long-time double agent who could have defected to Russia with scores of missing documents that seriously jeopardize our national security. This investigation of the "death" of John Paisley may be the first step in the unraveling of an international CIA spy scandal.

"Violence in Sports" (page 72) has been taken for granted for years, or accepted as unavoidable. Such wholesome American games as football and hockey are so riddled with pain and injury that they often seem to be forms of ritualized torture instead of fun. Each season, there are many deaths and millions of injuries among high school, college, and professional players alike. Regular *Penthouse* contributor **Joseph B. Treaster** found that players, coaches, and sports executives admit that injuries translate into dollars—and are often brutally intentional.

Humor can sometimes be both intelligent and serious, and the social criticism of **Mort Sahl** is aimed at enlightening as well as entertaining. Sahl's angry brand of comedy paved the way for Dick Gregory and Richard Pryor, among others. At fifty-one, Sahl (one-time friend of President Kennedy) is making a comeback, and he's angrier and more iconoclastic than ever. In this timely interview, conducted by freelancer **Larry Linderman**, Sahl explains why.

In "Talking Back to Television," author **William Kowinski** takes a thoughtful look at the most revolutionary development in the medium since the color set: participatory television. By combining the most dazzling new refinements in computer technology and cable television, home viewers are now able to respond to a previously one-sided medium. We will someday be able to vote for president, learn a new language, shop without traffic hassles, and select our own programming—all by pushing the response button on a console. Though Kowinski feels that the future of participatory television has not yet been realized, he believes that Qube, in the right hands, can become the Tiffany of television. If so, the three-network system will never be the same.

This month's fictional offering, by humorist **Rob Swigart**, pokes fun at those self-help, Me-generation schemes. In "The Domino Theory of the Self" A. Spencer Sparling, a foppish guru of a trendy racket called SUM, is very, very short and very, very rich. "I think of myself as a farmer," he explains, "tilling, planting and reaping—especially reaping." Sparling is also working on a new get-richer gimmick, a multiple orgasm program for men, called MOM. All in all, he's a real up-and-coming young man . . .

The hero of our second satire this month is every bit as slobby and earnest as Sparling is dapper and deceitful. In **Craig S. Karpel**'s "Anyone Can Be Beautiful," the president of Homely House, Inc., takes umbrage at the fact that most people can forgive their fellow man (or woman) for anything but being ugly. After all, explains the head of this sanctuary for the knock-kneed, wall-eyed eyesores of the world—those people whose skin looks like "roadmaps of rural Ohio, with pores you could pilot a supertanker through"—beauty is only skin deep, but "ugliness goes all the way through." "Let's face it," he sighs, "It's a swan's world."

If a weakness for feminine beauty is a crime, *Penthouse* pleads guilty in the first degree. Once again this month, our pretty harbingers of spring are more than enough to turn a young man's fancy into frenzy—a fact which might offend the members of Homely House, but will delight our readers. ○+■

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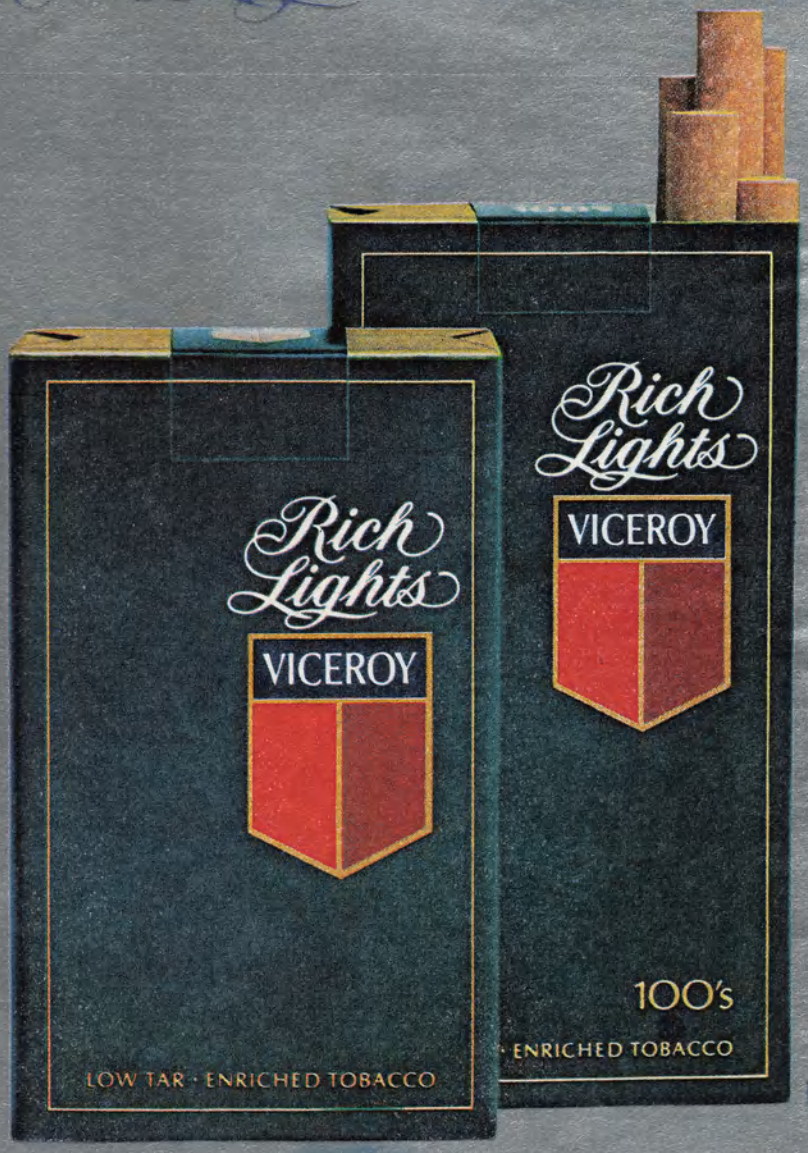

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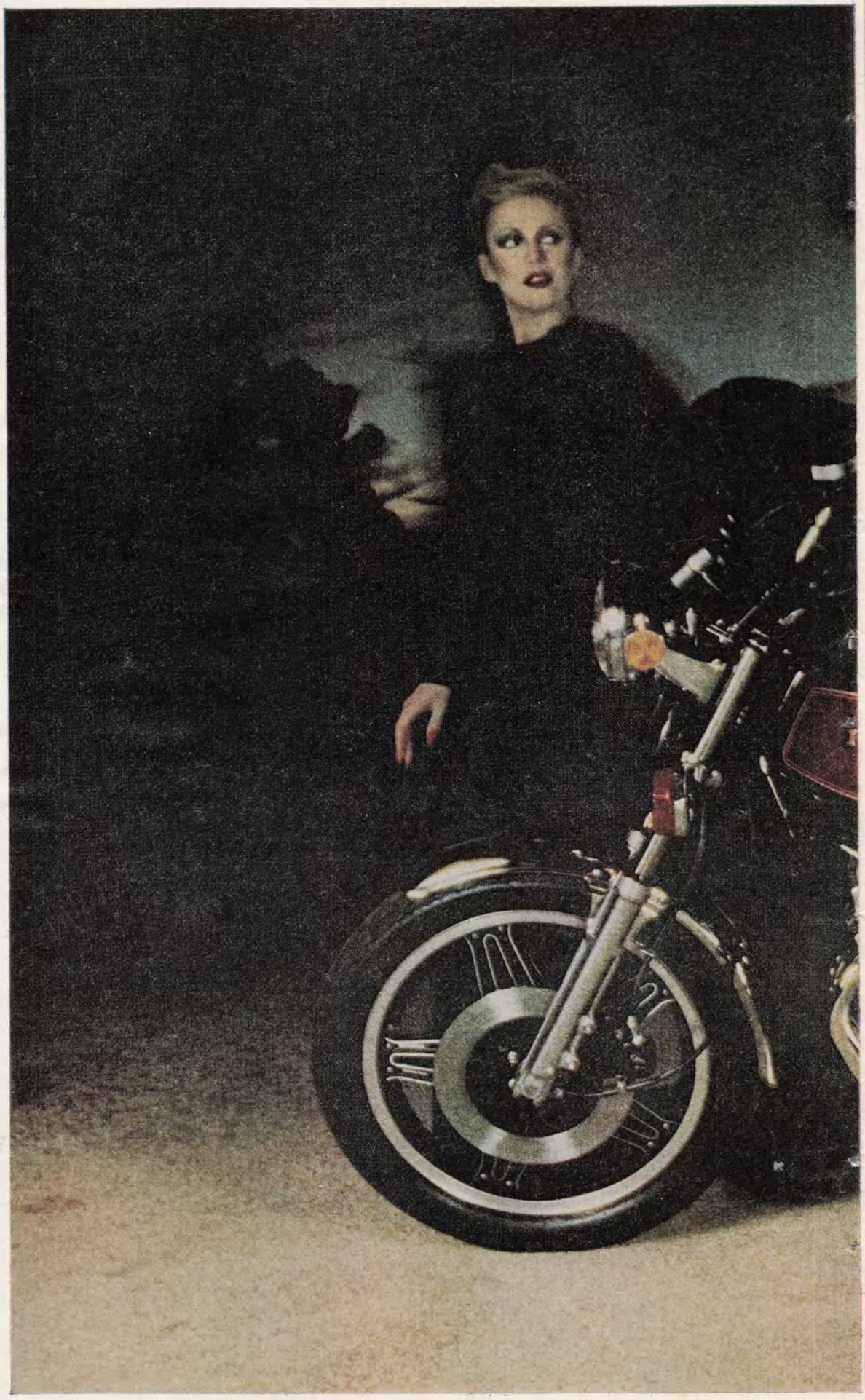

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Coming of age

I would like to share with your readers an incident that happened to me this past summer. It's not quite so exotic as some I've read in your magazine, but to me it was quite a turn-on.

Now, to begin with, I'm no youngster. In fact, I'm almost forty, but I keep in pretty good physical condition by jogging and playing tennis. One of my favorite tennis partners is the teenaged daughter of the people living behind our house. We have been playing tennis together since she was thirteen. Weather permitting, we play early every Saturday morning. When we finish, I return home and do my yard work. Usually, she changes her clothes and comes over to keep me company, as my wife works on Saturdays.

This particular Saturday we had finished our game and had returned home. Tina had changed clothes and returned to talk to me as I worked. After a couple of hours, it being a hot morning, I suggested that we go inside for something to drink and to cool off. Tina agreed, and we went into the family room.

When we had finished our drink and were ready to go outside, Tina asked if she could use the "powder room." Of course, I said yes, and I sat down to wait for her. In a few minutes she came out and told me that the zipper on her jeans was stuck—she couldn't pull it down and wanted to know if I would help her. I knelt down in front of her and tugged at the zipper, but being unable to get a good grip on the little tab, I was unable to budge it. I went to the garage and got a pair of pliers and tried again. I kidded her, saying it was a good thing this happened with me instead of her boyfriend—he might get disgusted and quit. Tina laughed and told me to hurry.

Finally, I was able to get the zipper unstuck, and I told her that I had never worked so hard trying to get into a girl's pants (knowing all the time I wasn't even going to get a peek at the treasure, let alone a reward for my efforts). Tina smiled. Then she laughed as she hurried back to the bathroom.

In a little while she appeared in the family room, holding her jeans together in front. Now she told me that the zipper had come apart and asked if I could fix it for her. I told her that I probably could, but that she would have to take them off and that this would create a problem. She wanted to know what problem. I told her the problem was that she couldn't trust me, especially if all she had on was her panties. Tina giggled and said that she would take her chances if I would fix the zipper for her. Slowly, she peeled the tight-fitting jeans off. Soon she was standing there, wearing a blouse and a pair of bikini panties. I could see the outline of her muff through the thin material.

While I worked on repairing the zipper, Tina sat on the couch, watching me. I could hardly concentrate on my work. All I could think of was her sweet little pussy and how I would like to get my tongue deep inside of it. By this time I had such an erection that I thought it was going to break my own zipper—I was sure that it was quite visible to Tina. Finally, I got the zipper fixed and told Tina that I expected a reward for all my efforts. She told me that she knew what I wanted as a reward, but that she was saving it until she got married; so I would have to settle for something else. I told her that what I had in mind "wouldn't harm it a bit." Tina blushed. She knew what I was talking about. I walked over and knelt in front of her as she sat down on the couch. As I reached up and touched her panties, she shivered, but she said nothing. As I started to inch them down, she raised her hips to accommodate me. I almost came in my pants when I got my first good look at her beautiful love nest. It was covered with soft, curly brown hair, all neatly trimmed so that it wouldn't show when she wore her bikini swim suit. It was a gorgeous, well-cared-for garden of love.

I lifted her suntanned legs onto my shoulders. Tenderly, I kissed her soft, warm thighs before burying my hungry mouth in her luscious nest. She was already moist, and within seconds I located her now swollen clit, which I licked and sucked eagerly. My actions caused so much movement that I had to grab Tina's lovely ass with both hands in order to keep my tongue deep inside her. It wasn't long before she came in an explosive climax: her lovely body became rigid for a second, she shook all over, and then she pressed her pussy closer and harder to my mouth.

Not being able to stand it any longer, I pulled out my erect cock and started to beat my meat. Tina took one look and told me to go ahead and put it in. Slowly, I eased my swollen member into her supermoist cunt. She let out a little moan—a moan of pleasure, not pain—as she arched her back to receive me deeper.

I fucked her hard and fast for about ten minutes. She came twice, before I finally filled her warm, sweet pussy full of hot, white semen. Then Tina pulled me closer,

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her mouth finding mine and her tongue probing deep inside my mouth. It felt glorious being buried deep inside her tight, hot pussy.

That was the first and only time I fucked Tina. But a couple of times a month we get together, and I go down on her and eat her out until she explodes and goes limp. She returns the favor by sucking me off until I'm dry. She says that she is still "saving herself" until she gets married. That's fine with me as long as I'm getting to eat her lovely pussy and enjoying such fantastic blowjobs.—*J. M., Alameda, Calif.*

Max-a-Million!

My wife, Nancy, and I have been avid readers of your super magazine for a number of years. Wow! What those "Forum" articles of yours have done for our sex life! Early in our marriage Nancy was never very interested in oral sex. When we did have sex, it was usually the old missionary style and never any oral sex at all. Well, I'm happy to say that, as a result of your magazine, we now have a great collection of x-rated movies, vibrators, and dildos.

One of the ways Nancy really turns me on goes something like this: after she takes a good, hot bath and gets her pussy clean and relaxed, she goes into the bedroom, sits in a side chair, and reads your magazine until the sexy "Forum" letters make her pussy start to drip. Then she reaches down and slowly fingers her clit. As her pussy gets more and more excited, it's obvious that her fingers alone won't do the job. So she opens up our joy box and gets out her big, black dildo, inserting it in her twat. At first, she just puts the head in, slowly moving it in and out while continuing to read the "Forum" letters.

All this time, I'm waiting for just the right time to make my entrance. She has got to have her pussy good and hot, even *steaming*, before I go in. Quietly, I walk in and see one beautiful sight: Nancy's legs spread apart, her big pussy dripping, and that big, black cock substitute buried up her snatch. Her eyes are closed, and her ass is bouncing all over the chair. Now I take over. I grab the nine-inch black cock and slowly move it in and out, my own cock just a few inches from her mouth. She starts kissing my big knob and flicking its end with her tongue; then she takes the whole thing down her throat until I'm practically trembling all over. She gives me one incredible blowjob. Now it's my turn. With Nancy still sitting, I kiss the inside of each of her legs, starting at the knee and moving slowly toward the promised land. When I finally get around to her big, wet clit, she's in heaven, having orgasm after orgasm while I continue to eat, suck, and tongue that big pussy for about half an hour. After this we jump into bed, and I fill her box with my now giant hard-on—my balls bouncing against her ass as I fuck her as hard and deep as I can.

Another thing we like to do is have sex with another man. The first time this happened, we were staying in a New York hotel. A great-looking guy sat down next to me while I was waiting for Nancy to come downstairs (she was still dressing). One thing led to another, and I told him about our fantasy. We worked up a little game plan.

When Nancy came down, she was looking super and I introduced her to my new friend, Max. We all had dinner together and really hit it off great. Then we saw a show and went dancing. We all continued to drink, and by eleven we had a pretty good buzz on. When Max and Nancy got up to dance, I noticed that Max ran his hand across her ass. She just looked up and smiled. When they sat down again, I said I had to go to the bathroom, but I then stood a few yards away, in the dark, observing them. When Max ran his hand up her leg, she mildly resisted but Max persisted. He finally got all the way up to her moist box. Then he pushed her panties aside with one finger and started to finger her clit. It was all she could do to sit still. Suddenly, she unzipped his pants under the table and took his cock out. It was so large she could hardly get her hand around it. He continued to finger her clit until she had an orgasm. I returned to the table, and we had another drink, and then I suggested a nightcap in our room.

Back at our hotel, Nancy did the old slip-into-something-more-comfortable routine, and when she returned, she was wearing a sheer nightgown. I had never seen her look more ravishing. She sat down next to Max, and I excused myself to fix a couple of drinks. I slipped into our adjoining suite and peeked around the corner to see what was happening. Max instantly put his arms around Nancy, shoving his tongue down her throat, then slipping off her nightgown and pinching the nipples of her soft, white tits with her fingers. Soon he was sucking her like a baby, and before I knew it, he'd gotten his tongue down her body to her clit. It was obvious that he knew how to make a woman respond there, because she was going insane. She just couldn't control her orgasms—she kept having one after another. Finally, Max stopped eating, laid Nancy flat on her back, and grabbed his big, throbbing cock with both hands. It appeared to be at least ten inches long. Nancy took one look and said, "I can't take it all." Max slid it in slowly, moving it in and out until Nancy was about to orgasm again. Suddenly and violently, she put her hands on Max's ass and pulled his huge cock all the way into her pussy. Standing in the semidarkness with a giant hard-on, I decided to get into the act.

I walked in naked, went over to the couch, and placed my cock against her lips. With her eyes closed, she opened up and almost completely engulfed my cock, sucking like she'd never sucked before. This went on for just a few minutes, and suddenly we all climaxed together. We then cleaned up, had another drink, and got back to fucking and sucking all night long. First, I would fuck Nancy and she would

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When you know how they're built.

suck Max; then Max would eat Nancy and she would suck me.

This had to be one of the greatest vacations we ever had, and we are looking forward to another swinging trip soon.—*D. B., Yorktown, Ind.*

Stairway to heaven

It was a hot, dreary night. As the humidity rose to an unbearable level, so, in turn, did our sexual desires and needs. There were five of us on that fateful night—five young eighteen-year-olds quite knowledgeable about the facts of life but until that time unenlightened about the joys of sex.

After an uneventful evening at the local arcade, we spent a few hours driving aimlessly about. Driving below a row of hill-set houses, Johnny stopped abruptly and pointed at a light shining above a house resting on the edge of a small precipice. "That's Natalie's house," grunted Ed in ecstasy.

Natalie was the local fox at our high school. She was a five-foot-five-inch instant hard-on. Her magnificent mammaries were oh-so delicious looking as they peeked through her form-fitting halter, and her fine ass caused all pricks to pulsate in anticipation. Her sweet honey pot, not to be overlooked, also enticed many eyes as it pressed firmly against her yellow tennis shorts. As for fucking, Natalie had shunned all of our attempts to engage her in pursuits not academic in nature.

The five of us looked into each other's eyes and instantly knew what we had to do. I said, "Let's go," and at once we jumped out of the car and began to engage the hill leading to the heaven above us. Our frantic climb led up quickly to the top of the hill, and our chests, as well as our cocks, beat with expectation. Fifty eager fingers simultaneously grasped the wooden fence that separated us from the joys a mere ten feet away. As our eyes peered above the partition, hoping for but a glimpse of our ultimate fantasy, we were aghast at the scene before us.

Three glistening nude bodies were squirming on the pool deck, in obvious lesbian glee. Natalie was on top of a pair of girls, who were purring in ecstasy. The girls, we were amazed to observe, were Carrie and Laurie, two other local foxes at our high school. The three of them were moaning and groaning with passion.

At that instant, the weight of our throbbing sea serpents proved to be too much for the fence and it collapsed with a splintery crash. At this, the three love-crazed felines started in fear and huddled together, hopelessly trying to cover up their sleek bodies. We slowly picked ourselves up from the ground and sheepishly cast our eyes on our Sapphic victims. Realizing that a crime had already been committed, Mark and Huck moved slowly toward the frightened girls, while undoing their belts. The metal of their buckles tinkled, and with that the drama was set into motion.

Mark, already nude, went slowly to Natalie. "I won't hurt you," he whispered as

"What's the name of that pipe tobacco he's wearing?"
"Maybe I should smoke a pipe..."
"I wish my man would wear his pipe tobacco."
"Is it his charm or the pipe tobacco he's wearing?"
"Ooh, I'm in love with that pipe tobacco he's wearing!"
"I wonder if he's married..."

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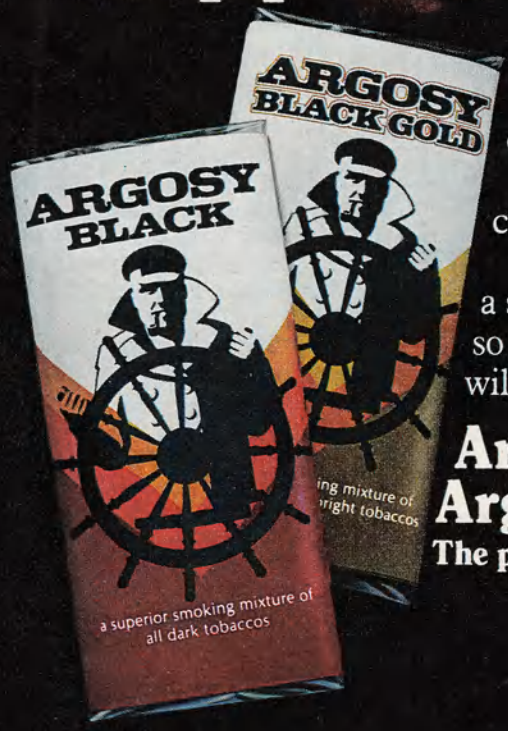

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he caressed her tender shoulder. Huck, a bit cruder, pulled Carrie toward his crimson Darth Vader. Obviously, the Force was with him. Huck lifted weights in his spare time, and he easily lifted Carrie by her shoulders and slowly lowered her moist cunt lips onto his awaiting, blood-engorged zeppelin. Although she was frightened at first, once she had Huck's nine-inch penis in her muff, she began to hump wildly.

Amidst these pleasures, Johnny and Ed growled savagely. Physically fit Laurie was expertly mouthing them simultaneously to the brink of ecstasy. Finally, as Johnny and Ed madly kneaded Laurie's large, firm love clappers, she mercifully ignited their awesome volcanoes, and they spurted their red-hot lava over her tanned body.

Mark and I were on cloud nine as Natalie managed to place both of our cocks in her mouth at the same time. The feel of her wet lips and tongue over my cock was sensational, and in a matter of minutes, I released a huge deposit of jolting jism into her throat. She gagged a bit, but it only made her suck harder. When Mark came, the quantity of our combined polliwogs caused her to choke a bit. Although she tried to swallow all of the semen, some of it dripped down the corners of her mouth. Mark and I, not waiting for a critique of our combined spunk, closed in on Natalie's pussy and took turns licking her bright-red clit. Her body twitched and her muff contorted lovingly as she came in short pelvic thrusts. At that, we decided to alternate thrusting our penises into her warm muff.

The whole affair lasted about an hour and a half. After we had rested a bit and chugged down a few beers, Natalie and I were back at it again, this time in the comfort of her living room. Because of our sexual antics, we awoke the next morning fatigued and tired from our fantasy come true. Needless to say, we were all a bit late for our first-period class.—*J.B., Toledo, Ohio*

Blow-up

I truly enjoy your pictorials, especially when a guy and girl get together and start "going to it." In fact, one of my sexual fantasies has always been to appear in a *Penthouse* layout, making it with the best-looking chick in the world, for all the world to see.

Well, last week most of my fantasies came true, and I thought your readers would enjoy hearing about it. My girl friend, Judy, is very liberal-minded, and she also loves to try anything new to heighten our sexual experiences. When I told her that I would like to have a photographer snap some pictures of us while I was dipping into her, she couldn't wait to do it. We even decided that instead of doing it inside our bedroom, we would be just like *Penthouse* and find our own little hideaway in the great outdoors.

I asked a friend of mine, Bill, who is also a photographer, if he would like to take some pictures of Judy and me. When I explained what was involved, he was more than glad to take the pictures and told us that he would even do it for nothing.

The next weekend we drove out to the woods near our apartment complex and searched for a secluded spot to act out my fantasy. We found a perfect place near a small stream that was well hidden from everything and where we would be free from any possible intruders. We had worked out a story line beforehand: Judy would come upon me in the woods as I was taking off my clothes, getting ready to jerk myself off.

I began stripping down, and as I did, Bill was snapping away, taking picture after picture. When I got down to my underwear, Judy came into the picture and I gave the camera a startled look as if I wasn't supposed to be found there. She came over to me and kissed my neck, then my chest, and began rubbing the obvious bulge in my undershorts. Next, she instructed me to take off my clothes. Bill kept snapping away. Finally, she slipped my underwear off, revealing an extremely hard cock. She knelt down and began licking it first, teasing it with her tongue.

Just before I was about to let go with a wad, she stopped—and then I went down on her. I could tell she was loving my fantasy as much as I was because she was extremely wet. Finally, when neither of us could hold back any longer, I slipped my dick into Judy's cunt and we both exploded into a world we'd never known before.

Bill was obviously getting off on this scene—he was moaning as much as Judy and I were. She looked up at him and immediately saw the seams near his crotch about to burst from his excitement. She asked me if I would mind if she took care of him. I told her it was fine with me, and needless to say, it was more than fine with Bill. I picked up Bill's camera and began taking shots of those two. I was taking pictures so close to them that when Judy came, some of her juices splashed out and wet the camera lens.

After this scene was over, we still had some film left. Judy asked Bill and me whether we would do her a favor. She had always wanted to see two guys get off on each other, and now seemed the perfect time, she slyly pointed out. Well, I was never into butt fucking, but when Bill agreed to our fondling each other, I said okay. Judy grabbed the camera as Bill and I started playing with each other's cock. His was slightly smaller than mine, but the head was bigger, and I'll have to admit that I became really excited when I slipped his dick into my mouth. I sucked it until he was almost ready to come, and then he sucked me off.

When the day was over, we went back to my apartment and had a gang-bang until Bill finally went home, very exhausted. It was a day of shooting for him in more than one sense of the word! He developed and printed all the pictures, and today we have a whole album of pictures of my fantasy come true. It's still a guaranteed turn-on for us when we look them over at home and

"No, this is not Dial-A-Joke, but hang on there, and I'll put her on!"

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remember our day in the woods. Next time we do this, we want to use a *Penthouse* photographer. Any objections?—*S.M., Newark, Del.*

Erect disciplinarian

I would like to share a recent experience of mine with other readers of *Penthouse*.

My wife, Jan, is a very attractive woman in her late twenties, slim and quite tall with long, brown hair. All through our five years of marriage, she has had the irritating habit of nagging and complaining; nothing I have said to her has had the slightest effect. The only thing that seemed to work at all was taking her over my knee like a child. However, this improved her attitude only temporarily. One day I was glancing through a swingers' magazine and got the idea of asking another couple for some assistance. I thought that the embarrassment of having her panties pulled down and getting a spanking from a complete stranger might change her behavior.

I wrote to one couple, Chuck and Joan, and they readily agreed to what I had in mind. We arranged for Jan and me to spend a weekend at their home. This was kept a secret from Jan. One day I innocently proposed a shopping trip to the city where Chuck and Joan lived, telling her that we could stay with some old college friends of mine.

We arrived early Friday afternoon. Since Chuck was still at work, Joan suggested we shower and change before dinner. While Jan was in the shower, I removed her suitcase and all her things from the bedroom. A few minutes later Joan and I returned to the bedroom, where Jan, wrapped in a towel, was angrily demanding her clothes. Joan quickly took charge. She lifted the edge of the towel and gave Jan a resounding slap on the bottom. She ordered her to sit down on the bed and proceeded to set out the rules for the weekend. She told Jan that she had been brought there to correct her childish misbehavior, and that she would be soundly spanked any time either she or Chuck felt a spanking was appropriate. Without further ado, she yanked off Jan's towel and pulled her across her lap. Armed with a large hairbrush, she paddled Jan's bottom to a deep red, amid frenzied pleas, sobs, and upturned leg kicking. Jan was then given permission to put on a pair of panties and was told to stand in the corner until dinnertime. Jan hastily did as she was told and promised me that she would go along with the plan and obey all orders, because she didn't want to lose me.

About thirty minutes later Chuck came home. He was ushered into the bedroom, where Jan was trembling in the corner. In spite of her tears of protest, she was ordered to pull her panties down, show off her crimson behind, and tell Chuck how she had gotten punished.

The next couple of hours passed quietly. We had a relaxing dinner, although Jan squirmed in her seat a good deal (both because of her difficulty in sitting and because she was dressed only in a pair of panties). I guess she relaxed a little too much or forgot where she was, because before long she found herself in a disagreement over some matter—politics, I think—with Chuck. He quietly stated his opinion, but she had the bad judgment to ignore him and keep right on talking. Abruptly, all conversation at the table stopped. Chuck was visibly angry, and suddenly Jan realized her mistake. But it was already too late. Jan was directed to the hall closet, where she had to get a Ping-Pong paddle from its hook on the door. She tearfully deposited her panties on the floor and, with Chuck's hand firmly gripping her wrist, was marched hopping up to the bedroom. From downstairs we could hear that a very severe spanking was being administered. Jan apparently wriggled and struggled a good deal and was given many extra smacks. I heard Jan sobbing that she would be good in between the whacks of the paddle, but it wasn't until her carrying on stopped that the punishment ended. Finally, Jan was led downstairs again. On orders from Chuck, she displayed her cherry-red, glowing bottom and tearfully presented me with a fervent apology for her past misdeeds. She was then sent off to bed. Feeling quite aroused by the evening, I followed her and was treated to a passionate blowjob.

We stayed at Chuck and Joan's place the entire weekend. On Saturday Jan wore regular clothes for most of the morning because of good behavior but was demoted to panties—after a vigorous hand spanking by Joan—when it was discovered she hadn't made the bed. Later in the day her panties, too, were taken away from her. Chuck became incensed at her laziness in helping to clean up the lunch dishes and blistered her bottom with the paddle in full view of us all. Jan was extremely embarrassed, especially with her nudity, but her attempts to cover her pubic area with her hands only resulted in an extra series of stinging spanks. Jan spent most of the afternoon lying face down on her bed, soothing her tender behind.

Earning her clothes back became a matter of pride for Jan. She began behaving extremely sweetly toward me and was polite and respectful to Chuck and Joan. Just before supper she announced that she had been neglecting me and invited me into the bedroom for what turned out to be a superior fuck. Joan praised her change of attitude on our return, and she was allowed to dress. I was thrilled that she chose a sexy nightgown instead of her jeans and sweater.

There was only one more incident of backsliding. On Sunday I enjoyed a late breakfast while the others had a morning swim. I became aware of Jan's voice from the pool; she appeared to be going back to her old habit of swearing. Suddenly, there was a great commotion and splashing. I turned to see a dripping Jan being

"Gee, Angela, when you talked about someday having your own family, I just naturally thought . . ."

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Listening to our new DC integrated amp, the SU-8099, will tell you all you need to know about its performance. And 3-Dimensional Analysis (3 DA) will tell you about the radically new way it was designed.

3 DA is a computer measuring system designed by Hewlett-Packard and Technics. It gives audio engineers and you a far greater insight into amplifier performance than is possible with conventional separate measurements of frequency response, power, and distortion.

4000 precise measurements are plotted on a three-axis graph with power measured from 0.2 watt to rated output across a frequency band of 10 Hz to 100 kHz. Distortion is evaluated from 0.0001% with distortion components measured out to 1 *million* Hz. The result is a picture of performance you won't get with conventional specs.

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SU-8099

Continuous Power Per channel into 8 ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power	Phono S/N
115 watts (20 Hz~20 kHz) 100 watts (5 Hz~100 kHz)	0.007% (20 Hz~20 kHz) 0.05% (5 Hz~100 kHz)	96 dB (5mV)

ST-8077

FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz/ 10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
37.2 dBf	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.1%

RS-M44

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
0.05% WRMS	30 Hz~17 kHz ($FeCr/CrO_2$)	67 dB Dolby* in

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

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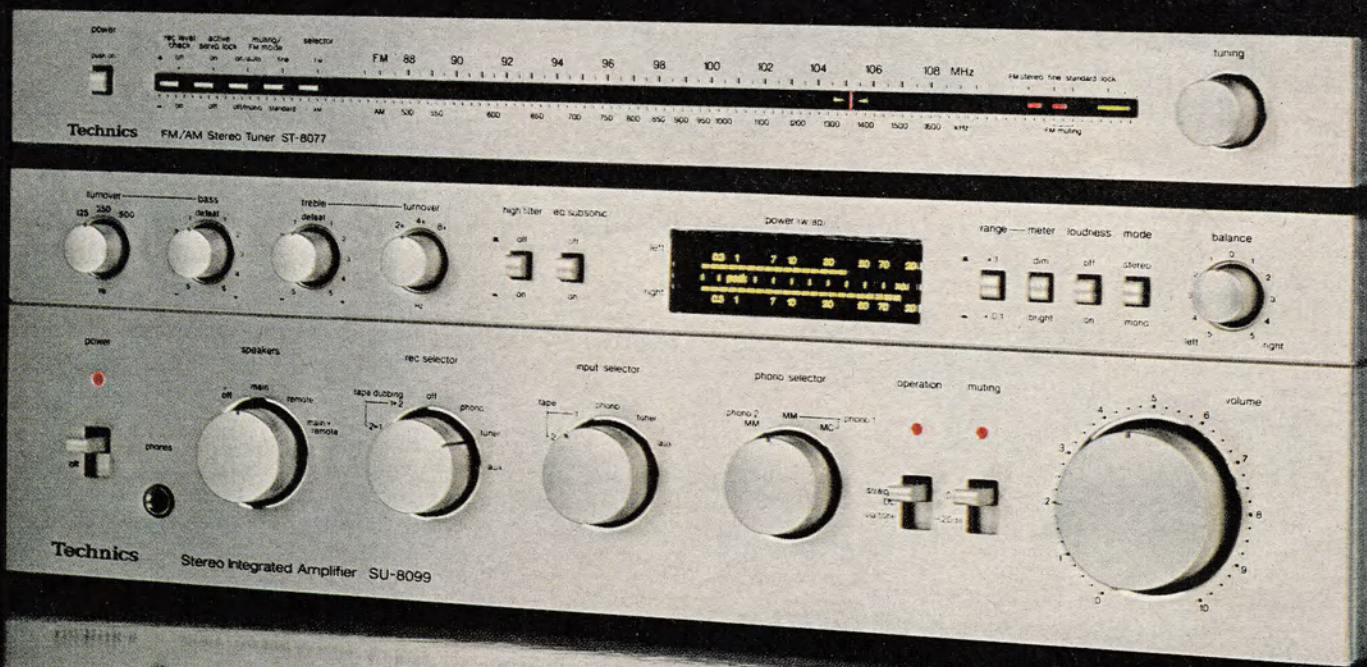

marched by the arm across the living room by Chuck. As Jan struggled up the stairs, Joan tugged her bikini bottom down from behind. By the time they reached the top of the stairs, Joan had her suit to her ankles. I followed and watched from the doorway. Jan pleaded with them not to spank her again. For this she received two swats across her bottom from Chuck.

Finally, it dawned on her what she was expected to do. She stopped, took a deep breath, and promised to behave herself. Jan then went over to Joan and tearfully told her that she had been very naughty and clearly deserved a good spanking. Since she had misbehaved so badly, she deserved to be punished in the nude and proceeded to remove her bikini bra herself. She asked Joan where she kept her hairbrush. She then presented the hairbrush to Chuck and asked him to sit down so she could bend over his knee.

He obliged her with a resounding, bottom-reddening thrashing that left her sobbing with all her might and rubbing her behind. In spite of this, with trembling knees she begged to be spanked again because she had offended Joan also. Joan did not spare the hairbrush and delivered a full dose of stinging whacks to both glowing cheeks. Jan kissed both of them and thanked them for her punishment, saying that she had richly deserved what she had received.

We have not had to go back to Chuck and Joan's for a second visit, though it has been over six months. Jan has been a model wife. When she does misbehave, she fetches a hairbrush or Ping-Pong paddle herself, pulls down her panties, and requests a sound spanking without being asked. This tends to happen about once a week. She then sucks me off to make amends for her mistakes.—*Name and address withheld*

Monday night foot-balling

I'm a single woman, thirty years old, five foot nine (38-27-38), and enjoy an active sex life. I guess in sexual matters your readers would regard me as straight, as I am attracted only to men.

About six months ago I started to date a man who had to be one of the sexiest human beings I have ever met. I think many of the women who read this will understand that when I say "sexy" I mean that he is truly sensitive to my physical and mental needs. He has gently and patiently tuned me to the point that when he touches me, my panties become wet with anticipation. I had never climaxed with a man before I met him, although I have had several lovers and two husbands. This was a problem that he decided should be resolved.

Both of us enjoy watching Monday Night Football, and usually this one sporting event precedes another more exciting sport. I asked Jim over to my apartment one Monday to watch the game and, as I hadn't seen him for over a week and was feeling particularly horny, dressed for the occasion. Clad in a pair of the tightest, shortest cutoffs I own, a clinging silk blouse and a white-lace plunging bra, which I know excites him, I greeted him for a night of sports. While we watched a very tight, exciting game in the living room, Jim's nimble fingers were softly rubbing my nipples through the silky fabric and running very lightly over the insides of my thighs.

As halftime approached, it was becoming increasingly difficult to concentrate on the game. When I went out to the kitchen to get a couple of beers, Jim followed me out, saying that he had an interesting idea. He placed me on top of a butcher-board cutting block, and with my back braced against the wall, he spread and lifted my long legs. While he slowly rotated and thrust his hips, my very moist cunt became increasingly receptive to the contact of his hard cock, even though we were separated by two layers of denim. "Would you like me in you this way?" he asked. It was a maddening tease, and I frequently wished that our clothes would magically disappear.

We opted for my bedroom, and during the third quarter, our own game became as heated as the one on the field. Jim was naked on the top of the bed, and I was lying beside him in a pair of black-string bikini panties. I was still trying to watch the game, but his sensuous lips were playfully busy alternating between kissing and sucking my now-aching tits. His fingers were slowly rotating my clit through the soft, silky material that was now very warm and wet. It was becoming very difficult to keep track of the score. He moved on top of me and rubbed his masculine, hairy chest back and forth across my nipples until they were stinging with excitement.

He then moved up on me and took the head of his beautiful erect cock in his hand and proceeded to massage each of my tits with its tip, which was glistening with a trickle of white liquid. I loved it and wanted only to return the intense pleasure he was giving me. I sandwiched his big cock between my large breasts, and after a few strokes I bent my head to lick the top of his cock and soon started sucking him for all I was worth. He then untied one side of my panties, and as we lay on our back, we played with each other while trying to watch part of the fourth quarter. I came intensely as he manipulated my turgid clit. I then mounted him and rode him with complete joy as he rolled the edges of my panties up over my buttocks and helped to guide my rhythm.

Jim told me that the most important erogenous zone is the mind; I will add that a fruitful imagination is very helpful. I now spend much more time in lingerie departments than I should. We have certainly reached a lot of plateaus together, and the anticipation of more certainly adds to the fun!—*H.E., Erie, Pa.*

Party pooper

Not long ago, a guy who works in the same

"Please be gentle. This is my first time with a real Marxist."

National Smoker Study:

Merit Scores Important Victory!

High tar smokers report low tar MERIT delivers flavor of leading high tar brands

Are the toughest "critics" of low tar cigarettes satisfied with the taste of MERIT vs. leading high tar brands?

Read the results from a nationwide research effort.

Results Confirm Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in detailed interviews conducted among current MERIT smokers?

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first major alternative for high tar smokers. © Philip Morris Inc. 1979

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

office that I do invited me to a party. His name was Bill, and he was very good looking. Needless to say, I was thrilled. He's thirty-two, and I'm twenty, but it's no problem. It was to be casual; so I thought I'd wear jeans and a sweater. I took a long bubble bath before dressing and fantasized about him, stroking myself a little amidst the silky bubbles. After drying off, I slid into a pair of very old, faded jeans without putting on panties or a bra first. The tightness of the jeans emphasized my ass nicely. I then put on a semitight white sweater, which felt great against my breasts. It held them nicely but still allowed them to move gently as I walked.

Bill arrived at 7:30 P.M., looking as dynamite as ever. He, too, wore a sweater and a tight pair of jeans. We began talking, and suddenly Bill produced a rather fat cigarette. He lighted it up and took a few tokes. I hated to admit it to him, but I had never smoked grass before. Tonight was to be my first time. Looking at gorgeous Bill and having my jeans rubbing me in strategic places made me quite horny; so I decided to join him for a smoke. By the time we left for the party around 8:00 P.M., I was plenty stoned.

As soon as we arrived, a girl handed us both a glass of punch. Since the grass had made my mouth very dry, I drank it down quite rapidly. I was halfway through my third glass before I realized the punch was spiked with vodka. Soon the liquor hit me like a ton of bricks. By this time I was really out of it. I didn't know where I was or even who I was. I managed to find a chair and sort of fell into it. I passed out cold and stayed in that condition most of the night.

Bill later told me that he had tried to wake me on numerous occasions throughout the night but that it was fruitless. He also told me that many people asked him who the good-looking chick with the nice knockers was. The guests, both men and women, thought it was too bad that I got wiped out so early, since we never got a chance to talk. Finally, about 4:00 A.M., I came to. The party was still going on. When the guests saw that I was still awake, they all applauded. I was still stoned and woozy, but at least I was conscious.

I drank another glass of punch, and Bill and I retreated to a back room. He took off my jeans, and after I spread my legs wide for him, he buried his face in my cunt, lapping away at my swollen pussy. At first I was numb, but soon the tingling sensations got to me, and I started to come like I never had before. Maybe it was all too much for me, because I then seemed to lose consciousness again. The next thing I remember, it was morning, and I was being dressed by a girl, who carried me out to her car, put me in the backseat, and took me home. She even put me to bed.

After sleeping for twelve hours, I was sober and, surprisingly, not feeling all that bad. I called Bill, who said it had been a great party. Unfortunately, I missed most of it. He also said—and kind of laughed mysteriously when he said it—that I was the hit of the party. After we hung up, I tried to think how I could have been the hit of the party since I slept through most of it—unless Bill wasn't the only one who ate and fucked me. I guess I'll never know.—*L.M., Marblehead, Mass.*

"Keep an eye on old Booth. I think he's relieving himself on the rubber plant!"

Tender loving care

I would like to relate some of my experiences to your readers. I am a foxy-looking (five feet eight inches, 32-24-32, and 105 pounds) freshman nursing student at a small midwestern university.

About two months ago, I met Jeff through a mutual friend and was infatuated by his tall, sensuous body. Judging by the bulge in his jeans, I would say that he must have been quite impressed by my body also.

I was to meet him again a few weeks later at a party. It was moving pretty slow until he showed up late in the evening. We sat in the corner and had a few drinks and talked about school. The next thing I knew, it was about 12:30 A.M., and since I had promised to stop by another friend's party, I decided to say my good-byes and leave. But as I went to go, Jeff got up and followed me out the door. We were both pretty drunk, and when he kept insisting that we go to his room for a nightcap, I went along. As soon as we entered the room, he grabbed me and started kissing me. I felt myself getting wetter and wetter as his tongue slid in and out of my mouth. His hands soon found their way into my shirt and began to play with my breasts. I was very aroused as his hands probed the sensitive areas around my erect nipples and then continued down my body to my navel and finally to my dripping crotch. I squirmed and moaned in delight as his hand found its way down my pants and his fingers began massaging my clit and probing deep into my vagina.

At this point, he quit kissing me and began to strip off my pants and panties. He buried his face between my legs and began to lick my inner thighs and, finally, my clit. When I could take it no longer, I grabbed his head, and he pushed his tongue as deep into me as he could get it as the first waves of orgasm ripped through my body. He continued licking my pussy until I had three or four more orgasms in about ten minutes' time.

Exhausted, I sat back on the bed while he took off his clothes and revealed to me a six-inch penis standing at attention. He pushed me back onto the bed, spread my legs, crawled in between, and buried his penis deep in my steaming pussy. He started out at a slow, steady pace as I tried to move my hips in a rhythm with his movements. Soon he began to pound his rod into me faster and faster, and I knew his orgasm was not far off. When I felt his semen squirt against my inner walls, I, too, exploded in orgasm.

After a brief rest, Jeff asked me if I'd ever tried any anal sex. I told him I never had but was willing to try anything once. He pro-

RABBIT THE #1 SELLING CAR IN SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss are no cuckoos.

They sit surrounded by Germany, Italy and France – all of the biggest car makers in Europe.

Their choice of cars is unlimited. Yet the car they buy most is the Volkswagen Rabbit.

It seems fair to ask why.

To begin with, mountain climbing isn't just a hobby in Switzerland; it's the way everyone drives. Good weather or bad (especially bad) there is nothing like Rabbit's front-wheel drive to get a car up an Alp. Or a Rocky, or even a steep driveway.

Also, the Swiss worship precision; it's what makes them tick. Car and Driver described the Rabbit this way: "Quality is exceptionally high throughout, with solid slamming doors and a structure that feels as substantial as a Mosler safe."

The Swiss also dote on technology. Fuel injection, for example.

You might be as interested as the Swiss to know that you can't get a Renault with fuel injection. Or a Fiat. Or a Lancia. Not to mention Toyota, Honda, or Mazda. But you can get a fuel-injected Rabbit.

Last, but hardly least, is the fact that the Swiss are – well – frugal. And so when they see a car that's built like a vault, climbs like a goat, is far ahead of its time and still sells for a reasonable price, the Swiss do what sensible people everywhere do.

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ceeded to grease up his cock and my rear opening with some Vaseline. He had me stand and lean over the back of a big, stuffed chair so that my opening was exposed to his every desire. He worked his cock into me a little at a time until it was all the way in. As he slid in and out of my opening, he alternately played with my breasts and my clit. This was such a turn-on that I had three more orgasms before he shot his wad.

We spent the rest of the night together and tried out our sexual fantasies on each other.

After the following week of classes, I invited Jeff over to my room. This time I was going to dominate him. I dressed up in a white garter belt, white stockings, and my nurse's uniform, neglecting, however, to wear panties or a bra. After Jeff arrived, I stripped him and put him to bed as if he were a patient in the hospital. I started out by giving him an enema, which turned his limp organ into steel. While he was still getting his enema, I sponge-bathed him and gave him a complete massage. Next, I tied him to the bed with some rope and began putting on a little show for him. I slowly stripped off my uniform except for the garter belt and stockings. Then I began to suck on his cock until I felt that he was about to climax. I stopped and moved up to straddle his face with my pussy, just out of his tongue's reach. After about an hour of this teasing, I finally went down on his cock again and swallowed it up to his balls. This brought him off in my mouth in no time, and I swallowed all of his come.

By now, I was so wet that my love juices were running down my thighs. I quickly untied him, and he wasted no time in licking up my juices of desire and bringing me to the most intense orgasm of my life. By now his cock was hard again, and he mounted me and fucked me like a wild animal. I must have had about six orgasms before he finally flooded my cunt with his gism.

The past two months with Jeff have been filled with the best sex I have ever had. I am hoping that our relationship will always be so good as long as we continue to see each other—which I hope will be for the rest of my life.—*J. L. Vermilion, S.D.*

Gather ye Rosebuds

I would like to relate to *Penthouse* readers a most unusual sexual experience. I am a student at a large midwestern university. A few days ago a gorgeous fox named Rosy made some rather suggestive remarks about the bulge in my pants. Then, during a date at a nearby state park, Rosy proved to me that she was a wild and willing woman of passion.

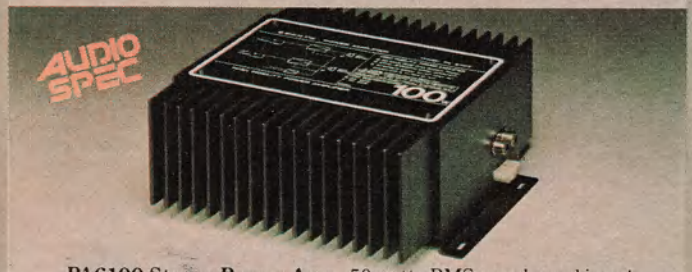
The two of us were walking in the woods in an isolated section of the park. Suddenly, Rosy grabbed my hand and said, "Let's go exploring." A moment later we were doing some first-rate exploring, as my throbbing love organ was exploring her juicy tunnel. First, we found a mossy rock in the woods, where Rosy lay down in a rather unusual position: she lay with her back arched, so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

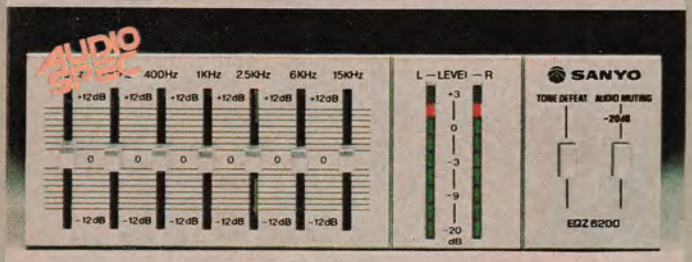
Superb* Awesome** Outrageous***

Great car stereo sound used to be an all-or-nothing affair. Either you blew a bundle, or you settled for second best.
Now meet the Sanyo Expandables. Car components engineered to let you work your way up from "superb" to "outrageous." In steps that your budget can handle.

FT646 AM/FM/Cassette. Sendust Alloy head. 40-19,000Hz (±3dB) with metal tape. 1.5 μV FM sensitivity (IHF). $219.95†



PA6100 Stereo Power Amp. 50 watts RMS per channel into 4 ohms, 20-20,000Hz, with no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion. $149.95†



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*Step 1: "Superb."

Start off your system with one of Sanyo's new AUDIO/SPEC car stereos and a pair of Sanyo speakers. You'll get great specs, great sound, and the superior engineering of the world's largest tape equipment manufacturer.

Some models give you Dolby noise reduction, Sendust Alloy heads (for all tapes *including metal particle*), and electronic tuning with digital readout of frequency, time, and date. You can also get super-low distortion preamp level outputs — highly recommended for Step 2.

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Whenever you're ready to really *feel* the music, get hold of an AUDIO/SPEC high fidelity power amplifier. We've got four models, with 25 to 60 watts RMS per channel into 4 ohms. *All rated per FTC home hi-fi specs, with full 20-20,000Hz power bandwidth and no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion!* Some have a unique motor-driven fader for balancing front and rear speakers.

The amplifiers accept preamp level or high level (speaker) inputs, so they'll work with just about any radio/tape unit. Awesome!

***Step 3: "Outrageous."

If nothing less than the ultimate will do, plug in a Sanyo AUDIO/SPEC graphic equalizer between your radio/tape player and the power amp. With 7 bands of precise control, you can customize the sound to fit your taste and your car's acoustics. In seconds, you can actually "re-engineer" any recording to bring out any vocal or instrumental range. Hear it, and you'll be hooked!

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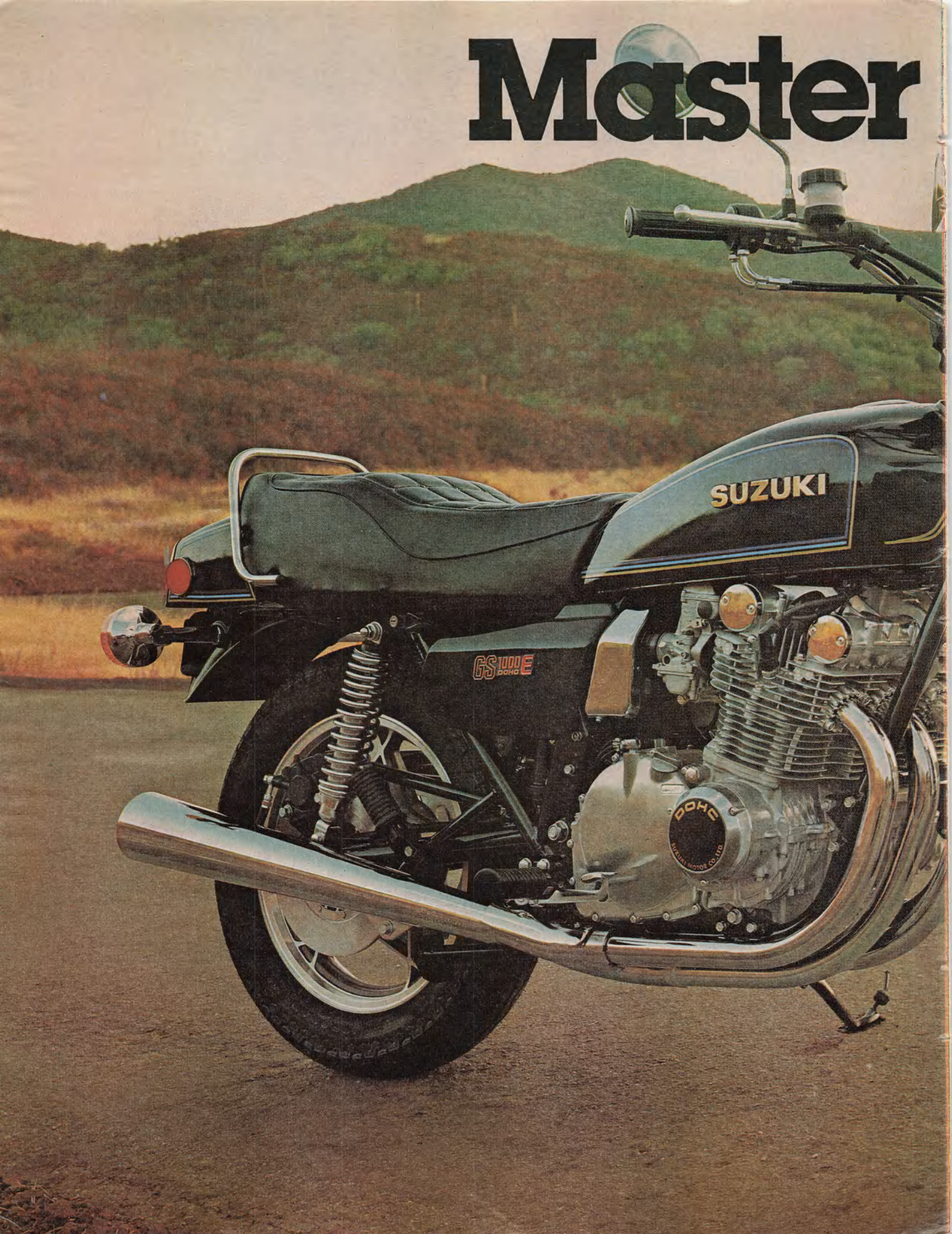
Master



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When it comes to all-around performance, nobody out-performs Suzuki. Case in point: The GS-1000E.

Very Quick. Mighty 4-stroke DOHC mill delivers smooth, steady power for long trips. And super acceleration for passing. Four Mikuni VM26 carbs keep the beast fed properly. Roller bearing crankshaft provides high-RPM performance.

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Now you know why the GS-1000E is one of the world's great performers.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Bravo, Di Donato!

I am an Italo-American, born and raised for my first fifteen years in Italy. I immigrated to the United States in order to obtain a better education and thus fulfill that elusive dream—a better life.

This letter comes to congratulate both *Penthouse* and Pietro Di Donato for the excellent article "Christ in Plastic" (December 1978).

With pointed journalistic subjectivity, with acrid black humor, and yet with uncanny accuracy, Mr. Di Donato drives to the heart of the matter—deftly exposing and exploding, like so many flawed, plastic bubbles, each and every cow sacred to the Italian hierarchy of church and state. *Bravo*! Finally, I have read, in the pages of *Penthouse*, a true, factual account of the Aldo Moro affair, true in that it succeeds in honestly uncovering and presenting as much impartial information as "official" media channels have attempted to cover up and distort.

Without much moralizing, Di Donato has courageously revealed both sides of the coin. Both he and *Penthouse* deserve the highest praise for having the wisdom and the guts to tell-it-like-it-is, knowing quite well that you will probably ruffle many a hypocritical feather. Again, bravo!—*A.F. Nicolai, Hammond, Ind.*

Unveiling Castro

I have never before read anything quite like the Fidel Castro interview in the December 1978 issue. He condemns America for practicing colonialism 100 years ago; yet today he acts as a mercenary for the cruelest, most brutal colonial power the world has ever seen. Castro claims that China has "sold out" to America; yet he has sold Cuba to Russia for a sum of $6 million in aid per day. He vilifies America for once owning slaves, while he himself has sold his own young men into slavery—sending them to fight Russia's wars on foreign soil, sending them to die in the tanks and planes that Moscow sells. He accuses capitalism of inventing every sin known to man, while he acts as an agent for the interests of a system that has refined tyranny, torture, repression, and mass murder to an art form that would have made Adolf Hitler blush with envy. I wish to thank *Penthouse* for allowing the world to see Castro for what he is.—*D. Bridges, La Puente, Calif.*

What the "interview" with Fidel Castro amounts to is so many innocuous questions fed to Castro so that he could make a long, political speech answering each of them. There was no rebuttal and no attempt to call his bluff when it was so obvious that he was lying shamelessly. The conclusion many will reach is that the interviewer, Fernando Morais, is a Communist sympathizer who found the chance of his life to give his hero a good forum whereby he could spread the Marxist gospel.—*Name and address withheld*

Farmers, fight on

I certainly appreciate your articles on the agricultural strike, "Bitter Harvest," Parts I and II (September and November 1978). A lot of good people have done a brilliant job; the public information alone has been worth its weight in Colombian Gold. (That is a selling slogan being used to sell marijuana seeds by mail at fifteen dollars per pound. The advertisement recently ran in the publication *Moneysworth*. If all else fails, farmers could plow under their wheat and corn next year and plant something the American consumer *does* appreciate financially.)

I thought that it was a good idea for farmers to mail Christmas catalogs back. This year I did the same, enclosing copies of your articles.

America's clergymen have been urging for years the need to reinstitute a nationwide Christmas that is Christ-centered rather than one that is centered around the worship of material things. What better place to have these sermons take root than on America's family farms?

I would like to suggest that farmers choose a two-week period during which they boycott electricity and gas. I suggest that they park all their vehicles in the driveway and refuse to get in and go anywhere, except in the case of an emergency. I suggest that they enter their houses at 6:00 P.M. and keep their houses dark. The hushed, quiet, dark farm country would be a signal to the nation that things *must* change, or these lights will go out permanently. Surely, it would also be something the national news media would be able to cover, especially if the farmer's demonstration was nationwide.

Consumers who feel that they are not getting the full story from officials about the complexities of the food system in this country could join the farmers in this demonstration. Farmers and consumers are both victims, whatever end of the food chain they are on. By joining forces instead of fighting one another, they can make even the most reluctant public officials deal constructively with the problem.—*Mrs. P.J. Albrecht, Hamilton, Va.*

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EXTRA DRY - WHITE
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This rum is produced and bottled only in Puerto Rico reflecting over 100 years of skill and dedication in the making of every drop
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Thanks for listening, America

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Nineteen seventy-nine's a big year for us. We'll be 22 years old. In the wondrous world of stereo, that's something of a miracle. But that doesn't mean it's an accident. KLH has grown the hard way. By pleasing one American music lover at a time. Time after time after time. Whether you want to spend $200 or $800 for a pair of speakers, we're the name you can trust.

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Mrs. Albrecht enclosed information regarding a new ad hoc coalition, The Consumer-Farmer Alliance, a group of small, family farmers and urban food consumers who consider themselves to be "victims of monopolized control of food production and distribution at all levels, and of governmental policies that are supportive of such monopolization." If you would like more information regarding this coalition, write to: Consumer-Farmer Alliance, c/o Food Monitor, *P.O. Box 1975, Garden City, N.Y. 11530.*

To arms, to arms

I am writing in response to Robert Sherrill's article in the "Words" section of "View from the Top," "Available for Export" (November 1978). If Sherrill is so smart, why isn't he running for office? With his ideas, he could solve all the problems of the world. At least, he seems to think so. Mr. Sherrill strikes me as an arrogant and egotistical individual who is a legend in his own mind.

Mr. Sherrill, where do you think the countries of the world would purchase their arms if not from the United States? That's right, Russia. And that would spread the influence of communism. Furthermore, purchasers might be cut off from technical advice if Russia's demands were not met. There would be a choice of following Russia's dictums or being left with useless equipment. However, when arms are purchased from the United States, the purchaser receives a warranty, expert training and advice, supplies on time, and the best equipment money can buy, with few, if any, strings attached.

When the United States sells something, it is for the good of our country. The added production lowers the unemployment rate by providing jobs and increases the gross national product, thereby raising badly needed new taxable revenue for the benefit of everyone. And, best of all, it didn't cost the taxpayer one cent. It also gives us a chance to employ Vietnam veterans who are badly in need of a job.

The United States is not so stupid as to sell sophisticated equipment to countries that might let it get into the wrong hands. The pieces of equipment we sell to countries that cannot offer the utmost security are stripped-down versions of the originals, for example, the F-15 sold to Saudi Arabia. The Russians could not learn any more from the plane than they knew before the sale was made.

Mr. Sherrill, in my opinion, by opening your mouth, you have removed all doubt about your ignorance. As for Tom Gervasi, whose book *Arsenal of Democracy* Sherrill writes about, he has looked at the subject with only one eye, and that one was only half-open.—*Bill Clements, United States Air Force, Zweibrücken, Germany*

Know thyself

I am currently a student at East Texas State University, minoring in operations and production management. As an avid reader of *Penthouse*, I have come across

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

We reinvented the 35mm camera so others couldn't catch up. They haven't.

When Olympus examined the design concepts of traditional 35mm SLR's, they recognized the need for an engineering revolution: achieve quality without bulk, sophistication without complication. The result is called Olympus OM-1. The state-of-the-art SLR embodying the latest technology in electronics, metallurgy and optics. So advanced that others, while attempting to copy its compactness, have failed to duplicate its sophisticated internal design. ▪ OM-1 is lightweight, yet professionally-rugged. Compact, but with a viewfinder 70% brighter and 30% larger than conventional SLR's. And its special air dampers make shooting exceptionally quiet and vibration-free. All this, part of the most complete, compact SLR system, with almost 300 lenses and accessories to meet every photographic challenge. No wonder OM-1 is Number 1.

For the photographer demanding the last word in automatic exposure control, the one choice is the Olympus OM-2. A quantum leap ahead of traditional SLR design, incorporating the features of the OM-1 plus electronic sensor circuitry found in no other camera's light measurement system. It's called OTF ("Off-the-Film") light measurement, because it measures the light reflected off the film plane and the film itself, during actual exposure. The result is a range of capabilities found in no other camera in the world, including automatic electronic flash whose exposure is controlled by the OM-2's internal light sensors. And each frame is exposure-controlled with motor drive (5 fps!) and rapid winder (over 3 fps!). Learn more about the incomparable choice offered by the OM-1 and OM-2, detailed in our free brochure. Write OLYMPUS, Woodbury, New York 11797.

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"To say that you're addicted to masturbation is like saying you're addicted to breathing."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm twenty-two, single, and five feet ten inches tall, with a slim figure and a very good job. I'm a legal secretary for a great guy, who trained me with no previous experience. Needless to say, I've always felt indebted to Phil.

He's forty-two, and his wife, Camille, is a very attractive thirty-five. I've been to their home many times for cocktail parties and the like and have always enjoyed their company immensely.

Two weeks ago Phil told me that he and Camille were spending the weekend on their cabin cruiser. I kiddingly remarked that I wished I were going. That evening Camille called me and sincerely invited me along. At first, of course, I said no, that I couldn't impose. But after a few minutes of her insistence, I decided to change my mind. I met them early on Saturday morning, and while we were cruising out of the harbor, Camille and I went below to change into our suits. She presented me with a beautiful string bikini that must have cost a small fortune.

As she was undressing, I couldn't help admiring her perfectly shaped breasts. She caught me staring at her, but she was also giving me the once-over. When I slipped on my bikini bottom, I discovered that my pubic hair was hanging out on all sides. Camille saw my dismay and said that had she known I had such a bush, she would have bought me a one-piece suit.

Not knowing exactly what to do, she suggested just shaping the area, but I said I wouldn't know what to do even if I tried trimming it. Then she put her hand on my shoulder and said she'd do it for me if I'd just lie down on top of the dressing table. I was really embarrassed and said no, but Camille put her arm around me and cupped one of my breasts, squeezing it gently. I felt funny inside and sat up on the edge of the table, watching her opening the bag and pulling out a can of shaving cream and a razor. This sort of frightened me, but she pushed me back gently and told me to remove the bottom and relax. I obeyed.

Camille then spread the cream only around the edges of my vagina and began softly stroking the pubic area. She looked into my eyes and with one hand began to massage my clit. I tried to hold back, but I was beginning to get wet and let out a moan of gratification. Then she pushed her face between my legs and began licking me as she thrust her index finger inside me. My legs felt like jelly—I had never experienced such a feeling with any man. When Camille came up for air, she grabbed the shaving cream and sprayed a big blob right onto my mound and spread it around. When she took the razor in her hand, I turned my head to one side and closed my eyes. She began shaving across the top of the pubic area smoothly and deliberately. After she finished the top, she spread my legs and carefully shaved my pussy lips. Then she turned me over to one side and shaved around my anus, the little hairs on my cheeks. She grabbed a towel and wiped the excess cream off as neither one of us said a word. Then she poured baby oil on and began rubbing it all over the shaved area.

I knew I was now "bald," but I gathered the courage to lift my head and look. I could see my slit shining and feel how clean and smooth it was.

Camille made love to me again that evening without being interrupted or bothered by Phil. Early Sunday morning I sucked her pussy for the first time, and it felt wonderful. When we went on deck that afternoon, I fell asleep lying on a towel near the spot on the deck where Phil was fishing. Suddenly, I felt someone tugging at

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my suit. When I opened my eyes, Phil was standing over me, and Camille was pulling my bottoms down over my ankles. Phil started laughing as she spread baby oil all over my hairless pussy. I actually felt like a little girl, and after several minutes of her incredibly delicate and soothing stroking, I fell fast asleep.

Nothing has been said at work about the incident, and Phil is still as nice as ever. However, Camille hasn't called me or gotten in touch with me in any way. I really was attracted to her. Do you think I should contact her?— N.E.V.

I could not think of a better way to become initiated into lesbian lovemaking. As far as the shaving goes, I have had the same kind of feeling you experienced—namely, that of being made a little girl. Somehow, looking at a totally naked mons veneris reminds one of those days of total innocence. Also, the fact that there is no longer any protective hair makes your vagina much more sensitive—and an orgasm is reached much more easily.

You should consider this affair as "two ships that passed in the night." If Camille were to call you, the spell of that special weekend might be lost forever. Let this remain a particularly sweet memory, and maybe now you will have enough confidence to go out and try your own wings, with some other, like-minded ladies. Since her husband (your boss) seemed to give his tacit approval to your activities, you can be sure this is not the first time such things have occurred aboard his cruiser.

HAIRLESS AND HAPPY

My girl friend and I have just had a unique experience. As we were getting ready to go to Florida for Easter vacation and in the process of gathering together our resort wear, we tried on our bikinis. We were almost shocked at realizing how thick our mounds of pubic hair had grown since the summer. Not only did the hair stick out on all sides of the bottoms, but it also formed quite a bulge. We decided we would give ourselves a trim.

Rather than going for just a trim, we cut the hair as short as possible with scissors and shaved only a small area (near our inner thighs). That evening, when we made love with our husbands, they were really turned on by our extrashort pubic hair.

These haircuts have really improved our sex lives, especially in the oral sex department. We are now quite interested in finding out a little more on this subject. First, which female nationality has the greatest amount of pubic hair? Our pubic area grows in a triangle. Are there any other pubic hair patterns? Can you tell us if there are any groups of people who have special or unusual pubic hair customs? Are there ways that pubic hair can be shaped into different designs? Thank you for your help.—L.R. and T.C.

My comments to our "Letter of the Month" above apply to your letter, too. From my experience in oral lovemaking with women, I must say that the women from Latin American countries and the southern European ladies are the hairiest of them all. Oriental women, as well as their men, have a more upward pubic hair growth, which doesn't really grow in a triangle but is longer and thinner and of very fine, almost straight hair. There are many different shapes to trim your pubic hair into, depending on your originality or on the ingenuity of the one who is doing the landscaping. You can even tweeze the hair into a heart shape or a box shape. Good luck with your experimentation!

LIGHT MY FIRE

This idea is so far out that I don't think that even you have tried it. Just when I thought I had heard everything there was to hear about sex, I make a novel discovery. I tell you, we—my wife and I—have only begun to fuck!

A friend of mine gave me a new product that he claimed was "worth investigating." This product—I won't mention the name, but there are several companies that make it—is a bioluminescent light-stick. The principle is the same as that of the lightning bug when he or she attempts to attract a mate. The light-stick itself is a hollow plastic tube filled with a yellow green liquid. There's a capsule inside that, when broken, activates the liquid substance to give a pleasant, yellow green glow that will last about twenty-four hours as a light source.

But here is the kicker. One night, when I was experimenting with a light-stick, I cut it open and extracted some of the glowing fluid. I accidently spilled some on my hand. In the dark I noticed that it still glowed, illuminating my fingers and hand. I put some more on and rubbed it around, and the effect was spectacular. I was concerned that the chemicals might be harmful for what I had in mind; so I called the company the next day. They assured me that the substances contained in the light-stick were nontoxic. It will stain clothes, but who wants to wear them anyway?

That night I took several light-sticks into the bathroom. After I had showered, I applied the stuff to all parts of my body. The fluid feels and looks like baby oil and in the light is not noticeable at all. I told my wife to close her eyes, and I turned off the lights. When she opened her eyes, there I was, Luke Starfucker, the bioluminescent being from the future, complete with light dagger—I'd say light saber, but I'm not that well hung. After the initial shock and after I assured her that I wasn't radioactive, she wanted to try it. I got some more of the stuff and applied it to her body. The vision of her glowing body in that totally dark bedroom was unreal.

Needless to say, since then our sex life has taken on a new glow. Some advice for those whose imaginations are aroused by my discovery: you'll need at least two light-sticks each. Also, be careful to remove the

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broken particles of capsule before applying the liquid, and it will stain bed sheets. My question, Xaviera, is—have you ever heard of this or tried anything like it?—E.W.

Your preferences for light-sticks and fluorescent gadgets are similar to those of the firefly—truly burning with passion. And I imagine you do it for a rare, special kick in your sexual life, but I still think it's better to stick to other funny inventions than to play around with such chemicals. It might very well do some harm later, if not sooner, if it ends up somewhere where it doesn't belong. The light-sticks were definitely not invented to be used as a kind of body lotion for freaked-out lovers who want to glow all the time.

A DIFFERENT STORY

In regard to your answer to S.P.'s question regarding impotence in the August 1978 issue, I feel that you may have done him and other readers with this problem a real disservice by recommending that this young couple go to a psychiatrist.

One very common complication of diabetes is damage to various nerves. Often the nerve centers controlling erection are damaged. This leads to physically caused impotence, which no amount of therapy can cure. Since about one American out of fifty has this disease and only about half of them know it, a complete physical—including tests for diabetes and neurological tests—should be a must for any man who is impotent. Diabetes attacks anyone, often going undetected until severe damage has been done. Diminishing sexual potency can often be a warning, especially if accompanied by any of the other diabetic symptoms.

So please, urge any man who has partial impotency to have a complete physical.—H.S

Thank you for your comments. I'm sure my readers will appreciate your heartfelt advice.

ALL HANDS ON DECK

One day I was looking at some pornography that I found in my father's drawer and was trying to masturbate for the first time, bouncing my cock around with my pelvic muscles, trying to simulate the sex act in any way I could. As I reached around to pick up a magazine, my wrist brushed against the underside of my cock. An electric sensation bolted through my groin.

Since I hadn't been paying attention and didn't really know what I had done to create that feeling, I started to retrace my hand's actions to figure out what I did. After about three minutes of this, I again brushed the underside of my cock with my wrist and I got the same reaction. I had found it! I repeated it again and again and soon settled into an up-down stroke with the underside of my wrist and the underside of my penis. With every stroke, another wave pulsed through my body. I kept it up, each stroke more intense than the last. Then my legs and groin became extremely hot, all my blood seemed to rush out of my body, and my cock jerked up violently. Out came about five massive spurts, shooting high into the air.

I still didn't know what was happening, and I continued my strokes until I went limp. I cleaned up and contemplated what had happened. Soon I realized I had experienced my first orgasm.

Since that time I have masturbated almost every night (it's been four years). More times than not, I have done it two or three times a day. I'm not an introvert or crazy or unbalanced. There is only one reason for my secluded sex life: a weight problem. Although I'm convinced that I'm quite handsome, I have forty to sixty extra pounds of blubber. However, my problem is that I think I'm addicted to masturbation. I go crazy if I go a day without it and am usually "itchy" after about twelve hours without it. Another thing is that I've never had another orgasm like the first (and even the ones that come halfway close are months apart). The feelings I get now are okay, but I usually feel stupid afterward. So how do I stop myself from beating off daily, and how do I re-create an orgasm as powerful as my first?—S.D.

So what's so bad about jerking off once or twice a day? To say that you're addicted to masturbation is like saying you're addicted to breathing. That's my opinion, anyway. If your orgasms aren't as good as they used to be, well ... probably you have a bad memory. Sometimes experiences, particularly sexual experiences, grow fonder with time. You've become an experienced hand at beating off. Obviously, it's not the unique experience it once was. Also, it could be that your orgasms are not so strong as they used to be because you don't give yourself time to recuperate your energies between masturbatory sessions.

It's interesting that you mention your weight problem with regard to your masturbation. Do you really mean to say that your masturbation prevents you from losing weight? Come on! What are you going to tell me next—the stories about going blind and hair growing on your palms? If you want to lose weight, then see a good doctor and get yourself on a decent diet. Once you lose that weight, you may find other—and more interesting—ways of experiencing an orgasm.

A CONDOM QUANDARY

I'm nineteen years old, male, and enjoy a fairly active sex life with females my own age and older. My problem is not with the ladies but with prophylactics.

To begin with, I have a small penis, measuring at full erection five inches long and four inches in circumference. When I roll the rubber over my erect penis, I have no immediate problem. After I take two or three thrusts into my girl friend, the rubber

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covering my cock looks like queen-size panty hose on the legs of an eighty-pound woman. The rubber doesn't actually fall off, but it bunches up something terrible on the shaft. None of the women I have taken to bed so far has ever complained about my penis size, but whenever I use a rubber they always tell me to take it off and not to worry that they will get pregnant. Worry? I value my life and freedom too much not to be concerned.

I must mention that I've tried numerous brands of prophylactics, but none can ever come close to a tight or snug fit. It seems hard to believe that some manufacturer has not come to the aid of the less-endowed male. Reading some of the letters in your column, I know it seems hard to believe that there are some men in the world who are not hung like horses.

For my own benefit and for the benefit of any other small men out there, please let us know the name and mailing address of any company that makes a smaller than standard-size prophylactic.—F.J.

I'm afraid I'm of the sex that does not buy condoms. My expertise in this area of sex is lacking. Perhaps other male readers can comment on your problem regarding penis size. There must be some other man who's felt embarrassed and "unfit" in bed.

GUILT TRAP

I'm a twenty-eight-year-old, happily married housewife. I've been into bisexuality since my college days. I went to a small women's college in New England, and since the winters were so cold and snowy, we couldn't get out much and ended up sleeping with each other. The majority of the women who went there were straight when they began, but they graduated as bisexuals. I've had a female lover ever since I graduated, and my husband, Jeff, is fully aware of it.

One day one of my neighbors was visiting, and the conversation turned to sex. We had been drinking tequila sunrises and were feeling fine. I told her I enjoyed making love with both men and women. She didn't act too surprised and said she had always dreamed of making it with another woman. After another drink, we ended up disrobing each other for an hour or two of good lovemaking.

However, this lady is too obsessed about having sex with women. Her marriage is in trouble, because she is ignoring her husband's sexual needs. I now refuse to have sex with her, but I've noticed other women coming to her house in the morning and not leaving until late afternoon. I'm afraid I turned this lady into a full-fledged lesbian, and I feel very guilty. She and her husband are close to separating, and I think I may be responsible. Is there anything I can do to help her, or do you think it's too late? Her husband thinks there is another man involved—he has no idea it's a woman.—K.L.

Don't you worry about a thing. Do you think that every man who has deflowered a young woman continues to feel guilty because she continues to make love with different men? Nonsense! You did this lady a good deed, and if that is what she likes, then it's no concern of yours. She's obviously managed to keep her inclinations a good secret from her husband. Maybe their sexual relationship was bad anyway, even before you made love to her. Perhaps you came just in time to save her from total frustration.

One course of action you might suggest to her: tell her husband about her bisexuality and watch his reaction. If he reacts favorably, maybe she ought to try a three-way scene with another lady who might be interested in getting it on with both of them. That way she doesn't have to oblige him any longer, and yet they will all remain happy.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PENIS

I know that many men would like to have been given a larger cock when they were originally issued. I've never heard a man complain that he was born with a member that was too big. But a recent experience in my life has caused me to wonder if indeed bigger is better.

I've been married to Meg for two years, and in most respects our marriage has been great. Physically, however, it's like the mating of a bull (me) and a deer (Meg). This has caused some problems in our lovemaking. I have a large penis (nine inches long and seven and one-half inches around when erect), and the head is the size of a small apple. Meg is barely five feet tall and built slight, except for a fantastic set of large tits. During our lovemaking, she has a difficult time taking the full length of my engorged cock into her without some discomfort. She likes me to fuck her with about five or six inches. She brings herself to a climax by using one hand to rub her clit, fast and furious, and her other hand to squeeze and stroke the other three inches of my shaft—which, I admit, brings me to some fantastic orgasms.

It is frustrating at those times when, in the middle of a torrid session, I want nothing more than to drive home all nine inches of my hard, throbbing cock without some of the deep thrusts hurting Meg in a vulnerable spot. Anal sex is definitely out of the question. We've tried it on a number of occasions, but it's just too much for Meg to handle. Oral sex is also a problem. Meg can lick and bite my prick until I shoot, but she cannot manage to get more than half of my cock into her mouth. At times I long for someone to take the entire length of my hot dick into her mouth for an all-out, juicy blowjob. The closest Meg can come to giving me head is to lie on her back and place my erection between her ample tits. She then wraps them around my cock, and I proceed to rub it back and forth, pausing when the crown reaches her lips, allowing her to lick and bite the underside of it until I shoot my load, which she loves to take in the

mouth. The sight and feeling of those big, creamy white mounds and hard, pink nipples engulfing my long, purple cock while it slides up and down from her stomach to her mouth drives me wild!

A few weeks ago Meg met a handsome guy named Stan. They were both immediately turned on to each other and went to bed. Since then, they have spent several other sexy nights together. Meg has been completely honest in our relationship and says that this affair with Stan is purely sexual. She fills me in with a running description of their lovemaking, because she knows it turns me on. According to Meg, Stan has a much smaller cock than mine. They have screwed in a variety of positions, and Meg has taken his entire cock without discomfort and been able to reach frenzied orgasms without using her fingers. She also describes with great pleasure how she sucks in Stan's entire prick or slowly mounts it until he explodes. They also enjoy anal sex.

So Meg and Stan are obviously enjoying each other. Meg wants to continue our relationship, but she also wants to continue her sexual adventures with Stan. Recently, they talked it over and invited me to join them for a threesome! I'm not sure how I (and my nine-inch cock) would fit into the scene. They are willing, and it does sound inviting. Do you have any thoughts or suggestions?—H.M.

Like I say, try anything once. But frankly, I also do not know where your nine-inch cock would fit into this three-way picture. If your wife can't take your full cock when you two are alone, she certainly isn't going to be able to handle it with Stan there fucking her.

Look, what's good for the goose is good for the gander. If Meg can screw around with some guy who's a better fit for her, what's stopping you from doing the same, with a woman who's got a bit more stretch? Like I say, try anything once.

TENDER TO THE TOUCH

The head of my cock is extremely sensitive for about thirty seconds to a minute after I finish ejaculating—so sensitive that if my partner moves very much during that time and causes friction, the pain is excruciating. I had always thought this phenomenon was a normal, physiological one. However, my current lover derives great pleasure from bucking during and after my orgasm. She also tells me that she has never made love to anyone who becomes touchy for a time after climaxing.

Is my sensitivity unusual? If so, can you say whether it is physiological or psychological in origin or how I might find out? Finally, might a desensitizer allay the pain without delaying my ejaculation?—W.B.

I don't know the origin of your problem. I can only speak of my experiences with other men. Quite a number of men are extremely sensitive immediately after ejaculation. The same is true of certain women. See a doctor about using desensitizing cream, and don't just buy any product off the counter.

GIRL-FRIEND GROUPIE

My wife and I have been happily married for twelve years and have two children. Louise is very attractive at thirty-two, standing five feet nine inches and measuring 37-24-35. I'm thirty-five and travel three to five nights a week on business. We have a very nice suburban home, which Louise keeps to perfection, belong to the neighborhood tennis and swim club, and enjoy all the other luxuries we need.

When I come in off the road, she is very tired from all her activities and household chores. We usually make love three to four times a month. About half the time she acts "the disinterested second party." She will give me head about once every month but will not allow me to come in her mouth. She also refuses to let me look at or kiss her pussy, as though she were ashamed of it. Needless to say, since I took this job seven years ago, it has been very frustrating for me sexually.

My wife's best friend, Robin, and Louise were very close until we moved from Houston four years ago. Robin and Louise worked at an oil company before we moved. Now, when I'm in Houston every month for a sales and production meeting, I give Robin a call so that I can relay all the gossip to my wife. I usually arrive about noon the day before the meeting to finish any reports or presentations I'm responsible for or to shop and hang out with the other members of the sales force.

Last May, I called Robin from the airport as I was waiting for my luggage, and she suggested we have lunch together, which we had done several times before. While at lunch, she mentioned that she had taken the rest of the afternoon off and would go shopping with me. Afterward she suggested that we go to her townhouse to swim and get some sun.

Robin and I changed into our swimsuits, and she mixed a pitcher of margaritas. As we were on our second pitcher, the talk loosened some, turning from her life as a single to my married life. We rubbed some tanning oil on each other, and the talk turned toward sex. With half a dozen drinks in her, she confided that she was still a virgin at twenty-nine. (Louise had told me this, but I was pretty skeptical.) She told of a few times when she had almost been deflowered, and to save herself, as she put it, she gave the guys a blowjob. I told her that all I had ever had was "half a blowjob."

As the sun went down, we retreated to her townhouse to cook some burgers. I called the hotel so that they wouldn't give my room away.

We drank some more and changed for supper. The talk was still on the subject of sex, and after the burgers I asked her if she would put some lotion on my back before I left, as we were both a little pink from the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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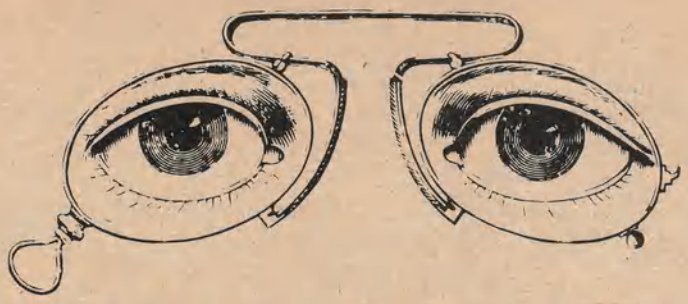


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE MEDIUM IS THE MASSACRE

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

Classic motion pictures, like classic sculpture, are widely considered to be *works of art*, but with an important difference. If you knock big hunks off of the *Pietà*, you go to jail. If you do the same thing to *Midnight Cowboy*, this is called Editing-for-Television, and the only place you go is to the bank. Why we tolerate this double standard is a mystery.

To genuine film lovers, "Edited for Television" is a media curse that means Edited-for-Billy Graham and promises us a depressing evening of bleeped dialogue, confusing gaps and lurches, inexplicable reactions to unseen events, and the absence of entire, crucial scenes.

Networks commonly cut the likes of *Easy Rider*, *The Wild Bunch*, and *Virginia Woolf* into guitar picks on behalf of "viewer sensitivities." Not only is this an affront to those who appreciate good movies, but it also—in conning us into expecting the same films that hit the theaters—smacks of false advertising and consumer fraud. Sunday Night Movie? Or Sunday Night Ripoff?

It's one thing to snip offensive or gratuitous violence/sex/obscenity from films for home consumption; it's another thing to bill these hatchet jobs as the originals. Increasingly, the "TV version" is so drastically altered as to no longer truly *be* the same film.

Even without censorship, most flicks aren't seen on TV in their as-released form, given the inherent limitations of abrupt, frequent commercial breaks and a minuscule screen, which blots out peripheral action and reduces dramatic confrontations to awkward, impassioned soliloquies seemingly aimed at the fine-tune knob, with half the acting—the reaction takes—lost. This kind of functional amputation drives to drink any filmmakers not already there.

The unkindest "inherent" cuts of all are those made simply so that the feature will fit the available air time. Some cutters do this with conscientious professionalism, but other approaches range from arbitrary callousness to imbecility to an almost conscious perversity. Mostly, the scissors men operate like perfunctory newspaper editors, deleting whatever they don't appreciate.

And these are just the "necessary" edits. Add *censorship*, and—depending on its amount and significance—what you see is often not what the title implies you'll get. TV's versions of *The President's Analyst*, *Where's Poppa?*, and *M.A.S.H.* were evidently edited by victims of St. Vitus's dance or by *Reader's Digest* moonlighters.

Some particularly drastic rapes:

Catch-22: this wasn't edited; it was used to strop razors. After a sequence of pilots flashing the thumbs-up, the payoff—Yossarian giving the finger—is cut. Paula Prentiss's nude shot goes, but Alan Arkin's frenzied reaction stays, looking idiotic. McWatt killing Hungry Joe is cut, but his suicide-crash stays, unexplained. And, after five lead-up flashbacks, the film's most vital scene—Snowdon's gut-spilling—is gone, leaving us mystified and making Arkin's superb death-shock reaction inappropriate and wasted.

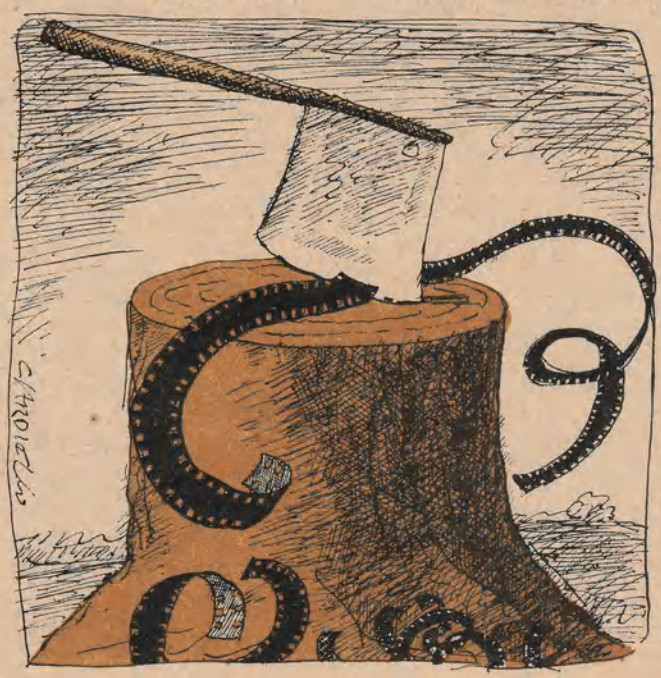
The Last Detail: rendered unintelligible by deleted expletives—which were about 25 percent of the script—and, to first-time viewers, virtually impossible to follow; more a long series of excerpts than the film we knew in the theaters.

Bonnie and Clyde: the mutilation of its two most definitive scenes—Clyde's impotence and the orgasmic death-finale—should have been enough to send Arthur Penn into the dry-cleaning trade. The result was little more than a gangbusters flick with good acting, dialogue, and production values.

It's not just that Standards and Practices personnel—tubespeak for "censors"—are all puritans, spoilsports, humorless cranks, or moral bounty hunters. True, some are devoid of artistic sensitivity or impartiality and go at it like Korean surgeons, with more enthusiastic vigor than thoughtful dexterity. But most view their work as a serious responsibility and try to be objective, to nullify their prejudices.

Alas, even objectivity is a subjective concept, and the best we can do is to compensate for those prejudices we know we have. It's the hang-ups our censors *don't* perceive in themselves that cause trouble.

To wit: there was clearly much soul-searching and garment rending at ABC over *Network*. The touchy issue of all the "bullshits" in Peter Finch's mad newscast was resolved, for example, by leaving a token "bullshit" for purposes of clarity and bleeping the rest. Even so, the classic and central Holden-Dunaway fuck scene was obliterated, and the film took scores of mortal blows to the dialogue, which was loamy with profanity. This lobotomizing only replaced the plainer obscenities with the far more gross vulgarities of our imaginations.



The scythe of Good Taste will slash with special vim through Hollywood's current white-hot-profits genre: the "outrageous humor" flick, typified by *Animal House*, *Blazing Saddles*, and *The Groove Tube*, whose essence-of-success is shock-value humor—satire specifically intolerable to all decent folk. The television censor's job is to make such films as "palatable" to

Cutting Klute: *"TV Perversion."*

these folk as possible. Television lives by the "Least Offensive Program" premise—that people will not only automatically watch the tube but will gravitate to whatever seems least provocative or obnoxious. This produces Big Mac programming, seasoned for the lowest denominator of popular taste. Apply this rule to, say, *Lenny*, and you get ninety minutes of Dustin Hoffman combing his hair.

As quality cinema grows gamier, more realistic, and more candid, we see less of it on television. Any film wherein graphic sex or violence is vital to the plot or impact is going to feel the blade going broad and deep. If you liked the hamburger made out of *The Last Detail*, *Network*, and *Klute*, you'll love the residue of *Shampoo*, *The Exorcist*, and *Swept Away*.

To some extent, "truth in advertising" is *always* a self-contradiction. But where does simple deception become calculated misrepresentation? Television's rendition of *Cinderella Liberty*, for example, was no more the genuine product, as "advertised" in the television schedules by its original title, than, say, an Oldsmobile that contains a Chevy engine. But where GM is ordered to make restitution to the hoodwinked, TV goes scot-free. There's no *way* that *Midnight Express*, *Clockwork Orange*, or even *Young Frankenstein* can be telecast in its authentic form—and any network hype implying otherwise is flat-out lying by omission.

Of course, the TV industry's response to such charges is "Yeah, but how do you like the price?" Meaning: since we viewers don't pay to watch, we should be happy with whatever we see. But in fact the cost of these abortions is passed directly to consumers—in the prices of the sponsors' products—at an estimated tab of $65 a year for each television set in America. Given an average three sets per household and given typical spending patterns, you could piss away $200 a year for "films" that have gotten a better trimming than a marine recruit gets—and so have you.

The fact that you don't actually get billed by CBS or don't put dimes into a slot doesn't alter the truth. *You pay for television.* There's no such thing as a free look, and anybody who buys brand-name coffee, beer, cars, cosmetics, drugs, gasoline, cleansers, or appliances is indirectly picking up the check, a paying customer one step removed.

Happily, our Proposition 13 consciousness may be catching up with this scam. A growing disenchantment with constant, desecrating film disfigurements, and with cottage-cheese network programming in general, has made cable television the hottest new industry since massage. As more of us elect to pay for the Real Stuff via cable, the nets will be wounded in their most vital organ, the Ratings, and will risk the industrial cancer of *reduced revenues*. The television networks have already fronted vast sums for upcoming films that could turn out to be cinematic white elephants, if enough of us decide that "TV version" is synonymous with "not worth watching."

The most likely outcome? A torrent of low-rent movies not just edited but "*Made* for TV"—celluloid rabbit food that might as well be made for radio. Of course, there's always the chance that television will mature artistically and give us whole, untampered-with motion pictures, rather than PTA-mentality dreck and cinematic maimings.

There's also the chance that trout will learn to tapdance.

SCENES

THEATER OF BLOOD

There once was a man who murdered his wife. Not content with the accomplishment of his ghastly deed, he proceeded to hack her body apart with a pocket knife. The head, arms, and legs he deposited in a public lavatory. The trunk and thighs turned up miles away, at a holiday beach resort.

Then there was the sixteen-year-old girl who sliced her little brother's throat from ear to ear . . . And the old lady who walked across a bridge at midnight, leaving behind a bag containing twenty pieces of a human body—minus the head . . . And the eighty-seven-year-old granddad who raped his maid and slashed her body with more than forty good ones.

These and other grisly crimes might have been lifted from the Saturday-night police blotter in any major metropolitan city. But they weren't. They are, rather, some of the juicier criminal peccadillos committed in Victorian England, an era characterized by George Orwell as "our great period in murder, our Elizabethan period, so to speak."

The nineteenth century was an age when an inventive homicide, carried out with cunning, could capture the imaginations of all social and economic classes. High-born ladies flocked to the Old Bailey to attend "a horridly interesting Trial" of a colorful poisoner. The scions of noble families rubbed elbows with their own valets at the public hanging of a highwayman. Ragged little boys from the London slums taught themselves to read from broadside accounts of the false lover who murdered and dismembered his fiancée on the eve of their marriage. The keenest literary minds of the day were not exempt: the poet laureate, Alfred Lord Tennyson, shocked Lewis Carroll at a swank dinner party with "several horrible stories from his own experience." And at least three renowned poets treasured swatches of the dried skin of an equally renowned murderer.

And now one of the "dear old human and sociable murders" that so fascinated Henry James and his contemporaries is being revived in all its gory glory. In a Broadway musical, no less. ***Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*** opens in mid-February at the Uris Theater, with a score by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince, and a book by Hugh Wheeler that is based on the Christopher Bond play that had a nice run in London in 1970. The musical stars Len Cariou as the criminous Sweeney and Angela Lansbury as his accomplice in horror.

According to an 1802 entry in the *Newgate Calendar*, "In all our annals of crime, no blacker-hearted villain than Sweeney Todd ever has existed." Since the official-sounding *Calendar* was as much fiction as fact, we have only some unknown Grub Street wretch's word on this. But in Victorian legend, at least, Sweeney Todd was certainly a murderer's murderer.

As the legend goes, Sweeney was a barber who, when the force came over him, slit the throats of his customers. He dumped the bodies through a trapdoor into the cellar, where they became the property of his next-door neighbor,

a certain Mrs. Lovett, who baked the flesh into tasty meat pies that became the *spécialité de la maison* of her pastry shoppe. If we are to believe the excitable journalist of the *Newgate Calendar*, the "infamous monster" dispatched about forty souls to their maker in this novel fashion.

Given the Grand Guignol style of his homicidal feats, it is no wonder that Sweeney soon became immortalized in the so-called penny-dreadful magazines of the time. George Dibdin Pitt wrote probably the first stage version in 1841, creating a sensation in London and inspiring countless other versions—including, more recently, a movie, a ballet, and (before Sondheim's) a musical. The Victorian original by Pitt was called "the most gruesome and diabolical play ever produced," and Charles Dickens, no shirker from blood and gore himself, gave it a rave review ("You cannot afford to miss seeing *Sweeney Todd*!"). The "girl-queen" Victoria chose it for her first command performance at Buckingham Palace. In due course the story became a "toy theatre" favorite; for a penny, the kids could have a miniature stage set of the diabolical barbershop and imitate the infamous deeds of Mr. Todd in their very own living rooms.

Alas, somewhere along the line Sweeney became debased into a figure of fun. His gruesome deeds became more titillating than terrifying. In one typical theatrical treatment (Frederick Hazelton's 1862 version), the mass murders are presented with great decorum. Only a single throat, in fact, is sliced onstage. Although much emphasis is given the "unpleasant odour" and "horrible unearthly noises" emanating from Sweeney's cellars (to the accompaniment of much "agitato music," of course), much more emphasis is placed on the conventional claptrap of melodrama. ("Foiled!" cries Sweeney in a critical scene. "My secret discovered!")

Henry Grossman

Sondheim and Wheeler: at work on a Grand Guignol musical.

The new Broadway production hopes to rescue Sweeney from such ignominy and to restore him to more appropriate Grand Guignol status. Considering the recent cordial receptions given *Crucifer of Blood* and *Dracula*, contemporary theater audiences seem to relish a bit more style with their gristle and gore.

"Poor Sweeney had become a dear old shoe in the British theater," says Hugh Wheeler, the writer of the book for the new show. British-born himself, he dates his familiarity with the legendary murderer from early childhood. "Classically, the productions were done in the old Christmas pantomime tradition. One would drink beer and hiss the villains, and all the performers would send it up."

Taking the story "as far away from that tradition as possible," the new production attempts to "find the right tone, avoiding the two extremes of Jacobean tragedy: blood and gore all over the floor and utter camp comedy." But nothing of the grisly plot, Wheeler assures us, will be lost to the cause of good taste. "We're not taking the dainty path in our version. I'm afraid there are lots of throats cut and a great deal of gore. We have even employed certain *mechanical* devices ... But there's not *too* much terror, because then it would be rather disgusting, wouldn't it?"

As for the threat of camp: "Somebody would have to turn awfully craven at the last minute for that to happen. We are all taking it terribly seriously, and Steve [Sondheim] is even more impassioned on that subject than I."

Producer Richard Barr characterizes Sondheim's music—which is scored for a full orchestra of twenty-six instruments, including an organ and various synthesizers—as "rather Kurt Weillian–Bertolt Brechtian in style." Wheeler calls it "very scary." Both men agree that the score, which consists of about twenty numbers, is Sondheim's fullest musical treatment of a subject.

"It seems to me the archetypal Stephen Sondheim piece," says Wheeler. "A very strong thread of cynical humor runs throughout the score. And of course it's unrelenting in its terror. I would say that it captures the period, not only because it has the suggestion of early Victorian street ballads, but also in the sense that it's a dark, slummish sort of piece. It suggests those marvelous, dark back alleys in *Bleak House*."

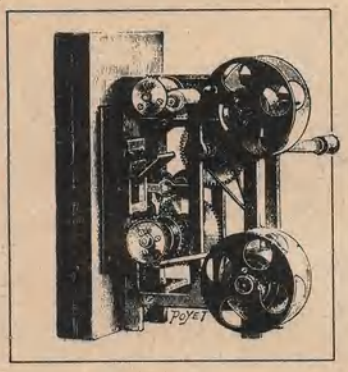
An admirer of nineteenth-century murder chroniclers like William Roughead, and a writer of murder mysteries himself (under the pseudonym Patrick Quentin), Wheeler acknowledges himself to be an aficionado of the Victorian period and character. "Sweeney Todd is not a psychotic killer existing in a vacuum, as a lot of those early stories present him. We place him very firmly in a social milieu. The period is about 1840, just as Victoria ascended the throne, and it's all very low-class, deprived, and depraved. The appalling deprivations and sordidness of that world are quite evident in the piece, so we can see the social conditions that account for murder."

Some of the social context for the new musical undoubtedly derives from the 1970 Christopher Bond play on which it is based. This one pleased the London critics because it gave Sweeney a solid motive for his deeds—a Hamlet-like revenge against the corrupt judge who had Sweeney unjustly imprisoned so that he could get his hands on the barber's wife and daughter.

"Yes, I've bounced off the Bond version," Wheeler acknowledges, "although I don't think he's a particularly good writer. I do retain the essential plot, but I hope I have deepened the characters."

The more complex characterizations will also supply the musical with its moments of humor—about 30 percent of the show, Wheeler calculates. But he warns that the other 70 percent should not be taken *too* seriously, either. "I see no great social value to the show," its author admits. "It is essentially just an absolutely, sensationally exciting and amusing piece."—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



MIXED DOUBLES

Maybe it's an inherited deficiency, some crucial fragment of the critic's skin that never fit over me from birth. But whenever movies make it clear that they want to be liked, I find it awfully hard not to like them.

So whatever might be wrong with Stanley Donen's ***Movie Movie*** and Robert Mulligan's ***Same Time, Next Year*** (a lot), here they've had a chance and a half. They do share the virtue of being—well—potentially likable, something you can't claim for most movies. Under extreme duress—say, at gunpoint—I could probably come up with the incidentals of a favorable review for either of them: a funny scene here, a couple of good performances there, even the memory of some past careers. The last is one of the advantages accruing to projects like these, in which almost every major talent has done better work before and elsewhere.

Thus a typical way around *Movie Movie* might be to praise its star, George C. Scott, for twenty years of triumphs—but not in this film, where his double-bill performances never get much above the careful character makeup that has gone into preparing for them. In the second, and much the better, part of *Movie Movie*, a parody 1930s film musical, you should compare his doomed-to-death theatrical impresario, Spats Baxter, with what is clearly its model: the weary, world-sick stage director Julian Marsh in the marvelous 1933 Lloyd Bacon/Busby Berkeley *Forty-Second Street*. Marsh (played by Warren Baxter—the identicalness of the names can't be a coincidence) manages to put on a Broadway musical, raise Ruby Keeler to stardom, stage some of Busby Berkeley's most spectacular production numbers—all the while suffering from an exhaustion and discouragement that transform the happy hokum surrounding this into something quite strange and precious before it's over. A brilliant touch of unexpected feeling to an otherwise conventionally good movie. As it resurfaces now, it has become both a medical sentence of death—one month to live ("Thirty-one days!" gasps Spats Baxter. His doctor reminds him that it's February)—and a joke, as if mortally ill stage directors were a cliché in the old musicals. They weren't, and so *Movie Movie*

George C. Scott as Spats Baxter.

falls into the trap, and not the only time, of freeloading on its superior.

Movie Movie is a takeoff on a 1930s double feature. Hence the title (which also refers to a "*movie* movie" as against all that other stuff we look at when we're merely imbibing culture) and the two parts: "Dynamite Hands," a John Garfield–type boxing picture that might have been written by Clifford Odets or Abraham Polonsky and

Same Time, Next Year with Alda and Burstyn: personal platitudes.

the musical "Baxter's Beauties of 1933." The takeoff has been done before, often more intelligently, as in the collected works of Mel Brooks, and once perfectly, in Stanley Donen's own *Singin' in the Rain* (1952), which, along with being the second-best American movie musical is also the best American movie about making movies.

The standard running dialogue gag in *Movie Movie* is the ambitious mixed metaphor, something that loses its humor after the first one you hear. The other jokes mostly are on the same order: unlikely exaggerations, repetitions, or fairly unimaginative imitations of some more impressive originals. The production numbers in "Baxter's Beauties" also look that way—as if they had set out to do a real Busby Berkeley extravaganza and then discovered they only had enough money to hire half the necessary cast.

However, there are worthwhile things in both parts, such as the doctor's-office scenes with which both features begin (each doctor is Art Carney, and each time he delivers the hero a diagnostic knockout blow) or the moments of musical inspiration in the preparation for the big show in "Baxter's Beauties," moments that owe a lot to the energies of Barry Bostwick as a mild-mannered, Jimmy Stewart–type CPA with a secret yen to write musical comedy. And there are two attractive new actresses: in "Dynamite Hands" Kathleen Beller as Angie Popchik, who needs the $25,000 eye operation that forces her brother Joey into the prize ring to pay for it; and in "Baxter's Beauties" Rebecca York, who happens to be better at singing and dancing than the Ruby Keeler of *Forty-Second Street* she imitates. This is enough to raise *Movie Movie* above purely academic interest but not quite enough to justify its existence.

Nothing so fancy as self-justification could have troubled anyone connected with *Same Time, Next Year*, a long-run, cute-idea Broadway play of the sort that movies seem expressly designed to demolish. It goes like this. In 1951 a young man and a young woman, both married, meet by chance in a northern California oceanfront hotel. They spend the night together and fall in love. So, for the next twenty-six years, once a year, they meet, same date, same place, while we watch them grow up and old and sentimental—annually—together. Even allowing the artificiality of the idea, a real drama might have studied the relationship. Instead, *Same Time, Next Year* studies middle-class guilt, popular causes from the 1950s through the 1970s, and almost anything in current events or current morality that can be turned into situation comedy, with an occasional dash of situation pathos.

Sometimes the film seems unsure of its situations. In 1966, when she's become a late-blooming flower child and he's turned into a bomb-Hanoi reactionary, and she blurts out, "All the time I thought I was going to bed with a liberal Democrat!" the movie knows what presumptions it's laughing at. But in 1972 (the action jumps in four-to-six-year intervals), when one of

them—no matter which—announces "I'm a warm, caring, loving human being," I doubt that the movie even suspects that those presumptions are a laughing matter. In fact they are the soul of this kind of theater, the personal platitude beneath the topical pseudo-satire and the coy allusions to sex—which is never seen or even understood, though it's upposed to be what keeps the whole thing going.

Alan Alda and Ellen Burstyn, the principals in this affair, are both good, especially Burstyn, who must rank as one of the major underexploited resources of our movies. Alda's comic delivery deserves better lines and better direction. Burstyn, who played this role on the stage, deserves better everything. It is deeply disheartening to watch an astute and lovely actress through two hours of screen time acting less intelligent, less clever, less humanly sensitive than she is.

Of the world's great filmmakers, the late Luchino Visconti is among the most uneven. But his good work—like *Ossessione* (1942), *Senso* (1954), *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960), *Death in Venice* (1971), or his segment "The Job" in *Boccaccio '70*—is unique and powerful. His last film, ***The Innocent***, made in 1976 and finally being released here, ranks with the best.

Almost anybody you'll read will describe Visconti's movies, for their tone and style, as "operatic." In this sense *The Innocent*, based on a novel by Gabriele D'Annunzio, would be chamber opera—without the music—and of a particularly rigorous sort. It's not tragedy, but instead a kind of introspective melodrama. I can't imagine that its rush of passionate feeling would survive for long in the light of common day—or even in the lights of anybody else's movie.

In turn-of-the-century Rome, rich, aristocratic Tullio Hermil leaves his mistress to devote his amorous attention for a while to his beautiful, neglected young wife, Giuliana. He finds Giuliana eager but also pregnant with another man's baby—conceived during one of his own, numerous self-indulgent absences. With good, male emotional logic, Tullio is distraught. He, an atheist, wants an abortion. She, a Catholic, refuses. The child is born, and he plots its destruction. Finally, on a Christmas Eve, when the rest of the household has gone to church, he opens the child's nursery to the winter wind so that it takes sick and dies. Denounced by his wife and spurned by his mistress, Tullio solemnly kills himself, thus ending a cruel and perfectly selfish life that the film sees as monstrous but not wholly unsympathetic.

Not much of a story—until you succumb to the unswerving intensity of Tullio's obsession, the rich claustrophobic world in which it festers, and the demure, voluptuous abandon of the woman who excites it. The movie essentially lives in—and is about—its decors and its performances.

As Tullio, Giancarlo Giannini seems a model of purposeful determination in a role that offers such temptation to hysterical excess. But Laura Antonelli, as his wife Giuliana, virtually controls the film—though, between lovemaking and childbearing, she scarcely has time to get out of bed. The not quite passive victim of her husband's arrogance, she becomes the center of his desire—and ours—in a ritual of seduction and consummation that gives all the other actions their meaning. Under Luchino Visconti's direction, her eroticism, never devious or manipulative, becomes the moral as well as the physical attraction that explains the slightly insane events around it. Ravishing, gentle, and very subtle, Laura Antonelli translates the movie's most purple passions into dramatic sense.—*Roger Greenspun*

Giancarlo Giannini in Luchino Visconti's last film, The Innocent.

WORDS

THE CUTTING EDGE

Science is a wonderful bullshit detector. Through a combination of publicly acknowledged rules of evidence, unremitting peer review, and socially enforced standards of professional conduct, the scientific community sooner or later recognizes and rejects all overstated conclusions and unfounded theories.

What scientists believe at any moment is what remains after the half-truths and wrong guesses have been swept away. Occasionally, what one generation rejects as nonsense becomes accepted (on the basis of new evidence) by the next generation. But acceptance is never permanent in science. Exceptions are found to every "law." Newton's physics gives way to the superior predictive power of Einstein's. Readers of popular science books cannot expect to follow all the arguments and counter-arguments. But any good book about science should distinguish between currently accepted fact and admissible speculation—while keeping the bullshit to a minimum.

Weathering (M. Evans & Co., $12.95), by Stephen Rosen, is subtitled *How the Atmosphere Conditions Your Body, Your Mind, Your Moods—and Your Health.* Rosen, a physicist by trade, writes about the "science" of biometeorology, which deals with the interaction between weather and people. I put "science" in quotes because, as Rosen himself points out, very little is actually known about what

Robert Altemus

weather does to people. Most of the research so far has been conducted in Europe and has been virtually ignored in this country. There is no doubt that changes in temperature, humidity, and air pressure affect both body and mind. The question is, How significant is the impact?

According to Rosen, many drugs act differently under different weather conditions, and "many physicians and most laymen" are unaware that the wrong mix of drug dosage and weather can be fatal. To support this and other strongly worded statements, Rosen offers a hodgepodge of research reports, culled mostly from European science journals. As a practicing scientist, Rosen knows that not all journals are equal; the best will print only articles that have undergone rigorous prepublication criticism by a "referee," that is, another scientist knowledgeable in the same field. Statements appearing in a refereed journal carry far more weight than statements in a lesser publication; hence Rosen, as a science writer, has an obligation to sift the claims and conclusions with care before passing them along to a general audience.

Despite his sloppiness, Rosen does a good job of piquing our curiosity about matters that deserve closer scrutiny. His text is full of tidbits like the following: "Alcohol intoxication is enhanced some 10 percent in the heat. This is why those mint juleps seem to pack such a warm wallop in the South."

Bernard Dixon, the author of ***Beyond the Magic Bullet*** (Harper & Row, $10.00), edits Britain's highly respected popular-science journal *New Scientist.* Like Rosen, he finds fault with modern medicine. But his attack is even broader. He argues that the laboratory-oriented search for a specific cause and cure for each disease—an approach that has given us a welter of antibiotics and vaccines—should now be deemphasized, because it is getting in the way of our real goal: improved health for the world's billions. Instead of focusing on what makes people sick, we should devote more time and money to keeping them well. By paying more attention to diet, exercise, environmental stress (including pollution), and psychological factors, we can get a better return on our health-care dollars. This is especially true in underdeveloped countries, where malnutrition and poor sanitation take a greater toll than do all the microbes put together. But Dixon believes that even advanced countries are being shortchanged by the medical establishment, because, unlike such infectious diseases as smallpox, measles, and malaria, today's major maladies, typified by cancer, probably cannot be traced to a single microscopic culprit that can be zapped by some "wonder drug." Of course, Dixon may be unduly pessimistic; the history of science is full of predictions that something could not be done—just before someone did it.

Some of the most startling and literally far-out science of our day receives a commendably clear-headed exposition in ***The Runaway Universe*** (Harper & Row, $10.00), by Paul Davies. Davies writes about scientific cosmology, a subdiscipline of modern astronomy and astrophysics that concerns itself with nothing less than the age, makeup, and ultimate fate of the universe. Although the author is a lecturer in applied mathematics at King's College, London, he spares us the equations in explaining why scientists are convinced that the universe began some 10 or 20 billion years ago in a blaze of radiation (the so-called Big Bang), an explosion that would accord remarkably with the Biblical account in Genesis: "Let there be light." The going gets a bit heavy at times, but the book is well worth the effort, if only to see how wild scientific speculation can become and still be accepted by the leading authorities as valid.

It is only in the last twenty-five years that scientists have learned why earthquakes and volcanoes occur. ***This Shaking Earth*** (Putnam's, $17.95), by John Gribbin, tells the story in both words and pictures. Gribbin's text is as exciting as it is informative. The apparently solid earth on which we walk is actually shifting about all the time; the continents are adrift on larger "plates," which themselves float on the molten magma below. Where the plates collide, the earth cracks or wrinkles. The devastation—and terrible beauty—of the resulting quakes and volcanoes is magnificently captured in the photographs, drawings, and diagrams that adorn this book.

This is one case where understanding does not necessarily lead to control. An earthquake in China in 1976 took at least 500,000 lives. Los Angeles, which sits atop a "plate boundary" known as the San Andreas Fault, is overdue for a jolt like the one that leveled San Francisco in 1906. But it appears unlikely that the next earthquake can be predicted far enough in advance and with enough certainty to permit an orderly evacuation.

John C. Lilly became famous for his research with dolphins in the fifties and sixties. During this period of close association with these large-brained, seagoing mammals, Lilly became convinced that dolphins are at least as smart as people, maybe smarter. He published several books expounding

Lilly: talking to the dolphins.

this thesis, but his attempts to prove the point by establishing communication with individual dolphins were inconclusive. His most recent book, ***Communication between Man and Dolphin*** (Crown, $12.95), does nothing to advance the argument. It is mainly a rehash of his earlier research, spiced with such comments as, "The Cetacea

realize that man is incredibly dangerous in concert." Lilly announces that he is getting back to work with dolphins; he also announces that he has given up "the scientific viewpoint of total objectivity." His concern for the survival of these fascinating creatures is admirable. But he does himself and his fellow scientists a disservice by implying that compassion and objectivity are mutually exclusive. Casting a skeptical eye on shoddy experiments does not make a person hardhearted. If dolphins do possess a high-order intelligence that is fundamentally different from ours—as Lilly believes—it is hard to imagine that anything but the most rigorous and imaginative investigation can bridge the gap between the species.

Spaceships of the Mind (Viking, $14.95), by Nigel Calder, deals with the fringes of science, where fruitful speculation edges over into obsessive fantasy. Calder traveled around the world, asking scientists what kind of "big ideas" would shape the future. By a big idea Calder means a vision "that will prevail not by decree or even by persuasion but because it captures the enthusiasm of people, who will struggle against great difficulties to make it happen." One example is Columbus's idea that it was possible to sail safely across the Atlantic Ocean.

Although Calder writes with passion, the results of his survey are somehow disappointing. The ideas that he has corralled range from self-sustaining colonies in space to self-sufficient farming communities on earth, from "Santa Claus machines" (which will make anything we want automatically, by breaking down matter to its constituent elements and then recombining them) to growing wheat under glass.

The problem may be that no one is excited by vague generalizations about the future. We all have our dreams, but our patience is soon exhausted when other people go on about theirs. By casting so wide a net, Calder has left himself no room for those details that might disarm our own bullshit detectors.—*Gerald Jonas*

SOUNDS

MAKING IT IN THE U.S.A.

As far as I can tell, **Linda Ronstadt**'s music is pure entertainment. There are no coded symbols, frank autobiographical confessions, or violent eruptions of emotion in it; the stuff is the pop of the seventies.

Now, this is not a profound realization. In fact, it seems entirely obvious. But ever since the late sixties, when every new record from Dylan or the Beatles was greeted as Holy Writ from on High, analysts of popular culture have been picking over pop music with an intense, single-minded zeal, searching for the weighty and the profound. At its most ambitious, pop music *is* capable of addressing meaningful concerns. But the way the analysts relate to pure pop—music whose principal raison d'être is the entertainment of large numbers of people—has little to do with the way the consumers relate to it. Ordinary folks drive to it, eat to it, make love to it, and in general just enjoy it.

Paul Canty/Retna

With all these people relating to her music in such a natural way, you would think that Linda Ronstadt wouldn't pay the slightest attention to the articles and reviews that get churned out every time she makes another record. Her most recent album, *Living in the U.S.A.* (Elektra), racked up more than 2 million advance orders before it was even shipped. She works when and where she wants, and she goes out with the governor of California. And besides, her fans *love* her. But the cultural analysis bug is highly contagious. Ronstadt's records are beginning to sound like she reads her reviews and takes them seriously.

Linda Ronstadt: a pop perfectionist trying to make it as a rocker.

Ronstadt's most impressive achievement has been the creation of a genuinely contemporary pop style for the seventies. I'm being careful to avoid using the word *rock*, for even though Ronstadt draws heavily from rock or rock-'n'-roll sources, she is neither a rock artist (writes original tunes and projects a persona through a single, identifiable style) nor a rock-'n'-roll artist (sings with such fervor that personality completely dominates considerations of content—rocks like a fool). Instead, she wraps strains of rock, folk, country, and some other brands of American vernacular music up in an attractive, high-gloss package. She is one of a very few American popular artists, and the only woman, with whom hippies, truckers, housewives, politicians, and just about everybody else feels absolutely at home. In part, this broad appeal has to do with her music's lack of specificity. It seems to belong to everyone while belonging to no one in particular; it packs a certain emotional wallop but it doesn't force the listener to "relate" to the singer or to any other person in any prescribed way. Still, one shouldn't underestimate the craft and creativity that go into making Ronstadt sound as good and appeal as widely as she does.

Peter Asher, Ronstadt's producer, is at least as responsible as she is for the singer's records. His productions are as clean and spotless as a kitchen in a television commercial, and his ear for material, abetted by Ronstadt's own savvy in this regard, couldn't be more astute. The way these two go about putting albums together—a little country, some rock and rhythm-and-blues oldies, some sensitive songs by contemporary writers, a shiny veneer on the sound—has been having its effect on other artists for some time now; and the more platinum albums

Ronstadt makes, the more effect it has. **Bonnie Raitt**, whose albums have always been as eclectic as Ronstadt's but who has usually managed to sing with a little more true grit, is working with Peter Asher now. It might be unfair to anticipate the results of their collaboration, but one suspects that the sound will be polished, that the material will be carefully chosen, and that Raitt will emerge with her first hit single. If so, she will join the list of young women whose albums, despite their individual qualities, constitute a collective homage to the Asher-Ronstadt formula.

Phoebe Snow—a special case—has been moving in the direction of Ronstadt, whom she knows and admires, to the detriment of her own unique talents. She first made her reputation back in 1975 with an album of pained, self-revealing original songs. It was an album that depended for its effect on the quality of these songs, on the singing, and on the musical wizardry of jazz soloists like Zoot Sims and Teddy Wilson, rather than on any sophisticated production values. But the albums that followed dallied with Broadway, the legacy of Billie Holiday, and contemporary pop material by other writers and were heavily produced. The original songs were fewer and more opaque. Snow's latest album, *Against the Grain* (Columbia), at least partially reverses this trend. It's a performer's album, not a writer's, but it has a single-minded stylistic orientation—funky, greasy rock 'n' roll.

Paul Cox/Retna

Bonnie Raitt: polishing the grit.

Ronstadt's *Living in the U.S.A.*, which was released about the same time, also leans in the direction of harder rock 'n' roll. Theoretically, the move toward rock was a courageous one, but Ronstadt has often had a problem coming to terms with the coldness of modern recording studios, and this is a serious problem for a would-be rocker. Her version of Chuck Berry's "Back in the U.S.A.," which kicks off the album and is its conceptual centerpiece, has a tough, rocking instrumental track, and Ronstadt has everything she needs to make the vocal come alive—a sure sense of rhythm and pacing, admirable control of her voice's many textures, an intellectual appreciation of the song's subtle ironies. But listen to the cut on a good stereo system and it immediately becomes apparent that she sang her vocal in an empty studio over a prerecorded band performance, worrying with every syllable until she got it just so. The essence of rock 'n' roll is immediacy. Without it, this and too many of Ronstadt's other rock performances fall flat, crippled by perfectionism.

As for the rest of the album, it works best when Ronstadt and Asher are doing what they know how to do surpassingly well. Such ready-made pop confections as J.D. Souther's "White Rhythm and Blues" and the oldies "Just One Look" and "Ooh, Baby, Baby" will still sound good coming over the car radio ten or twenty years from now *because* every syllable is just so, *because* every element fits together seamlessly. They may not have much depth, but in their modest way they're timeless.

The formula Ronstadt and Asher have developed will probably be with us for a long time to come, but Ronstadt herself sounds restless. *Living in the U.S.A.* seems to have been her attempt, however stillborn, to break the mold, to go for a more genuine, more rocking synthesis. The singer's recent and much-publicized move from Los Angeles to New York will undoubtedly distance her even more from the slick California aesthetic she has seemed to embody for so long. One wonders how much the move had to do with personal imperatives and how much with the more thoughtful criticism of Ronstadt's work one reads in the press. Certainly the perfectionism that's so evident in the most ambitious attempts on *Living in the U.S.A.* suggests that she is listening to people who think her capable of more than making easy-listening records. One hopes she won't take these people *too* seriously. Making solid, well-crafted pop music is preferable to making stilted, pretentious rock.

And what is Ronstadt to do about the critics who now say she is trying too hard? She'll probably get around to dealing with that, too. For despite her willingness to be packaged for mass consumption, and despite the potentially baleful impact of her success on some of her most talented contemporaries, Ronstadt is anxious to succeed as an artist, not just as a moneymaker. It's impossible to predict with any accuracy what her change of residence and changing attitudes will bring, but during the next few years she might just surprise us all.—*Robert Palmer*

Michael Putland/Retna

Phoebe Snow: moving in the direction of Ronstadt.

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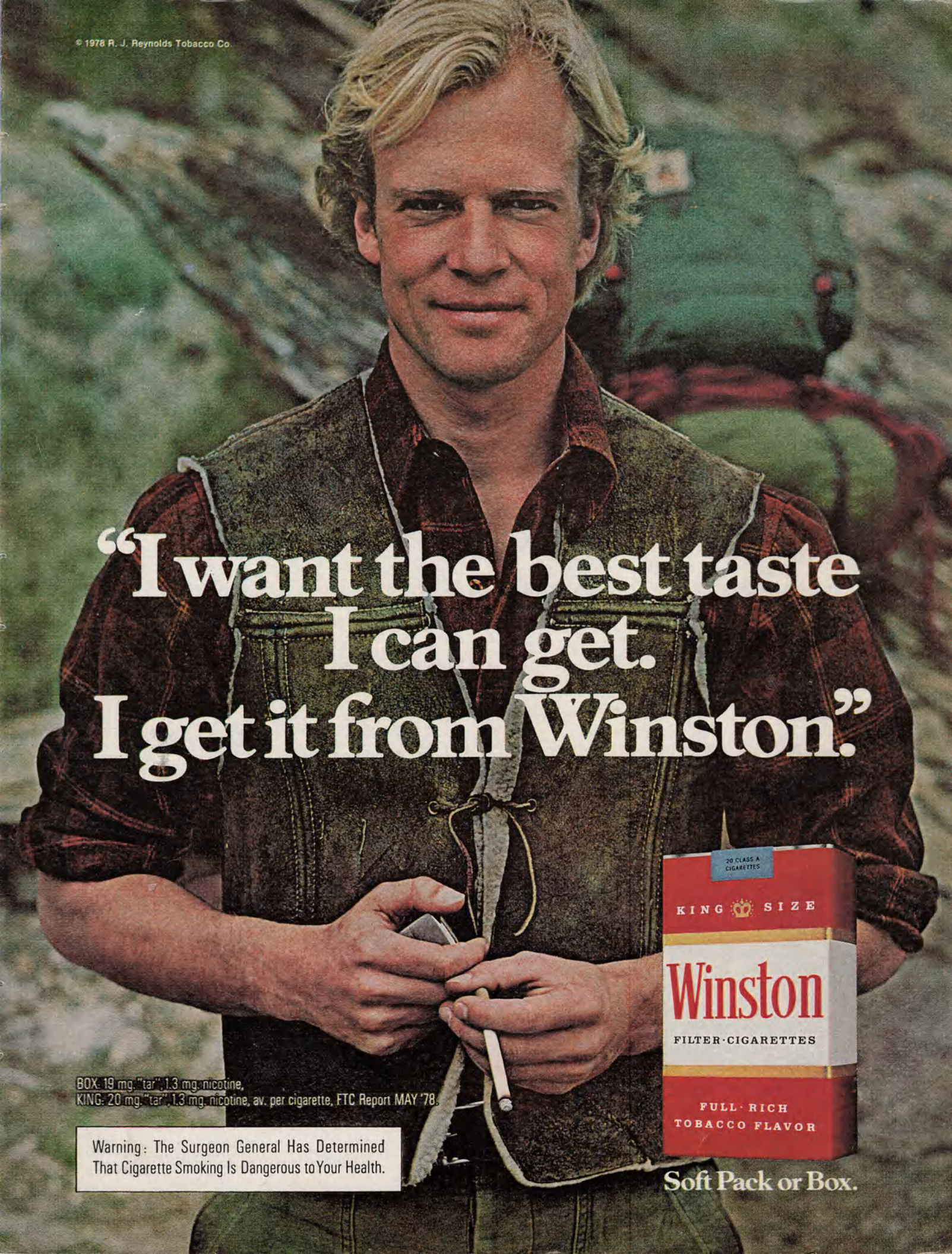

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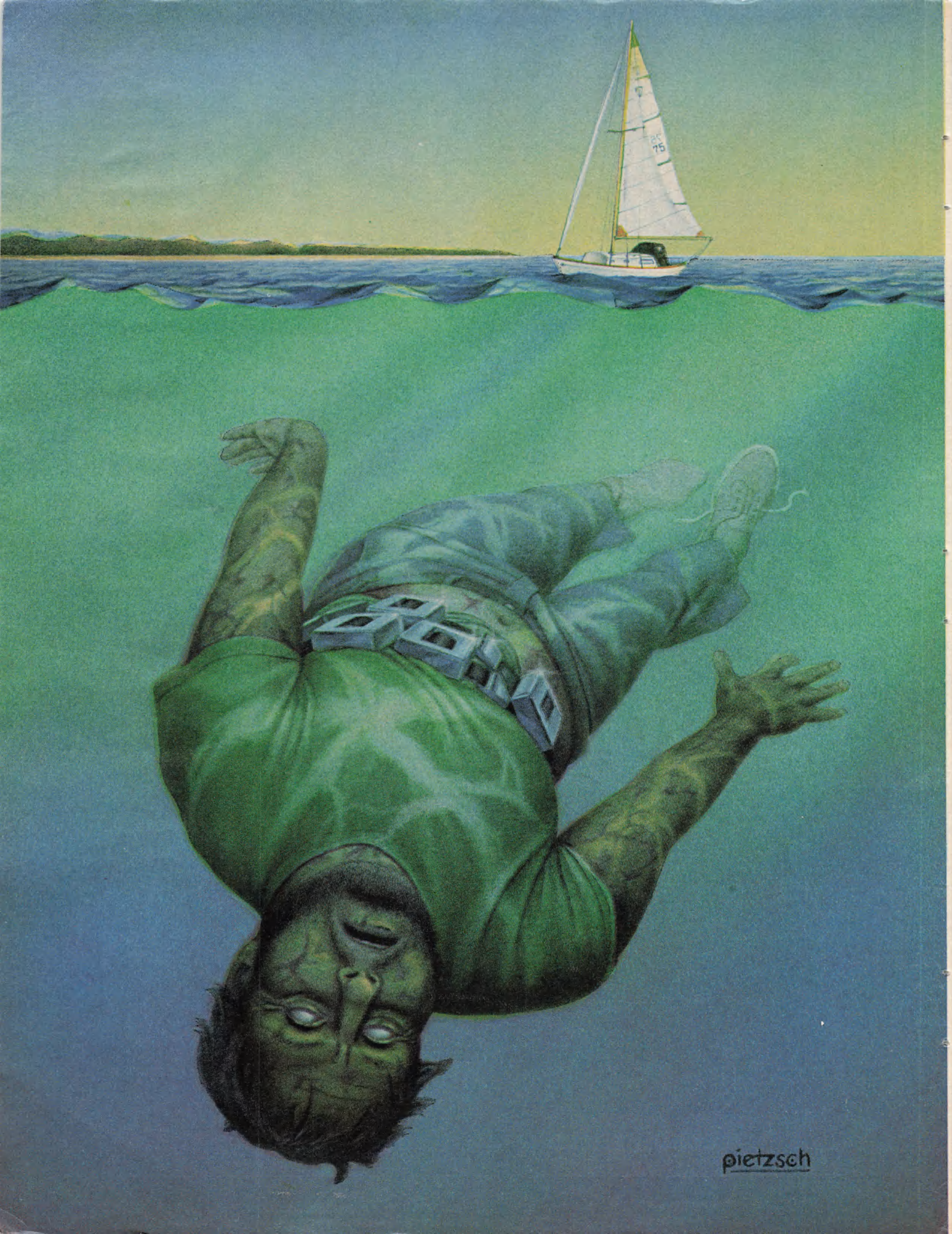
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THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS

Last October 1st, a corpse identified by the CIA as John Arthur Paisley, a retired CIA employee, was fished from Chesapeake Bay. But subsequent events indicate that the body may not have been John Arthur Paisley's. And, in fact, this *Penthouse* investigation reveals that John Arthur Paisley, if he is still alive, may not be John Arthur Paisley anyway.

Just as the Nixon administration attempted to dismiss Watergate as a "third-rate burglary," the CIA recently tried to palm off the death of John Arthur Paisley as the suicide of a depressed, financially strapped, long-since-retired, pedestrian analyst of Soviet defense spending. But none of this explanation was true.

The bizarre case has raised questions that go to the heart of America's national security. In fact, according to Paisley's wife, Maryann, there is serious question whether the body discovered in Chesapeake Bay was that of her husband. This question and others raised by the CIA's performance in this matter indicate not only that the CIA has failed to mend its illegal ways but also that the agency is more to be feared for being a "Dumbo" than a "rogue elephant."

In the Paisley case serious failures of CIA security have been revealed, causing the Senate's intelligence committee to intensify its investigation concerning the presence of a Russian spy, or "mole," in the CIA. Penthouse *has learned that the Defense Department, through its own investigation, is fearful that America's spy-satellite surveillance system has been compromised by the loss of more than 100 secret documents dealing with that system, thereby jeopardizing our nation's ability to verify Russian compliance with a future SALT II agreement. These and other investigations by the FBI and the National Security Agency suggest that the apparent death of John Arthur Paisley, or whoever was found in Chesapeake Bay, is the tip of a spy scandal iceberg.*

Though the strange story of John Paisley's intelligence career stretches back to pre-World War II days, in order to understand and pierce the CIA's veil of lies about that career, one must start with the latest-known events in John Paisley's life. These culminated on Sunday morning September 24, when John Arthur Paisley, a "retired" civil servant, walked down a beautiful, tree-shaded path to a private pier at Lusby, Md., where he kept his sloop, *Brillig*.

Brillig was docked with several other boats at a compound owned by a former lieutenant colonel in the air force and friend of Paisley, William Norman Wilson. He had not shown up that Sunday morning, but another couple who kept their smaller sailboat at the same pier, Mr. and Mrs. Michael V. Yohn, and a friend also planned a day's sailing.

According to Wilson, Paisley's plan for the day was to take aboard his briefcase, complete a review of a report he was writing for the CIA, and enjoy the solitude of a sail on southern Chesapeake Bay.

The day looked promising, and the air was bright and clear. Paisley's nine-ton, somewhat battered sloop left port with the Yohns' smaller sailboat a little after 10:00 A.M., and both charted a course for the mouth of the Patuxent River, south of the Lusby landing.

Yohn says that after nearly two hours of sailing he radioed Paisley that the winds were not what they had hoped and that they were going to take their smaller boat back into port.

Yohn says that at 2:30 P.M. he radioed Paisley to see how he was doing.Paisley told him that the wind had improved and that he was staying out, and he asked that Wilson be given that message. According to Yohn, Wilson had not yet arrived at the compound.

At 5:00 P.M., Wilson says, he called Paisley on the radio, and Paisley told him that he was anchored near Hooper's Lighthouse, which was across the eastern side of the bay. Paisley said that he would be in late that night and told his friends not to wait up for him. According to

BY JOE TRENTO

both Yohn and Wilson, this was the last message from the master of the *Brillig*.

Monday dawned with sunshine on the bay and brisker winds. Crab fisherman Robert McKay was running his motorized boat off Point Lookout, south of the Patuxent Naval Air Station, when he looked up from his work and saw that a large sailboat, traveling at what he later estimated to be from seven to twelve knots, was bearing down on him. The boat, heading in the opposite direction, came dangerously close. "It looked so pretty. It was like it was in a race," McKay recalls.

McKay saw no one aboard as the vessel passed and suspected that whoever was in charge had gone below for a few minutes. Fearing that something on the *Brillig* might be amiss, McKay revved his boat up to its full nine knots in a futile attempt to chase after the craft. His boat was no match, and he watched long enough to see the *Brillig* head straight into Rodo Beach.

McKay attempted to send a message to the Coast Guard on the emergency channel of his CB radio. Because he believed the radio to be underpowered, he called a friend, Paul Kellam, on another crab boat and asked that he call in a distress call to the Coast Guard station at nearby St. Inigoes, Md. The Coast Guard called a local park ranger whose station was close to Rodo Beach. Pt. Lookout Park Superintendent Jerry Sword was first to reach the beach where the *Brillig* was stranded. A little later the Coast Guard arrived on the scene. The last sight that McKay saw before he left the area for his normal day's work was a woman with a small, black dog approaching the grounded sailboat.

Shortly after 9:00 A.M. the Coast Guard managed to get men aboard the *Brillig*. After lowering the sails, which had been set for maximum speed, the Coast Guard checked to see whether anyone was aboard. Finding no one, they directed the Coast Guard station to begin an air-sea search of the area of the bay shown on a chart open on the boat.

It was quickly noted that the boat was cluttered and had a "lived-in" look. Inside the cabin a pair of slacks and an expensive sport shirt were neatly hung. In the back pocket of the slacks was a billfold. Inside the card compartment was a business card with the name John A. Paisley of the Washington, D.C., accounting firm of Coopers & Lybrand.

On the table in the cabin were an opened package of pickle loaf and a briefcase with a pile of documents inside. Also on the table were a check for $200 made out to Paisley and a draft for a letter discussing a separation agreement with his estranged wife.

The Coast Guardsmen looked through the briefcase and found a typescript full of corrections that mentioned again and again the Central Intelligence Agency. That report, the Coast Guardsmen would remember later, talked about the Soviet Union's military strength.

They quickly called this information back to St. Inigoes, which in turn relayed the information to Coast Guard headquarters in Portsmouth, Va.

Portsmouth, as part of its regular procedure in any case involving CIA personnel, immediately called the Security Division of the agency at Langley, Va. A similar call was placed to Coopers & Lybrand, notifying them that Paisley was apparently missing. In the case of the unattended death or disappearance of CIA personnel, the agency is supposed to notify the appropriate law-enforcement authority, because it is specifically prohibited from conducting investigations of possible legal violations occurring in the United States.

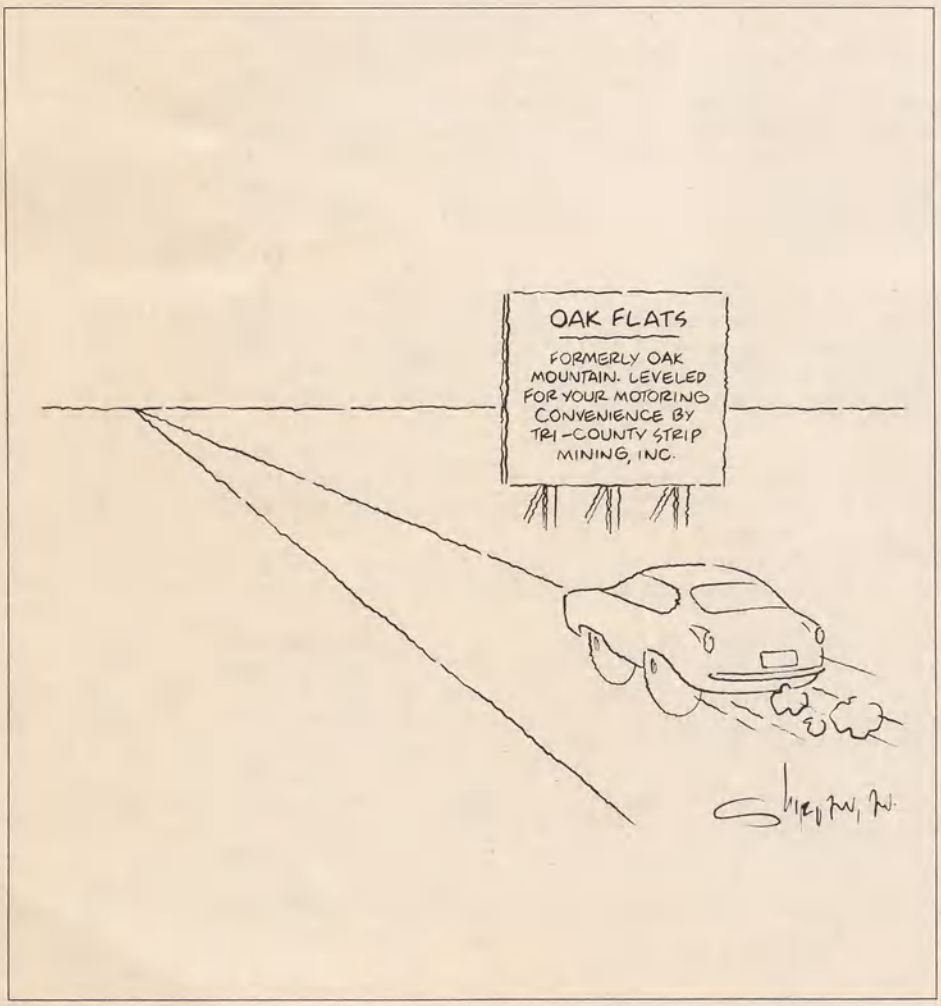
However, within a few minutes after the CIA had been notified, Mrs. Maryann Paisley, at her McLean, Va., home, only five minutes from the agency, was picked up by Phillip Waggoner, the man who had relieved John Paisley upon his retirement as the CIA's deputy director of strategic research. She was whisked to the downtown apartment building, at 1500 Massachusetts Avenue, where John Paisley kept an apartment. After identifying themselves to the manager, they were allowed into Paisley's eighth-floor, one-bedroom apartment. With Mrs. Paisley's permission several CIA-related documents were removed from the apartment, and she was given a receipt for the papers. This removal of documents later caused the Maryland State police to complain that the evidence in the Paisley case had been "contaminated." In fact, during subsequent investigation the CIA did not permit the police to review the purloined documents. Thus any light that these documents might have shed on Paisley's genuine role in the CIA or on his mental condition at the time of his death was shielded from police scrutiny.

Meanwhile, the Coast Guard still had the practical problem of getting the nine-ton sloop off the shoals and into a safe port at the Coast Guard station. It was not until after dark that the high tide on the bay permitted the difficult task of refloating the *Brillig* and towing her in. Portsmouth, worried because of the CIA documents aboard the *Brillig*, ordered a guard to be put on the pier twenty-four hours a day after the boat was towed in.

It was close to 1:00 A.M. Tuesday morning before the *Brillig* was brought into the quiet and beautiful cove that bordered the St. Inigoes Coast Guard station. The search for John Paisley had so far proved futile.

Chief Petty Officer James Maxson, who ran the *Brillig*'s rescue operation, had finally gotten to bed at 2:00 A.M. Tuesday morning when he got a call from the Coast Guard station. He was told that Mrs. Paisley, Paisley's daughter Diane, William Norman Wilson, and a CIA "security" man named Phillip Waggoner had shown up and demanded that they go aboard the *Brillig*.

It was the second bizarre incident in an evening of bizarre incidents for Maxson. "I



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couldn't get over how concerned they all were for the boat. But you know I have handled maybe 200 rescues, and we always get calls about the missing persons and are pressured into furthering our rescue attempts. It is a normal thing for friends and family to react that way. In this case that didn't happen. The first and only thing Wilson asked was about the condition of the boat."

Only Wilson and Mrs. Paisley were allowed aboard the *Brillig* with the Coast Guard. Nothing was removed from the boat that night—at least nothing that the guards saw.

The next afternoon there was still no sign of John Arthur Paisley. No missing-persons report had been filed with any pertinent law-enforcement agency by Mrs. Paisley, nor had the CIA notified the FBI or the Maryland State police that one of its employees was missing.

The next afternoon the CIA security office called Maxson and made an appointment. Portsmouth instructed the chief petty officer to allow the CIA to examine and remove any classified materials from the boat. When CIA security agents searched the boat in the presence of two Coast Guardsmen, they removed the contents of the briefcase to Maxson's office and went through the pages of the as-yet-to-be-classified report draft. They inventoried the material, called CIA headquarters to report their findings, returned it to Maxson, and left for Langley. They took nothing with them.

Maxson ordered the guard taken off the boat, hoping that at last the pressure in the Paisley case was going to ease up. Maxson's people had made a few interesting discoveries of their own aboard the boat. One of his men, on coming aboard, had found a hollow-core, 9mm bullet on the cockpit deck of the sloop. In order to safeguard it, he put it inside the cabin.

Maxson, who is as experienced a waterman as can be found on the bay, noted something else on the boat that he considered far more unusual. There was, he said, "a suitcase full of radio equipment, including telegraph keys, funny little boxes, and other stuff—nothing I had ever seen on any boat." In addition, Maxson saw a rear antennae mount on the stern of the *Brillig* and found in the cabin a series of short-range, interchangeable antennae. Maxson remembered that the CIA had looked at the radio equipment but did not seem impressed. As the days passed, it struck him again and again how "much of that stuff was on a sailboat."

On Saturday morning, five days after the *Brillig* came to the St. Inigoes Coast Guard Station, William Norman Wilson and Paisley's son, Edward, showed up to take the *Brillig* by sea back to her berth at Lusby. The Coast Guardsmen turned the sloop over to Wilson. (When questioned about this matter by *Penthouse*, the Portsmouth Coast Guard station refused to discuss their actions in connection with the *Brillig*.)

On Sunday morning, October 1, the mystery of John Arthur Paisley's disappearance apparently ended with a most grisly discovery. A body, bloated, decomposing fast, and with a bullet hole behind the left ear, rose to the surface of Chesapeake Bay fifteen miles to the northeast of the place where the *Brillig* had run aground.

The Coast Guard fished the T-shirt-and-jean-clad body out of the bay and noticed that two diving belts had been strapped just below the armpits and at the waist. The body was full of gas, which allowed it to rise to the surface despite the presence of the weighted belts.

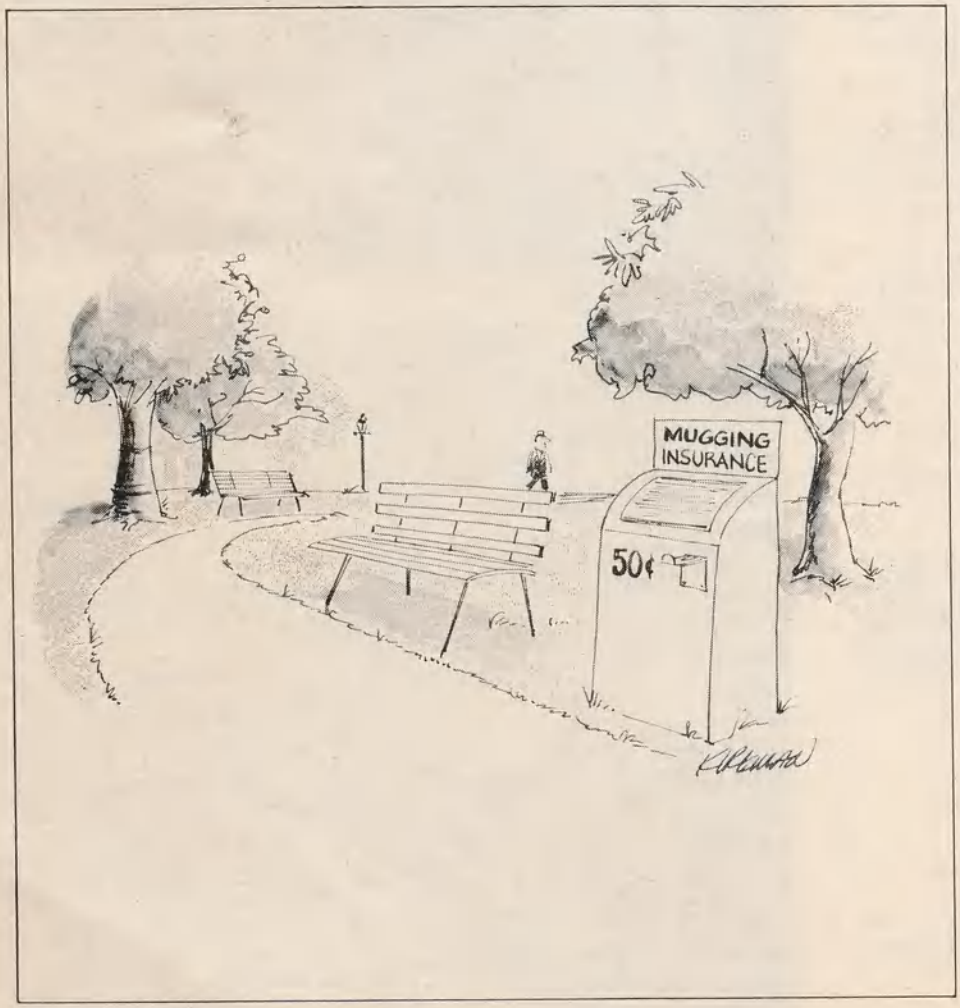
The cadaver was turned over to the state police, who, in turn, delivered it to Maryland Chief Medical Examiner Dr. Russell S. Fisher for "positive identification" and an autopsy. For the first time since John Paisley sailed the *Brillig* out, the police became involved in the investigation of his disappearance and apparent gunshot death.

As Fisher began the tests that would show that the 9mm hollow-point bullet had no exit wound from its path traversing the brain, he also learned that there was no physical evidence showing that the lethal wound was self-inflicted.

Dr. Fisher was charitable in describing what was on his table as a five-foot-eleven-inch, well-developed white male. What was there was a corpse bloated beyond recognition, empty of any blood that could be typed, with a grotesque tongue sticking out of its mouth as if signifying some cruel joke.

Fisher, who was under pressure to identify the body, was forced to rely on what was entirely second-hand information. He said that under normal circumstances, a visual identification by the family could be made. But, he told *Penthouse*, "in this case it was out of the question. The face was totally distorted, the hair on the head and the beard were gone, the gasses in the body made him look like a balloon." Fisher ran into another problem: when he tried to fingerprint the hands of the cadaver, the skin came off. His next step was to amputate the hands and send them to the FBI Crime Laboratory. The FBI had first told him that there were no prints on file for John Arthur Paisley. Two days later the bureau came up with prints for one "Jack Arthur Paisley," born in Tulsa, Okla. But the prints were for a man who was five feet seven inches tall, not for the nearly six-foot man on Fisher's autopsy table.

The FBI identified the prints as those voluntarily given by Paisley in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1940, when he was seventeen years old. They said Paisley identified himself as being born at 1910 East Harvard Street in Tulsa. However, *Penthouse* has learned that there is no such street address. Fisher's problem was to determine whether John Paisley grew four inches after his seventeenth birthday. According to FBI spokesman Tom Harrington, Paisley's CIA prints were not available for identification purposes because the FBI destroyed them



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six years ago in what he said was a periodic purging of the files.

The next means of identification that Fisher relied upon was a matching of the upper dental plate found in the corpse's mouth with one made for Paisley. The Maryland State Police brought the plate to Dr. Albert F. Brendes, Paisley's dentist, and he "eyeballed" his identification of it. But Brendes later told *Penthouse* that the plate "could have belonged to many other people." Brendes enforced the pattern that the FBI set with the missing fingerprints: all of John Paisley's dental records had recently been destroyed in what Brendes called an "office reorganization." Other problems with Paisley's identification include the fact that, according to his family, Paisley had a thirty-four-inch waist and weighed 170 pounds; yet the body on Fisher's table weighed 144 pounds and was wearing clothing with a thirty-inch waist.

Another means of identifying Paisley was a wristwatch that had been recovered with the body and that the family members said was his. But no family member ever saw Paisley's body, and Dr. Fisher never obtained any first-hand evidence of its identification. On October 2 Fisher announced that the corpse was, indeed, that of John Arthur Paisley.

The CIA's chief spokesman, Herbert E. Hetu, said that Paisley "had retired from the agency in 1974 as deputy director of the Office of Strategic Research." This was the first in a series of half-truths that the CIA would issue in the coverup of who John Paisley was and why he died.

The Maryland State Police immediately assigned two investigators to the case. A tough country detective, Cpl. John Murphy, initially ran the investigation. While Hetu was making his bland announcement about Paisley's former role with the agency, this reporter conducted an exclusive interview for the *Wilmington News Journal* with a former deputy director of the CIA and learned that Paisley was a pioneer in planning the U-2 spy plane, the Samos spy satellites, and the use and deployment of the up-to-the-minute KH-11 spy satellite camera system.

On Tuesday CIA spokesman Dale Peterson, in response to questions, denied that Paisley was connected with the satellite system and refused to comment when asked if Paisley still worked for the CIA at the time of his death. These responses, however, were challenged by a front-page *Wilmington News Journal* report that Paisley not only worked with the supersecret satellite program but also was still on the agency payroll as a $200-a-day CIA consultant at the time he disappeared.

The story hit like a firestorm. Within hours Delaware's senior Republican senator, William V. Roth, Jr., called for an investigation into the relationship that Paisley's death could have to a possible compromise of the KH-11 satellite system in its use as a verification device for a U.S.-Russian arms agreement. Roth told friends that he found it ironic that the body of John Paisley showed up on the same day that President Carter revealed to an American audience for the first time that the United States not only has spy satellites but also plans to use them to enforce possible strategic-arms limitation agreements (SALT) with Russia.

In response to the *News Journal* articles and to Roth's request, both the Select Committee on Intelligence and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown requested information about what connection John Paisley had to the CIA and what he knew about the spy satellite program.

On Friday, October 6, the death of John Paisley caused an unprecedented incident at the Pentagon. At Brown's request he and Turner met to discuss possible security damage in the Paisley case. According to *Penthouse* sources, Brown asked Turner for the CIA's written report on the matter and for an assessment of damage to United States national security. Turner said that he had no idea what the damage was. Brown was shocked and outraged.

The 2:00 P.M. meeting ended with Brown's asking Turner to come back in a week with answers. By courier Brown sent the report, along with a top-secret cover letter, to Sen. Birch Bayh, chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee.

As the alarm bells went off throughout the government, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence was joined in its investigation by the FBI and the Defense Department. Their mutual interest was heightened by a growing body of evidence indicating that, months prior to Paisley's disappearance, many top-secret papers with information about the spy satellite system had been removed from the CIA headquarters at Langley.

In the autumn of 1978 William Kampiles, a twenty-three-year-old CIA watch officer, was tried for stealing a satellite manual and selling it to the Soviet Union. At this time, the CIA security people and the FBI started a probe to find out what else might be missing from the agency.

Their suspicions were intensified because of the accusations contained in a book published last March by Edward Jay Epstein, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*. Epstein contended that a 1964 Soviet defector, Yuri Nosenko, was really a Russian agent who had been protected by a top-level Soviet agent within the CIA. Nosenko, after a long investigation, had been certified as a true defector by the CIA. *Legend* was taken especially seriously because Epstein's sources for his book included former CIA counterintelligence chief James J. Angleton and a handful of other top CIA people who did not believe Nosenko's story. It was said that the Angelton group was forced out of the CIA in order to protect the Russian mole who, some said, might still be hidden among the CIA's top officials.

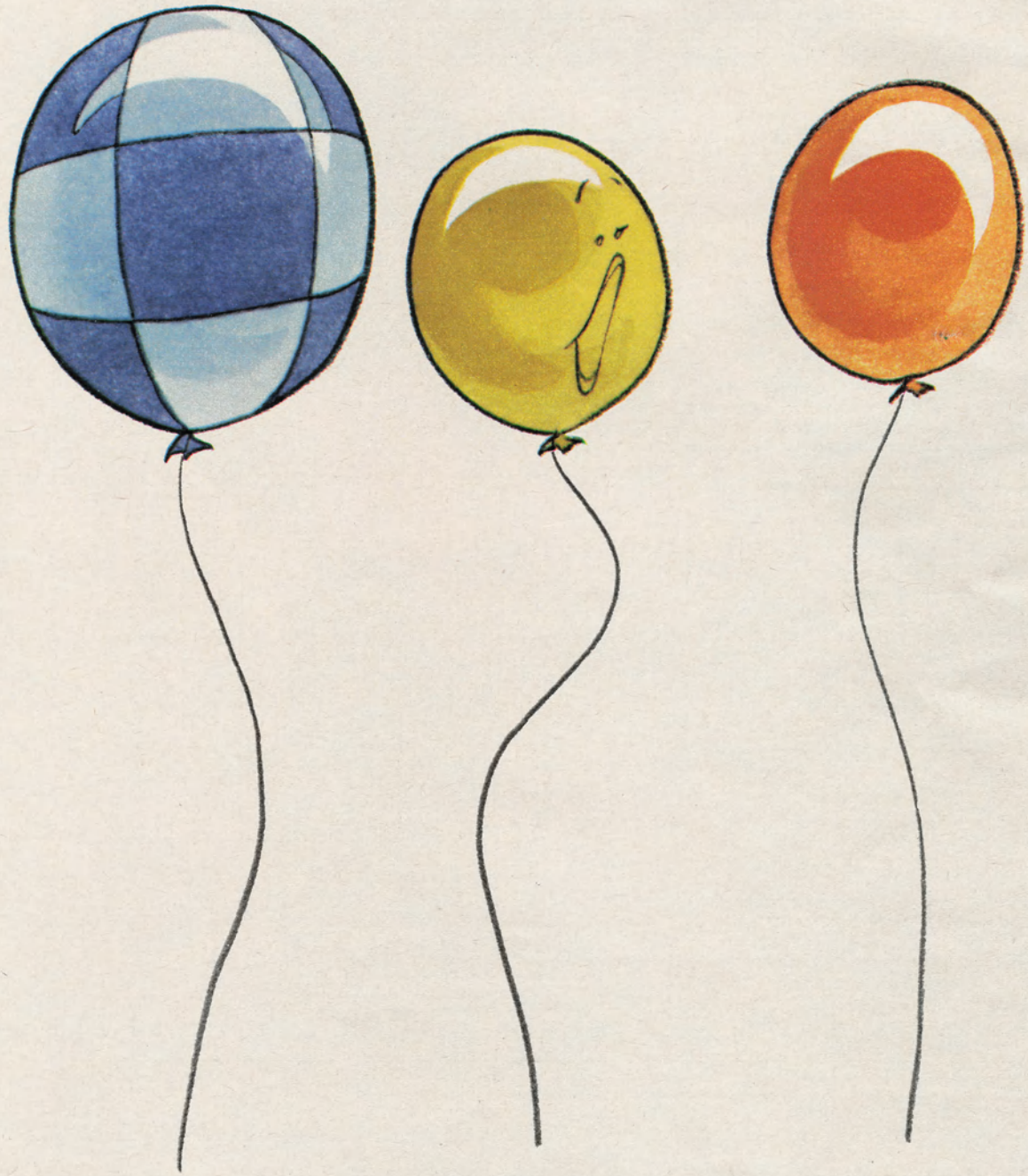
As the evidence mounted that someone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

"Did you order the pizza with everything?"

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

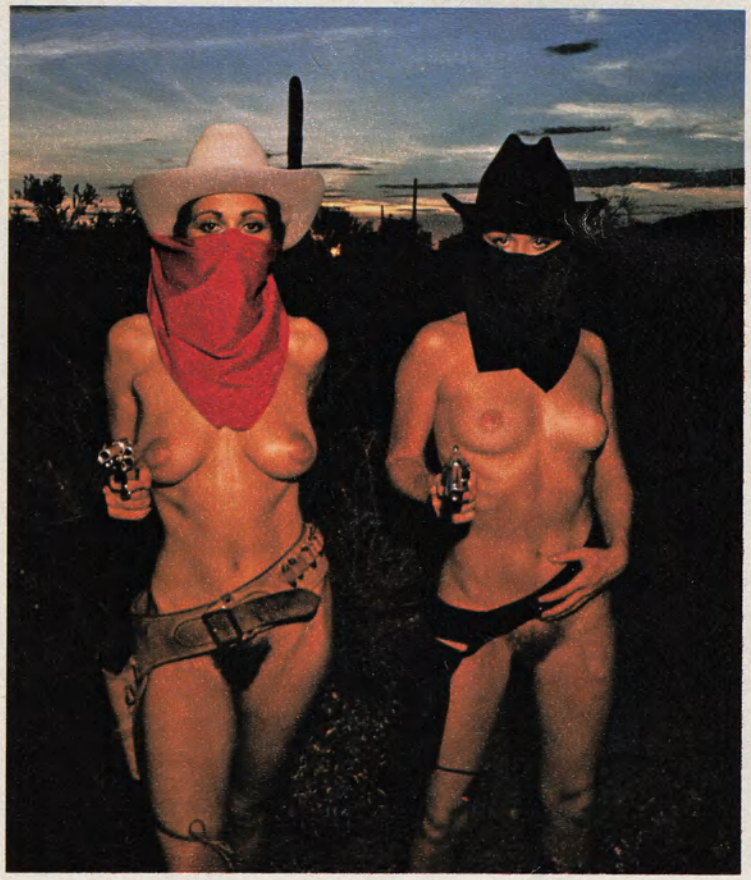


"Do you have anything in a smaller check?"

DUAL IN THE SUN

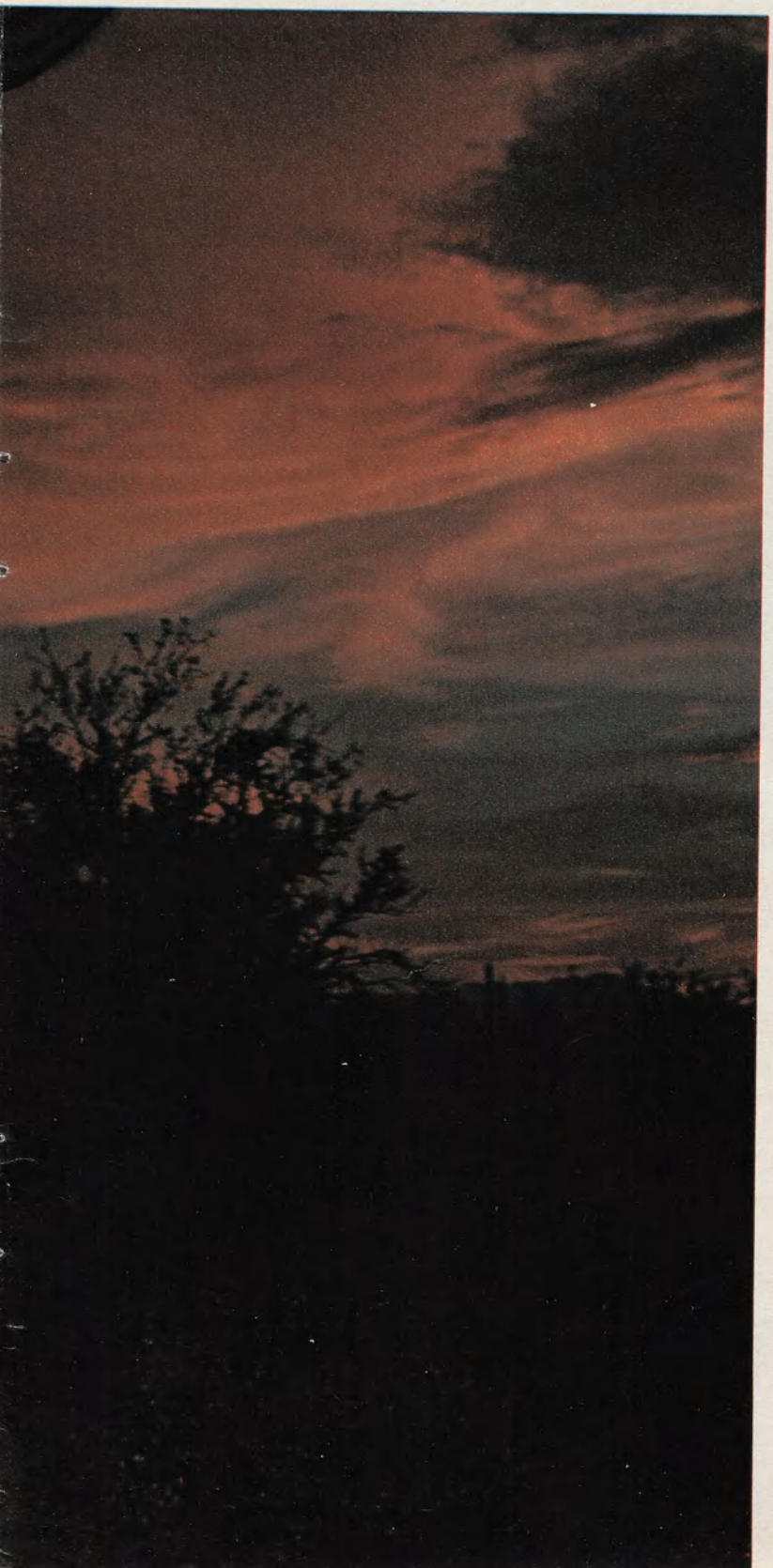
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

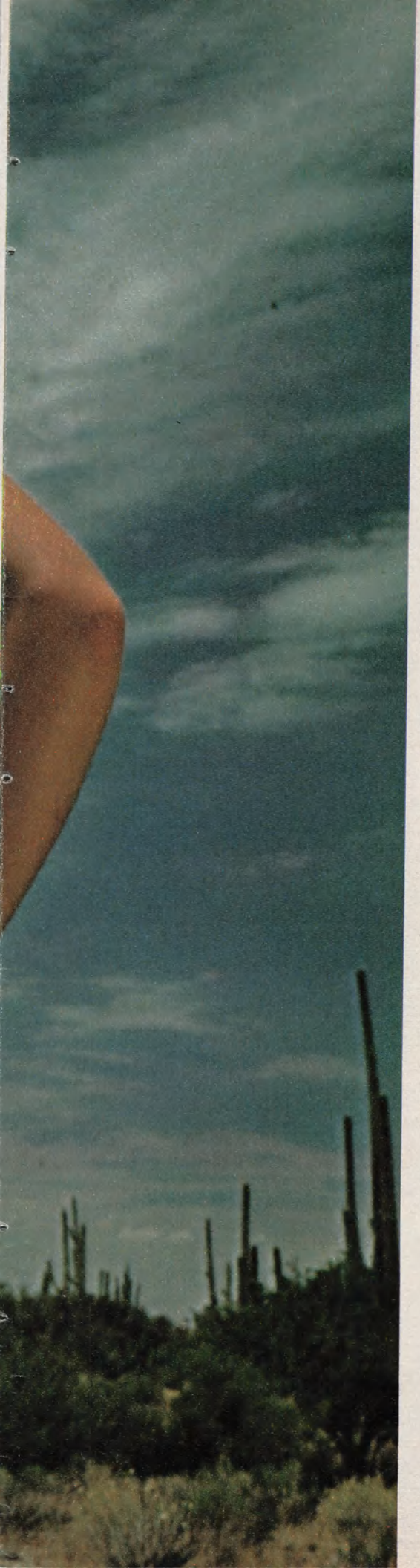
When they first played this game, they were children: innocent, prepubescent girls, tying each other up and inventing make-believe showdowns. But as they grew up, their games turned into erotic rituals. No one, swore these dimpled daughters of Lesbos, could ever fence them in. And sometimes, paying sentimental homage, they dress up in boots and bandannas and reenact the cream of their youthful fantasies.

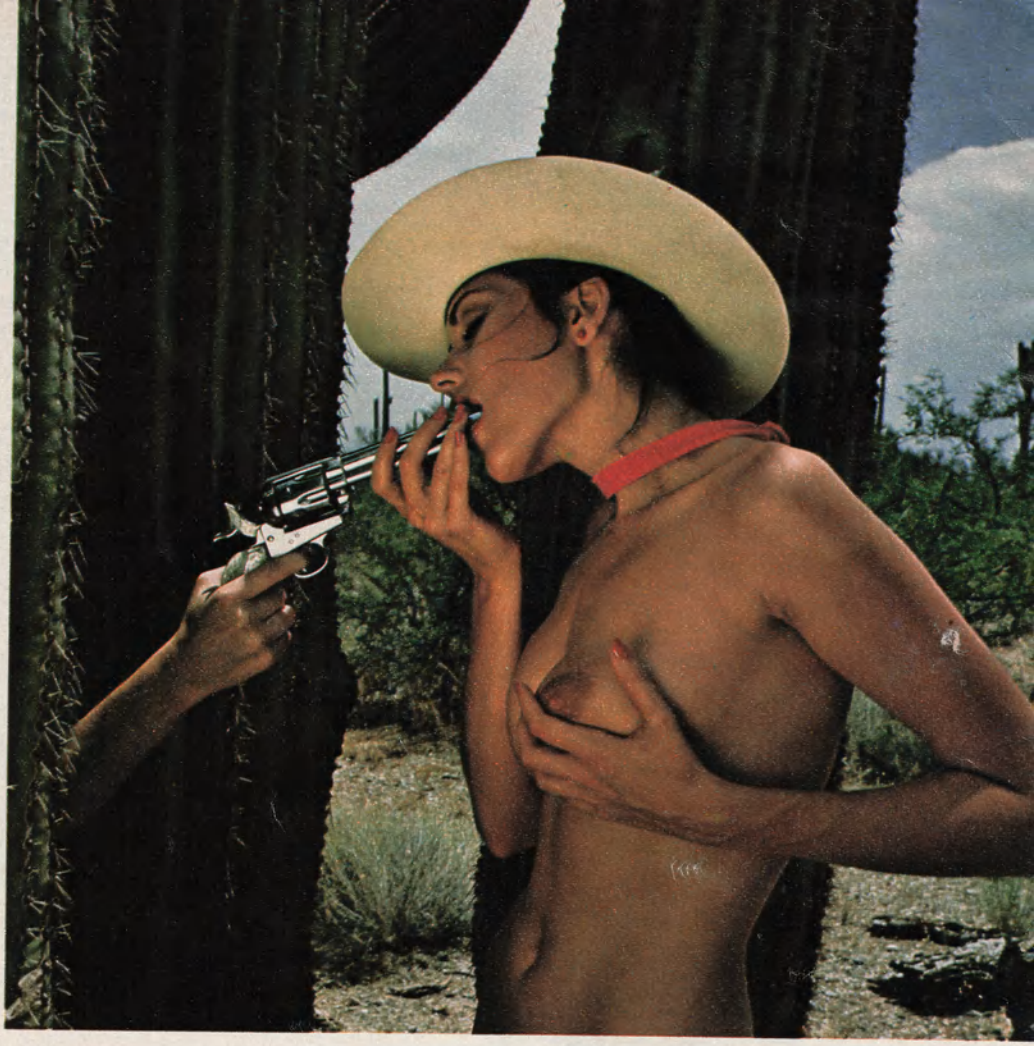


Alone on the open range, they exult in the ultimate freedom of their imagination: whip in delicate hand, the dominant lover lashes her slave into a dreamy, delirious lather. Pain, at the hand of one she adores, is more than pleasure. Then she slakes her thirst for a kiss.

Nipples harden with desire; the sun beats down, bathing them with glistening perspiration. Sometimes, as in a dream, they bring each other home with the barrel of a gun, sometimes with the softness of a finger . . . or tongue. They know a hundred ways to achieve surrender.







Lying under the stars, they create a world of their own. Absorbed in the moist darkness of each other's sex, they abandon themselves to feelings as primal as the earth, as radiant as the moon . . .

The smell and feel of their musky
wetness, the desert's cooling
breeze, and the sensuous odor of sun-baked
leather—every element combining to
bring them pleasure. Standing tall, willowy
legs apart, the mistress opens
herself to her lover's ecstatic exploration.
They are women of immeasurable
variety: humble and devoted to each other,
proud and defiant of the world.
Their games are like the wishes of children . . .
arabesques of infinite grace and variety . . . of
erotic dreams and adventure. The games
of long-ago youth . . . played in pantomime.

VIOLENCE IN SPORTS

As sports becomes less
a game and more a business,
the necessity of winning has resulted
in over one million young men
being hurt every season.
If the sports establishment doesn't stop
this bloodletting, it will be
the death of American sports.

The 1978 professional football season had not yet begun, and already the quarterbacks—the men every steamroller lineman has his heart set on crushing—were being wiped out. Bob Griese of the Miami Dolphins was nursing a torn knee ligament. Ken Anderson of the Cincinnati Bengals was sidelined with a broken hand. And Bert Jones of the Baltimore Colts was out with a dislocated shoulder.

The first weekend of the regular season resulted in thirteen starting players being listed as "out" on the official NFL injury report, and sports announcers were saying once again that the eventual league champions might not necessarily be the most skilled team but rather the team that suffered the fewest casualties.

By Super Bowl time, dozens of football players would be hurt, some unable to continue their careers, destined to spend their lives with aching bodies, sometimes able to hobble to jobs as insurance men or stockbrokers only after taking heavy doses of painkillers.

In each of the last five seasons, more than twenty college and high-school football players have died in or soon after games or practice, and more than sixty have been permanently paralyzed. Doctors estimate that more than 840,000 high-school and 63,000 college players will have been hurt in the course of the 1978 football season.

At every level of football, the knee is the part of the body that takes the worst beating. Every year 100,000 to 130,000 knees are damaged, 30,000 to 50,000 of them so badly that surgery must be performed.

Football has always been a violent sport. But in recent years it has gotten rougher, leading a bloody trend that has swept up most of the major sports. Nearly every hockey team has an "enforcer" or "policeman" whose primary assignment is to beat up opposing players who are playing too well or who start throwing punches. In basketball, which, according to the rules, is a noncontact sport, pushing, shoving, punching, bumping, and slapping have become as much a part of the game as the national anthem. Players leave the court bruised and sometimes bleeding. In baseball pitchers go for the head with fastballs, and runners smash into second

Illustration by Wilson McLean

BY JOSEPH B. TREASTER

basemen as if they were playing football. Increasingly, fans, too, are going wild, ripping up stadium seats, hurling beer cans and bottles and swarming onto the field like marauding tribesmen.

The pressure to win—coming from the fans, the front office, the managers and coaches—has never been greater and has resulted in an "anything goes" attitude.

Among the more gritty personal tactics of professional football are the "clothesline," wherein a lineman catches an onrushing player with an extended arm across the front of the neck and wrenches him to the ground; the "leg whip," in which a lineman turns his back and seems to be spinning away from the action, but actually drives the back of an outstretched leg into an opponent's shins or groin; and the "chop block," which is simply a powerful, full-body smash aimed at another player's knees—which, as you know, do not naturally bend backwards. "Or," says Greg Buttle, the 229-pound linebacker for the New York Jets, "you grab the face mask and pull the guy down. It's illegal. All these things are illegal. But everybody does it. It's as many times as the referee catches you that it's illegal."

Intimidation—throwing debilitating fear into the other guy—is another effective tactic of the "anything goes" school. It means slamming the other guy and slamming him again and again and again and again until he begins to flinch or hesitate a split second or maybe even turn away when he sees you coming. "Physical intimidation," says Buttle, "is when you go out there and some guy's not looking at the play—it's not over, and neither of you is really involved—and you just pound him. Say you're blitzing, and you just pound the quarterback. You hit him so hard he says, 'Oh, my God, what hit me?' The next time the quarterback goes back he's gonna think, 'What's gonna happen this time?' Or you go out and hit the running back. He comes around a corner, and you nail him. You hit him so hard you both see stars. The next time he lines up, he looks to see where you are."

Sometimes it takes a fist in the ribs, an overhand smash, or a forearm "club" to get the message across. In basketball flying elbows are the heavy artillery. They can break a nose or rip open a cheek. "It's sort of a natural thing," says Jim McMillian, a forward with the Portland Trailblazers. "A big man gets a rebound with players on his back and all around, and he sort of swings his elbows. A lot of times it's not to hit but to intimidate. If you see a big man coming down with his elbows swinging, you're going to back off."

American football and basketball officials have attempted to curtail the violence with rule changes, admonishments, and, in basketball, heavy fines for offenders. But some members of the hockey establishment actually condone the violence in their arenas. Last season a minor-league Canadian player was suspended from his league for life after punching several opposing players, hitting with his hockey stick and leaving one of his victims with a broken nose and a concussion. Practically before he could clean out his locker he was hired to play for the Cincinnati Stingers of the World Hockey Association, one of the two major leagues in the United States. Only one other hockey player had been suspended for life. He was a Canadian, too—and not long afterward he was given a job as a referee.

Parents often use professional athletes as role models for their children, not realizing how far a young player will go to emulate his sports hero. Sayers ("Bud") Miller, the basketball trainer and coordinator of athletic training at Pennsylvania State University, says that the younger boys "ape or copy" not only the violent tactics but also some of the corner-cutting practices that, though they may improve performance, also reduce safety margins. For instance, he says, when Billy Kilmer played without a chin strap on his helmet, you saw the same thing on high-school and college fields.

> In each of the last five seasons, more than twenty college and high-school football players have died in or soon after games or practice.

Many young players, Miller says, have noticed that some pros often don't wear hip pads, figuring they'll be able to run faster. Of course, he says, the younger fellows try this, too. "You can fracture a hip bone that way," he says, "or get a very disabling contusion called a hip pointer."

There are many more high-school and college athletes than pros. In football alone there are more than a million high-school players and about 70,000 college players, compared with 1,200 to 1,300 professional players. High-school athletes suffer the greatest number of injuries because there are so many of them, their bodies are still growing, and they are not so well conditioned as the older players.

"There are probably more injuries any Friday night in high-school football games than there are in the entire professional season," says Dr. James Garrick, a sports-medicine specialist from Phoenix, Ariz., who worked with the teams at the University of Washington for many years. "The frequency of injury at the high-school level—if you define an injury as something that happens to a player requiring him to be pulled out of practice or a game and miss a subsequent game or practice—is about eighty per 100 participants. Two-thirds of those injured players are going to be back playing within a week. The other third is going to require more than a week to recover."

But these casualties, coming in hamlets and villages and the great cities of the nation, seldom attract much attention. A death or a paralyzing injury may startle a community, but it may not even be reported in another section of the country; nothing like the flurry of newspaper and magazine articles that followed the incident in which Darryl Stingley, the twenty-six-year-old wide receiver of the New England Patriots, was paralyzed from the shoulders down after he had missed a pass in a preseason game and was hit in midair—on a legal play—by defensive back Jack Tatum of the Oakland Raiders.

Some coaches and football executives will tell you that football is not really all that violent. They talk about playing "good, hard, tough" football. "They don't go out there to be brutal," Coach Walt Michaels of the New York Jets told me one afternoon, speaking of college players. "They go out there to get an education. I say, 'Without the game of football, where would a lot of people be?' Do you know how many people go to college on scholarships?"

But listen to Greg Buttle, the Jets' powerful linebacker. He talks the way he plays. No punches pulled. "The game's all violence," he says. "If you don't like it, you can get out." At the Jets' training camp on Long Island one afternoon, Buttle paused by the barbells and the spring-loaded muscle-building machines, turned to Coach Michaels, and gestured toward me. "Tell him what happens if you go out there and you don't hit," Buttle said. There was no response; so Buttle answered himself: "You don't go out and hit, and you're out of here."

In the pro games they hit so hard you can hear the smack of the helmets and shoulder pads far off in those skyline seats, from which the players look like ants. They don't want to kill or maim, the players say. But as Mike Hennigan, a 215-pound Jets linebacker with a deceptively gentle manner off the field, puts it, "You'd like to have him out of that game."

Pat Ryan, who is a rookie quarterback for the Jets and graduated from the University of Tennessee last June, is just getting a feel for professional football. But he says that over the last five years he's watched college football get "more intense, more rough.

"The coaches are getting much more pressure to win. It's just a business. They've got million-dollar programs. The alumni want to win. They put pressure on the coach, and he in turn puts pressure on the player. They just coach to win at any cost." Ryan was injured twice in college. "The first was legitimate," he says. "The second one was a cheap shot. I got tackled out of bounds and was lying under a pile. A guy just comes up and stomps my hand and breaks it. He was on the sidelines—he wasn't even in the game.

"I am vitally interested in the future, because I am going to spend the rest of my life there."

—Charles F. Kettering

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"I don't think there's much difference between college and the pros," the six-foot-three-inch, 205-pound quarterback says. "It's just that the pros have got bigger, stronger people. That's why they talk about violence in the pros."

Ryan was sitting in his undershorts in the Jets' locker room after an afternoon practice. On a stool nearby, Jerome Barkum, a twenty-eight-year-old tight end who's been a professional player for eight years, disagreed. Barkum figures college football is rougher than the pros.

"When I played at Jackson State," he said, "I got teeth knocked out when the play was dead. Even in practice I got teeth knocked out. Here, if a guy got a chance to tear up a guy, I don't think he would. In college it was all-out, each and every week: dog eat dog. I think that when you're making a living, guys tend to be more considerate. In college there are more players on the roster. Young guys don't tend to know or care that they can hit a guy and put him out for life. But I'm not saying professional ball isn't rough, by any stretch of the imagination."

Barkum said that when Joe Namath was playing quarterback for the Jets on aching, battered knees that barely supported him, opposing tacklers would "wrap him up and lay him down where it wouldn't hurt him. I think in college they would have said, 'Hey, he's a great player. Let's get him out of the game.' That's the way it is in college."

One of the main subjects of controversy in football these days is the helmet. It is more than three pounds of hard, smooth fiberglass and internal shock absorbers. And it is almost too good. "We don't see many head injuries these days," says Dr. Garrick. What has happened, however, is that the helmet has become a weapon, a battering ram. In the great majority of professional tackles and blocks, the initial contact is made with the helmet or the plastic-coated steel face mask affixed to the front of the helmet. This technique, nearly universal in college also, is called "butt-blocking" and "butt-tackling"—as in billy-goat butting.

In a five-year study of college football injuries, Dr. Carl S. Blyth of the University of North Carolina found that 29 percent of the most serious injuries—brain and spinal cord damage, broken ribs, ruptured spleens, and bruised kidneys—were caused by blows inflicted by the bowling-ball-like helmets. Moreover, those who get hurt by the helmet are not only players being blocked or tackled. All too often it is the helmet wearer himself. Nothing happens to his well-cushioned head, but sometimes the helmet is snapped backward—by a knee, say, or by a hand entangled in a face mask—and the rear edge crashes into the top of the spine with the force of a karate chop. This has resulted in some cases in fatal or crippling neck injuries.

A few years ago the rules were changed in high-school and college football, making it illegal to begin a block or a tackle with a lunge of the helmet. In pro football there have been no changes regarding butt-tackling and butt-blocking, and the coaches and players I talked with said they thought none should be made. "It would be impossible," said Greg Buttle. "It's the only way I can think of tackling somebody. You get a fullback like Csonka and try to arm-tackle him—you're not gonna make it. If you try to slide your head around and hit him with your shoulder, you're just going to cause more neck injuries."

"It's just what everybody's taught," added Mike Hennigan, the other Jets linebacker. "First, hit with your head. You're taught to stick your head in there in all the drills, right from junior high or high school. Anytime you hit a tackling dummy, you hit it with your head."

Before the start of the 1977 season, Pete Rozelle, the professional football commissioner, informed the football club presidents that he was sick of the "unnecessary violence" he was seeing and warned that serious discipline, including "multi-game suspensions," was in the offing. "Flagrant personal fouls are clearly outside the rules and are calculated either to disable opposing players or to 'intimidate' them into less effective performance," he said (in a statement obtained, without the commissioner's approval, by the *Washington Post*). "They often entail an entirely unreasonable risk of unnecessary injury to opposing players and potentially unfortunate consequences to the victim's teammates and coaches as well. They do not belong in professional football and will not be tolerated by this office. If there is to be 'intimidation' on the playing field, it must result from superior performance within the rules—not from calculated or unbridled violence.

"Accordingly, all players, coaches, and clubs are reminded that unnecessary violence outside the rules of the game will be cause of serious league discipline, up to and including multi-game suspension, whether or not it is detected by game officials."

It was tough talk. But more than a year and a half later no one has been given a "multi-game suspension," and there has been no apparent change in the level of violence.

> To compete successfully these days, many athletes feel they have to work themselves into a rage before game time.

On the night of September 26, 1978, the Philadelphia Flyers met the New York Rangers in Madison Square Garden for a preseason exhibition hockey game. With less than five minutes remaining in the first period, the Rangers' Nick Fotiu and the Flyers' Jim Cunningham began pummeling each other at center ice. They were separated by the linesmen and taken to the penalty boxes, but in the meantime, perhaps bored by the delay in play, two other opposing players began trading punches. Suddenly, the entire Ranger bench poured onto the ice, immediately countered by all the Flyers. Gloves and sticks dropped, the players squared off, and what resulted was a twenty-five-minute brawl that ended only when referee Bob Myers ordered both teams back to their locker rooms. Five Rangers and seven Flyers were given "game misconducts," and three days later the National Hockey League announced that automatic fines totaling $5,200 had been assessed against both teams.

Still, no one makes any bones about violence in hockey. Clarence S. Campbell, former president of the NHL, said it was in the very nature of the game. "Without violence," he said, "there would be no such thing as hockey." Not long ago John Ziegler, Mr. Campbell's successor as president of the league, declared, "I do not find it unacceptable when two men, in a frustrated state, decide to drop their sticks and gloves and take swings at each other." When Conn Smythe was the owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs, he used to tell his players, "If you can't beat 'em in the alley, you can't beat 'em on the ice."

You might think someone would rebel against a floating barroom brawl that poses as a sporting event. But no: hockey players take it as a badge of courage when they've been in enough fights to have accumulated more than 100 surgical stiches.

The fans, meanwhile, can't seem to get enough of the gore.

"I worry about hockey," James A. Michener says in his book *Sports in America*. "In the United States, I rarely hear a word about it, but in Canada, where they have known the game longer, there is fear that it may already have been so contaminated by violence that it is doomed. The fighting is largely fake and not required in the movement of the game. It is a cheap hype to attract American customers, and if it is continued, it will kill hockey, because opinion-makers will start to ridicule it. The custodians of the game will have done to it what earlier custodians did to wrestling and roller skating and boxing: made it a thing of scorn."

What I've been able to learn about hockey tells me that Michener is wrong in one respect: the fighting is not fake. The most recent available statistics show 25,000 facial injuries for a single year in amateur hockey in the United States and, according to *The Physician and Sportsmedicine* magazine, "an alarming increase" in permanent eye damage. In professional hock-

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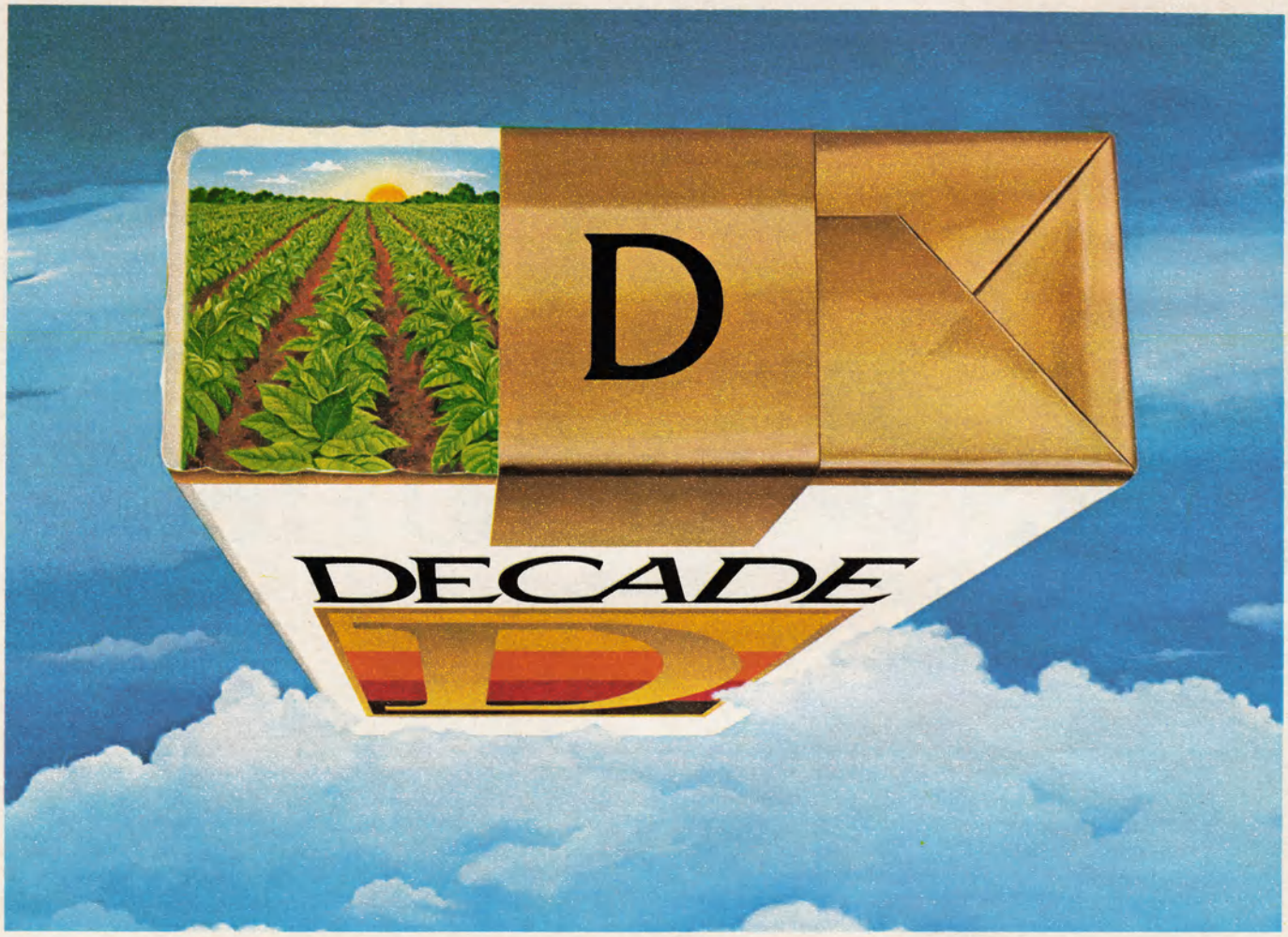

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ANYONE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

But only a chosen few are truly grotesque.

HUMOR BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

I'd been on the tail of the clique that put Jimmy Carter in the White House for months when I got an urgent call from *Penthouse* to investigate a New Jersey model agency.

It seems the magazine's legal department had gotten a letter from an outfit called Homely House, Ltd. Enclosed were pictures of some of the most uncomely naked men and women ever to spread-eagle themselves before a photographic camera in their birthday suits. Breasts shaped like deflated football bladders with nipples the size of 45 r.p.m. records dangling below the waist, paunches obscuring genitalia, overbites, underbites, knock knees, pigeon toes, round shoulders, chicken chests, varicose thighs, elephantiasic ankles, walleyes, rotten teeth, nose skin like road maps of rural Ohio, and pores you could pilot a supertanker through. The printable portion of the leader read,

"Gentlepersons:

"Undoubtedly you have seen our television commercials featuring real or ordinary—i.e., ugly—people. Your magazine, however, persists as an enclave of beauty fetishism. We hereby demand that you give proportional representation in your publication to ugly persons, photographs of whom please find herewith. Your exclusive use of esthetically appealing subjects for your pictorials is discriminatory against the vast preponderance of Americans—the ugly majority who range in appearance from plain to downright repulsive. We insist that you rectify this situation by featuring ugly persons in at least 90 percent of your nude pictorials. If you do not comply with this demand forthwith, we will be compelled to institute a class action lawsuit on behalf of ourselves and all unpleasant-looking persons similarly situated, whose civil rights are being violated by your preoccupation with physical beauty.

"Very truly yours,

"Brutto Z. Hasslich

"President

"Homely House, Ltd."

The address on Homely House's stationery was that of a tire-recapping plant with a panoramic view of the soot-encrusted main span of the Pulaski Skyway in the Jersey Meadows, epicenter of the industrial stink that says "Welcome to the New York, N. Y., Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area" to bus passengers arriving from the West. In the midst of this cloaca of the Eastern Seaboard, the perfume of burning truck tires actually provided some relief from the prevailing odor of superannuated police horses being boiled into contact cement.

The agency's office turned out to be located in the back half of the factory. I noted that in addition to the legend "Homely House, Ltd.—applicants kindly slip your glossies and résumés under the door," there were plaques by the doorway reading "Miss Ugly America Pageant, Inc." and "Margaret Hamilton Fan Club."

I entered and made my way through a waiting room filled with what appeared to be Homely House models—overweight women with one eyebrow, underweight men with terminal acne—and was ushered by a cross-eyed, sunken-chested receptionist into the office of the president. It smelled like a cross between a vocational high-school locker room and the drunk tank of the city jail in Stockton, Calif., on a Friday night. The floor was covered with kitty litter. The walls were decorated with travel posters for Akron, Ohio, and Nogales, Mexico. The light came from a single naked light bulb, under which sat the ugliest man I had ever seen. He weighed over 300 pounds, wore a stained black Orlon knit shirt covered with pills, and had a face that looked like a used prophylactic filled to the bursting point with swamp water.

"Your suit," said Brutto Z. Hasslich. His voice sounded as if an ignition key had been turned by mistake after the engine is running. His tongue looked like a used fly strip.

"My suit?" I said.

"Why do you have to wear a suit like that?" he said.

"What's wrong with my suit?" I said.

"Norman of Savile Row, the finest custom tailor in London," he said. "I can tell. I know your kind. There's nothing wrong with your suit. It's perfect."

"Than what's the problem?" I said.

"That's the problem. Your neurotic need to be well dressed. You look like a typical *Uomo Vogue* mirror-mirror boy. Why can't you be satisfied to be your own unattractive self? They make you dress like that if you want to do investigative journalism for *Penthouse*? Goddamn bunch of beauty chauvinists. You ought to sue them. We could help you. Right now our legal defense fund is suing the buns off the Grinspoon, Iowa, Central School District for using a textbook in their high school that has poems in it from Edna St. Vincent Millay's *A Few Figs From Thistles:*

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand:
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand.

"You see what they're filling our children's minds with? Ugly equals bad. Ugly equals inferior. We're suing another school system in Oregon where they force the kids to sing 'America the Beautiful' in the morning. America the beautiful? What about Gary, Ind.? What about Opa-Locka, Fla.? What about Bridgeport, Conn.? What about the strip-mined hills of Kentucky? What about the salt flats of Nevada? What about America the *ugly*? The whole thing's a plot to build up land values in pretty states."

I asked Hasslich if lawsuits of this sort were not an odd activity for a model agency.

"The model thing is just a fund-raising mechanism for the organization I'm the executive director of—the National Association for the Advancement of Ugly People. Our membership consists of the physically unattractive who are functioning as useful citizens in all walks of life. We function as a clearinghouse to get them work in ads, commercials, and movies. For instance, we supplied all the Nazi extras for NBC's 'The Holocaust.' You think it's easy to find 500 unpleasant-looking actors on short notice? Acting is probably the profession with the worst record of discrimination against ugly Americans."

"That's ridiculous," I said. "Look at Walter Matthau."

"You look at him," Hasslich croaked. "Ever seen him in the flesh? Well, I have. In real life he's slim, suntanned, and immaculately tailored. He's been exploiting ugliness for years. Walter Matthau is to the ugly-rights movement what Sidney Poitier was to the civil-rights movement—every liberal's safe ugly American. If he's an ugly actor, I'm Robert Redford. We call him Walter Mask-thau."

"But what about somebody like Dustin Hoffman," I offered, "Pretty he's not."

"When Hoffman first came along in *The Graduate*, we supported him as the vanguard of a new generation of uncute actors," Hasslich said. "Could you have imagined the young Cary Grant in 'The Graduate?' Tyrone Power? We thought it was about time a short guy with a big nose, rabbit teeth, and watery little eyes had a shot at stardom. But over the last decade, Hollywood has twisted things around to where Hoffman is actually considered *handsome*. Dustin Hoffman has been co-opted.

"It's the same thing that happened to Streisand," Hasslich continued. "When she first became popular, people used to say, 'She's ugly, but she sure sings good.' But then look what happened: gradually, people started thinking she wasn't so bad-looking after all . . . average . . . better than average . . . attractive . . . beautiful. Now everybody thinks she's positively a paragon of pulchritude. And she went along with it! Closets full of designer clothes! Primping in her reflection in the camera lens! There's a girl who's completely forgotten her roots.

"Whatever happened to the great ugly movie stars of the past?" he ranted on, pounding the desk. "Actors and actresses who *gloried* in their ugliness. Fatty Arbuckle! Wallace Beery! Marjorie Main! What about today? Woody Allen, you say? Sure, today he's a plug-ugly little runt. But already it's beginning—women are starting to think he's cute. I tell you, five years from now, high-school girls will be locking the bedroom door and diddling themselves over pictures of Woody Allen with his shirt off.

"Look at Liza Minnelli. Started out in *The Sterile Cuckoo*. In ten years she's gone from lonely Pookie with the receding chin line to Lucky Lady, soaped up by Burt Reynolds and Gene Hackman in a giant bathtub! You never would have found Marjorie Main in a big bathtub with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy—I can tell you that much."

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes all the way through.

"What about television?" I said. "Many uglies have been getting a lot of work in commercials, wincing with the pain of tension headache and preferring instant stuffing to mashed potatoes, no?"

"Television's a little uglier than the movies," Hasslich said. "You've got Laverne and Shirley being welcomed into people's living rooms. Quincy is not exactly Gregory Peck. Lou Grant is not precisely Errol Flynn. Kojak is still hanging in there with the cueball hairdo and the fat, juicy mole on the cheek. But it's an uphill battle. Cloris Leachman got canned—I mean, even her *name* was ugly. They just dinged Don Rickles. It's a pretty picture.

"There is a task force called Action for Ugly Television, or AUT. Other citizen's groups have been able to bring pressure to bear to control the problem of violence on television, the problem of sex on television—but what about beauty on television? We have evidence from studies at major universities that indiscriminate loveliness on television can bring on attacks of Hans Christian Andersen syndrome in young children."

"What is the Hans Christian Andersen syndrome?" I asked.

"You never read that little piece of Danish estheticist propaganda?" said Hasslich.

"That which?"

"'The Ugly Duckling,' shouted Hasslich. "Imagine, the deviousness of using a seemingly innocuous children's story to subvert kids' minds with the delusion that if they're born ugly, they're going to grow up beautiful. Don't you think it's cruel to raise ugly children's hopes like that? We owe it to our kids to let them know the truth: ugly ducklings don't turn into swans; they turn into ugly ducks. And so do a lot of swans, for that matter. Look at Howard Hughes: born handsome, died ugly. But what does television tell them? Everybody out there is Jaclyn Smith and John Travolta except you, kid. It's a swan's world. There have been instances in which excessive beauty on television has given kids such a bad case of Hans Christian Andersen syndrome that they run out and get nose jobs and breast lifts from coat hanger operators who don't even wash their hands! A lovely situation!

"But AUT's work is bearing fruit. Cutesy-puss Sally Struthers left 'All in the Family,' though Rob Reiner was a real loss to our movement. Same thing with 'Police Woman.' Angie Dickinson was axed, but it cost us what's-his-face, the cop with a disaster area for a nose. Perhaps the greatest victory so far has been getting that homecoming queen of a Farrah Fawcett-Majors off the tube—but then they came back with Cheryl Ladd. Did you see the Cheryl Ladd poster-burning on Walter Cronkite? We have an ugliness squad following Cassie Macking around. Every time she does a lead-in to a news story, you're going to see ten of the most physically repulsive women in America standing behind her, holding a silent vigil. The nerve of them, trying to bring beauty into the *news*! We say, if they've got to have talking heads with high cheekbones, at least save it for the eleven o'clock news, when children are in bed."

"Where do you stand politically?" I asked.

"On the international side," said Hasslich, "we've formed an organization called the Council on Ugly Relations. The CUR fought the World Health Organization's campaign to eradicate smallpox. If an ugly person got smallpox, so what? The pockmarks just made him a little bit uglier. But if a beautiful person got it, it made him ugly—one of us. Historically, smallpox has always eaten away at the edge that the physically attractive have over the physically unattractive. So we felt that the WHO plan would benefit the good-looking while interfering with our recruiting efforts among the ugly masses in Third World countries. Unfortunately, the beautiful minority won that round. There hasn't been a single case of the disease reported anywhere in the world in months. Yes, they're using germ warfare against the ugly, but the nations of the world are silent.

"But we don't give up. We just picketed the new Palestine Liberation Organization

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

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Illustration by Patrick Courtin

Adapted from *The Time Trip*, a novel by Rob Swigart, soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

THE DOMINO THEORY OF THE SELF

A. Spencer Sparling (his license plate reads ASS) and his blonde assistant, Snow, had made a fortune in the trendy self market with a training program called SUM. They hope to score even bigger with MOM (Multiple Orgasms for Men).

"All right, buttbrains."

A. Spencer Sparling paused; he was a glare, a sneer, a bottle of rancid ketchup crusted around the cap when he snarled from his dais.

This was his public persona. In private he was mean, petty, and short. Very short. Not that it bothered him; nothing bothered him any more. A. Spencer Sparling was a success.

He paced the dais. Spread before his feet, stretched face down on the rough, durable Holiday Inn carpeting of the Redwood Room was this weekend's crop of trainees. Seventy-five of them, noses ground into the synthetic fiber.

This morning the room was drafty, and his invectives acquired a "a butt-brain" echo from the far wall's plaster, an acoustic tide that washed back and forth over those inert forms. Spence let it wash, and scanned for any deviation from his instruction to lie absolutely still, face down, eyes closed. Not a muscle twitched.

He was also doing sums in his head. Every weekend he did these sums with great satisfaction. Seventy-five times $375: almost $30,000. Not bad.

Doing sums, he thought. Ha-ha.

Sparling Unified Meditation was what these trainees were undergoing: SUM. It was known as "doing SUM," and it was, oh, *good*. Good for the trainees. Excellent for A. Spencer

FICTION BY ROB SWIGART

Sparling. It was even good for A. Spencer Sparling's assistant, Snow, who stood gracefully to one side. She was well over six feet tall and had the brightest, whitest, cleanest blonde hair anyone in the room had ever seen.

An unfortunate contrast, perhaps, when she was stacked up against Sparling's extreme *shortness*, though he didn't really think so. After all, he was wearing his two-tone morocco leather suit, his six-inch suede platform shoes of a deep blood red, and a crimson formal shirt with a neatly knotted aquamarine tie. Snow could not compete, not really.

"All right, buttbrains," Spence repeated, his sums completed. "My assistant, Snow, is going to walk through the room. From time to time she will kick one of you. If there is any sign of flinching or other evidence that you know what is going to happen, we will know you are cheating and you will be thrown out. Without a refund. Right, Snow?"

"Oh, yes, Spence," she breathed. Her voice was a redolent whisper of off-shore Pago Pago breeze, an aromatic lullabye of adoration. Had they been standing closer together, it might have ruffled the exquisitely cropped hairs that waved on top of his shapely, autocratic head. Snow was a Graduate.

"Okay, Snow honey, you go on and walk among these buttbrains. If any one of them so much as twitches, you just sing out and the proctors will throw the scum right out of this room. We have neither time nor place for vermin who cannot follow instructions when it's for their own good." Spencer's voice was even, smooth, reasonable, infinitely persuasive. Yet more than one person, face in the carpet, wondered what the hell he was doing here, though such thoughts soon evaporated before Sparling's soothing voice. They would buy anything from A. Spencer Sparling.

Spence had a lot to sell, no doubt about that. One of his sidelines was a brisk traffic in gurus: he organized public and private audiences with various members of his stable. He had already signed up for tours of the United States—besides the usual complement of Indian mystics and spiritual luminaries—three Chinese (Taoists and necromancers), twelve Japanese (mostly Zen, though a few were animists of one sort or another), a Korean (specialist in swordplay, very spiritual), two Tibetans (Tantric sex experts, demonstrations *very* private), a well-known Sufi with a speech impediment, an illiterate Lithuanian peasant with blue-light visions, and several South Americans with high-altitude drug habits. And he was about to add a filthy Turkish idiot, who smiled and drooled and was to prove one of his most successful ventures. Pilgrims granted an audience would come away shaking their heads and saying softly to themselves, over and over, "I get it. I get it." After they've paid $300 for the privilege of facing that slobbery grin, they ought to get it, Spencer told Snow. Whatever "it" was. Spencer's "it" was 75 percent, the remainder going into a trust for the Turk's vast, extended, and toothless family.

Spencer really knew how to make a profit. The reason was simple: he was an avid reader of *Psychology Today* and other journals of what he called the "trendy Self market." So he always knew what was coming.

It was as a result of his careful research in this field that technology was on the brink of funneling enormous funds into the SUM empire's coffers through the medium of MOM, or Multiple Orgasms for Men. MOM was the very vanguard of growth and self-improvement, the frontier of Truth and unisex equality (if women can have them, why not men?). It was the Cutting Edge, as he called it, the blade of the plow that turned the fertile soil of money into Spencer's cupped hands.

"I think of myself as a farmer," he told Snow. "Tilling, planting, and reaping. Especially reaping."

All morning he had been tilling and planting; since all the trainees had paid in advance, with no possibility of refunds, he was actually doing his springtime chores after the harvest, so to speak. The harvest required frequent trips out of the room to phone his broker, his lawyers, his accountants. Spencer had responsibilities.

> In private he was mean, petty, and short. Very short. Not that it bothered him; nothing bothered him anymore. A. Spencer Sparling was a success.

The tilling and planting, however, were really preparation of the soil for next year's crops, as there were future courses for these trainees. The process included generous doses of humiliation, fertilized with frequent shouts of "I am a flaming asshole! I am a snot-filled buttbrain!" by the seventy-five uncomfortable figures on the floor, singly and in chorus.

In return for all this they would get, if anything, a better attitude toward life, greater peace of mind, a coming to terms with inadequacies, and a sense of responsibility for actions—learning that you got what you wanted, always, no matter how awful it was, and not taking any shit from anyone.

Of course, they were all taking a lot of shit from A. Spencer Sparling right now, but that was in the nature of fertilizer, as it were. Spencer, in his two-tone leathers and six-inch platforms, was dishing it out by the forkful, spreading it over the group, which was lying as still and receptive as seeds.

Just then a movement caught his eye, a furtive motion far back in the room. Someone was *crawling toward the door!*

"Where are you going, buttbrain?" Spencer shrieked. The furtive movement halted.

"Uh, I gotta go to the bathroom," a timid voice offered.

"*I gotta go to the bathroom*," Spencer mimicked nastily. "Lie down, buttbrain!" he thundered. "I'll tell you when you can get up, sit down, speak, or pee. I'll tell you when you can eat, I'll tell you when you can blow your nose, I'll tell you when you can fucking *breathe*. So get it straight, buttbrain. In here I am your God. I watch everything you do, buttbrain, and if you get out of line one inch, you're *out*. Understand, buttbrain? *Out!*"

"But . . . "

"Throw that fucker out!" Spencer screamed, his larynx purpled with rage, all smoothness, evenness, reasonableness gone. The fucker's face hit the floor, quivered once, and was still. Shock seemed to spread a layer of thin blue haze inches from the floor, where it congealed.

"All right," Spencer said. "He can stay. But the next asshole buttbrain fucker who tries something like that goes. Okay, Snow baby."

Silence parked in the room like a tanker full of dirty brake fluid. Not even the sound of breathing could be heard. No one wanted to be *out*. No one wanted to be rejected by A. Spencer Sparling, who was God. Especially not without a refund.

As Snow—whisper-soft and glider-smooth in her floor-length djellaba, only the very tippy toes of her brown hiking boots nosing from the hem, in and out, as she walked—descended the stairs to move among the bodies, Spencer drifted into fantasy. MOM, in golden letters a thousand miles high, pulsed softly in his brain. The Redwood Room faded, faded, was gone. A. Spencer Sparling was being interviewed by Walter Cronkite, he was receiving the Nobel Prize for . . . for what? Medicine? Economics? No . . .

Peace.

He had brought peace to the world; aggressions were gone, lulled by MOM, rocked in the tender MOM embrace, lulled and spent. An achievement that made landing a man on the moon seem like a bit of foolery, on a par with raspberry-flavored foot spray or edible underwear. And the world was rewarding him.

Multiple Orgasms for Men. *Think of it!* he told himself.

He thought of it, his narrow eyes dreamy as he leaned against the podium. The occasional thumps of Snow's booted toes against defenseless sides, necks, thighs, provided a rhythmic background for his reverie. Each thump an orgasm! Two, three . . . five, even, without stopping.

And there, under the lights, the Swedish Academy was assembled, the king was descending toward him, smiling, hand outstretched . . .

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The leather at Spencer's groin creaked as it tightened, invisible under the wide flare of his morocco leather jacket. Snow was waving at him from the back of the room, materializing out of the haze. "Okay, buttbrains, sit up," he commanded.

They sat, blinking at the glare, rubbing sides, necks, legs, certain to a soul that they had learned a valuable and important lesson, though its exact outlines escaped them all at the moment.

Spencer had his neat little hands in his jacket pockets. He leaned against his special cut-down lectern and smiled at all the buttbrains. Snow whispered back to his side and stood deferentially, a white votive candle with a very pale flame, burning at the altar of the god of good behavior.

"And now, buttbrains," he went on, "it's time to sink in. You are going to sink into yourselves and find the buttbrained asshole in there. You are going to remember the most embarrassing, stupid, humiliating asshole thing you've ever done, or thought, and you are going to sing it out right here in this room. Every one of you is going to sing out.

"No one eats any lunch until every buttbrain in this room has spoken up." The thick goo congealed around the top of the ketchup bottle as he spoke. It hardened solid when he added, under his breath, "Asshole buttbrains!" There were men and women in the room who squirmed, but no one spoke.

Ten minutes of restive silence passed, a gluey silence, a warm bath of sticky fluid holding them all in place. Only the eyes moved, darting around the room, avoiding other eyes, most assiduously avoiding A. Spencer Sparling's eyes, those hot eyes that seemed to glare from the dais, to bore into each and every soul in the room, pinning it in place like an entomologist's bug. They twitched, they squirmed, knowing he was looking at them and was thinking about each of them as the biggest buttbrained asshole in the world, in the universe, the bottom end of all that was scum and garbage and waste, of all that was, in a word, disgusting. The trainees were not thinking well of themselves.

Spence, of course, was thinking nothing of the kind. He had been through this routine numberless times before since the moment of his own revelation, his personal blinding light—since he had discovered, no, *invented*, SUM. He knew that the minds out there were blank. He knew they were growing desperate for some humiliation, some peccadillo, some deviant act, some nasty little sin, something to own up to that would satisfy that all-powerful god on the dais (that's right, A. Spencer Sparling, himself; a satisfying thought). He knew, as he stared down at them, that those minds were one and all a vast blankness spread across the acreage of memories, a wide, deep, seething blackness in which nothing was as yet stirring but a feeling of vague wistfulness.

He knew that all he had to do was wait. As the minutes slithered away, garter snakes in the deep grasses of despair out there, Spencer daydreamed once more about his ultimate challenge, the birth of MOM. He envisioned the technicians waiting. Neat piles of blank graph paper (blank as those minds!) were waiting, fan-folded, to the right of the machines. Fresh ink was in the pens; the circuits were tuned and warm; electrons were waiting, whirling, waiting for A. Spencer Sparling to lash himself into the system and hurl himself once more on top of his willowy assistant Snow, to melt her into his multiples of one, his *many* multiples of two, the wonderful multiples of MOM . . .

"Uh, I have something." It was the timid voice that earlier had wanted to go to the bathroom, and it brought consciousness back behind his angry stare.

"And what might that be?" Spencer inquired.

"I, uh, well, I've wet my pants."

"Terrific." Spencer curled his upper lip into his neatly trimmed mustache, a curl of

> "In here I am your God. I watch everything you do, buttbrain, and if you get out of line one inch, you're *out*. Understand, buttbrain? *Out!*"

such devastating sarcasm that the room, which had begun to stir with excitement, fell silent, aghast.

More minutes twitched into the weeds and disappeared. This time Spencer kept his imagination in check. It wouldn't be long now. Stomachs were beginning to rumble. Pressure was mounting in the seventy-four remaining full bladders. Faintness, fear, confusion, hung in the air, a tangible meringue. Spencer was pleased.

There was a throat-clearing sound, a small, inefficient motor starting up. It coughed, sputtered, was still, coughed again. "I can't control my need for Boston cream pie," the voice said. It belonged to an overweight woman in a pink muumuu. She had been one of the most vigorous shouters of "I am a flaming asshole; I am a snot-filled buttbrain."

"Go on," Spencer urged her, almost gently.

"Well, what I mean is, I once had sex with a Boston cream pie."

Too good to be true! "You had sex with a Boston cream pie?" His voice was a caress, a silk whisk on the word *sex*.

"That's right." Words began to tumble over one another, tripping with her eagerness to divulge all. "I took a Boston cream pie, see, fresh from the bakery. At home I took off all my clothes, I don't know what made me do this, and I dipped my hands in that Boston cream pie . . . " Her hands made vague dipping motions, rings winking among the fleshy folds. "And then I smeared the Boston cream pie all over myself." Each repetition of "Boston cream pie" acquired more emphasis, more excitement. "And then I licked the Boston cream pie off of every part of my body that I could reach with my tongue."

"Yes?" He encouraged her as she faltered.

"Then I, well, I started to, you know, *excite* myself. With the Boston cream pie."

"And this was humiliating?" Spencer cajoled her.

"Oh my, no! It wasn't humiliating at all. It was exciting. What was humiliating was that my husband came home then. Now he wants me to do it all the time. He wants to watch me with a Boston cream pie. I'm so embarrassed. He never wants to, uh, make love any more. Just watch the Boston cream pie." Tiny highlights winked off the perspiration on her upper lip.

"I see." Spencer dropped her abruptly. "Next!" he called.

The floodgates were open, and a deluge of minor sins, embarrassing fetishes—handkerchiefs, shoes, velvet, bizarre food cravings, bathroom behavior—came gushing from the group. Volunteers for confession fought one another for their place in line, eager to expose the sweatiest secrets, the most nauseating little acts, and as the voices spilled this garbage into the room, Spencer nodded in satisfaction. It was going well.

But then, it always went well.

"You buttbrains are doing fairly well, but there is still one of you there in the back of the room who has not spoken yet. No one goes to lunch until every one here has confessed something. So, you there, let's hear it!" Spencer was pointing.

The "you there" was a skinny kid who stared vacantly into the ceiling and did not appear to be listening. His neighbor nudged him.

"Huh?" the kid grunted. Spencer could see his mouth form the interrogative shape, although no sound reached the dais. The kid's neighbor whispered, but the interrogative O remained imprinted among the pimples. Spencer knew what was passing between the two. Spencer knew everything. The neighbor was saying, "You haven't confessed yet," and the kid, tugging at his earlobe now, was answering, "Confessed what?" And the neighbor, urged by mounting hunger and bladder discomfort, was saying, "Some secret humiliation or something. Everyone else has already confessed." And the kid was answering, "Oh."

He cleared his throat; there was a lot of throat clearing today. "Uh——"

"Speak up!" Spencer shouted.

"I said, uh, I don't have any special humiliation." The voice squeaked slightly,

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as though it, too, were rusted over with pimples.

"Well, well," Spencer sneered. "And what do you buttbrains think of that? The skinny asshole before us doesn't have any special shames——"

The skinny asshole interrupted him as though he hadn't heard. "You see, in a way everything humiliates me. I get embarrassed by everything, everything I do. The way I daydream all the time and don't hear people when they talk to me, the way I get embarrassed and blush all the time . . . I don't know—everything. Everything that's done to me."

Perfect! Spence almost leaped in the air with delight, though the tonnage of his six-inch platforms anchored him solidly. There was a time when Snow, before she became a Graduate, had thought that those shoes served only to emphasize how very *short* he was, in some kind of absolute sense. Now, of course, she was wiser and sensitive only to her Master's moods; she felt keenly the pulse of joy that shot through her master at the words *done to me*.

A. Spencer Sparling knew enough not to leap, not to show that joy. His face crumpled in mock rage around his tidy mustache. He frowned. He glowered at the skinny kid. "You are going to learn, buttbrain," he said, "in this one short weekend, that nothing is *done* to you. You are going to learn that you are responsible for everything that happens."

Then the skinny kid blew it. "That's what my mom says, but she doesn't understand it either. You see, I don't mind at all. Actually, I like it." He blushed furiously.

"Wha-at?" Spencer was just rising to his toes, a subtle concession to delight, when he was halted in mid-ascent by this new twist. *"What?"*

"I like it," the kid continued. "I like being humiliated and embarrassed. So, lots of times I get caught sort of thinking about things, daydreaming, like just now. It embarrasses me, getting caught like that, and I like it. Makes me know I'm alive, that people see me, know I'm real. You know?" He stopped tugging at his earlobe and let his hands doze quietly in his lap, certain everyone knew.

Spencer was leaning over his specially shortened, stripped-down, chopped-and-channeled lectern (designed to make him appear taller, more terrible, and stern) and stared down the length of the room at this skinny kid. He opened his mouth, closed it, opened it, started to say something, anything, and then closed it again. Finally, in a reasonable tone, he said, "Lunch. You have twenty minutes. If you are not back in this room, lying in place at the end of twenty minutes, face in the rug, too bad. The doors will be locked, and you might as well go home—permanently. And continue to be the silly, out-of-control, asshole buttbrain you've always been."

The crush at the rest rooms was terrific, and Spencer smiled snidely as he strode past. Ha-ha, that would teach them a lesson or two. He could see from the corner of his eye the mad hopping from foot to foot, the inward-pointed toes, all the avoiding eyes. A chuckle rose in his throat and gurgled there: the restaurant, they would soon enough discover, was closed, and that was a bit of glee all right. As Snow took his arm, the ends of her long, blonde hair brushed the leather tops of his shoulders. Yes, closed, and the vending machine in the lobby would give them only stale cracker-and-peanut-butter sandwiches. Then they would discover that the drinking fountain was broken, and there would be another rush to the rest rooms—too late. He loved the symphony of despair as all the trainees tried to swallow that dry peanut-butter-and-crackers lunch.

Snow's hair flared behind him like a halo as he strolled past, and he did rise to his toes then, a small, elfin bounce, a leprechaun leap. O MOM, he thought, mentally rubbing his dry palms together. O MOM!

"Ah, Snow baby, isn't it exciting?" He leaned

idly against the edge of the Holiday Inn dresser, gazing vaguely at an abstract painting that might have been the Golden Gate Bridge, once. Snow worked open the zipper of his leather pants and dipped her pale, golden head down to what he called his "Fountain of Youth."

"Yeah," he said. She gobbled quietly as he reminisced about the morning's events and told her about the future: his schemes for promoting SUM, his guru lecture bureau, his plans to recruit instructors, the nationwide franchise network. "We'll be the McDonald's of self-improvement," he said, patting the top of her head.

"Careful," he said, looking down. "Don't get the leather wet." She slopped and licked without pause. "It'll leave spots . . . I think we could create a whole scale of achievement, a hierarchy—you know, like Scientology."

"Mmmph," Snow mumbled.

"Yes indeed," he went on, giving another pat to her long, fine hair with his dainty fingers. "Next month we'll get SUMmation going full speed, for graduates only—$475 each should be acceptable, since they will get a certificate this time, guaranteeing them that they're perfectly enlightened, SUMmated. My accountants tell me we will clear well over $800,000 this year. After taxes. You hear me, Snow Baby? Eight hundred thousand smackeroos. That ought to put a little fire in your lips . . . Ahhh, nice . . . careful of the slobber, though. Don't want spots; this suit cost over $600. It was the Boston cream pie lady that got me. Mmm, yes, that was the one—you know, when she started smearing it all over her naked body? Ohh . . . That reminds me; this is kind of a rehearsal for us today, because there's two guys at the University who are investigating Multiple Orgasms for Men—did I tell you? Oh, yes . . . "

Snow was shaking her head back and forth "no," but her tongue was saying, "Yes, yes!"

"Oh, yes," Spencer repeated, the top of his hip puckered by the edge of the dresser. "It seems to me we have a big future in that sort of thing. I got them on retainer yesterday . . . oh, fuck, baby, that . . . was nice."

She smiled up at him adoringly, then slowly and gracefully stood as he zipped himself up. She rose to well over a foot above his head, in spite of the platforms, and smoothed her djellaba with long, pale hands.

"Yeah," he said, doing his belt. "I'd like to keep going, Snow, try for the multiples, but there's no time now. You did a good job, though—no spots."

She smiled down at him. "I love it, Spence: the Fountain of Youth."

"Of course you do, baby." He gave her elbow a pat. "Of course you do. Now it's time to get back to those buttbrained assholes in the Redwood Room. They should have had enough time flat on their faces by now. We'll start them in with the Flaming Asshole routine again, and then I'll slip back up here for some lunch. You've had yours." He gave her a chuckle, and they went back downstairs.

They were all there, most of them quietly gagging, at least one cavity in every mouth throbbing with impacted, rancid peanut butter. Spencer smiled serenely in the realization that he loved this weekend routine best of all. It just wasn't the same during the week, when he didn't have these trainees around and had to do the contract work for the military, the corporate executives, and the others who hadn't volunteered, when he had to concentrate on paper work, tax accountants and lawyers, the advertising agency and insurance people.

"You wouldn't believe the expenses I got, baby," he had told Snow on more than one occasion. "Reaping is its own reward, of course. But my God, the overhead!"

The paying volunteers squirmed on through the afternoon. Spence had arranged for the heat to be turned up this afternoon, and the huge, drafty room was now well into the eighties, adding to the increasing bladder discomfort, the harassment, and the exercises, all of which conspired to help the trainees shed their

various and sundry defenses.

"You gotta shed *all* your defenses," Spencer told them after he had returned from lunch. He patted the leather over his stomach, now amply replenished with Shrimp Louis, butterscotch pudding, and a split of Wente Brothers Riesling that had been sent up to his room once he had the afternoon session under way. "All your defenses. When you've done that, you can learn that all the bullshit you buttbrains use to protect yourselves from taking responsibility for everything that happens is useless. Then——" He paused here to glare around the room at the buttbrains, who were all standing, bent at the waist, trying to touch the floor with their fingertips. Most could barely reach their knees, but all were presenting themselves for hazing, for caning, for initiation into the elite fraternity of the psychically enlightened.

Spencer looked down at the sea of hunched bodies, 150 eyes straining under their brows to look up at him. "Then," he repeated, "and only then will you be ready for what we here at Sparling Unified Meditation call SUMUS, which means 'We are' in Latin, although I prefer to think of it as SUM U.S.; that is, 'I am the U.S.' When—and that is an iffy when—you are SUMUS, you are halfway, and only halfway, *there*, and *there* is where you want to be. But this weekend you will be no further than SUMUS. If you want to keep advancing, to get *there*, to be SUMmated, there will be further courses open to you."

He began to pace, still glowering. As he passed Snow, he would casually slide his hand down her hip without looking at her. Once he murmured "MOM" in her ear, and Snow's hair, her fine blondeness, coruscated in a delicate *frisson* of delight, her honey breath wafting over the top of Spencer's razor cut.

"Now then, there is one thing you must remember above all other things, besides your Word, which you will be given as you leave tonight. That one thing is that there is no such thing as feelings. All feelings—love, hate, hope, grief, anger, and so on—all feelings are bullshit. You just use this kind of bullshit to make yourselves believe things are done to you. But feelings don't exist except in your mind, and don't you forget it. Remember that and chant your Words."

He paused, and the pause was a vacuum, and the Boston cream pie lady, abhorring a vacuum, rushed in. "But what about death?" she asked. Her tubular arms dangled to mid-thigh as she bent fractionally at her nonexistent waist. "I mean, my sister died in a leper colony, and I felt terrible."

"Death?" Spencer thundered, the voice of the God of Bullshit. "Death? Death is a rip-off. Death is a conspiracy. Let me tell you something."

He stopped his pacing and leaned on the lectern. He was about—and this was very clear to all—he was about to deliver himself of some Words. It was in the air. Not the special Words for the trainees, but different Words, powerful, *magnetic* Words. Words from the mouth of A. Spencer Sparling himself.

"I often get asked about death," he began. "Until recently—quite recently, in fact—I was just another salesman. I sold CB radios. I was driving through Salinas one day, on my way to close a deal for 600 CB radios, when I saw a blinding light over the city. Really blinding. When I could see again, I was parked at the side of the highway and an officer was writing me a ticket: illegal parking. At first I was angry, I wanted to protest, to argue, to tell him I had an excuse: I was blinded. And then I realized, as suddenly as that, it was all bullshit. The anger, the officer, the ticket he was writing, CB radios—all bullshit. I saw the word right then, SUM, written in letters of fire on that policeman's forehead. SUM—I am. Only I—the policeman didn't exist, CB radios didn't exist, parking tickets didn't exist. I didn't need any excuses. Me . . . SUM . . . I am. *I am*. So how can death exist, since I am, since I am alive?

"Lunch. You have twenty minutes. If you are not back in this room, lying in place at the end of twenty minutes, face in the rug, too bad."

"So, death is a rip-off. Don't be fooled. My partner in the CB radio business was fooled. He thought CB radios were real. He thought they were *important*. He cornered the forty-channel CB radio market on the West Coast, and the bureaucrats in Washington created the sixty-two-channel CB band. There went his cornered market. So what did he do? He electrocuted himself by pouring a gin and tonic in his stereo. He killed himself. He thought his stereo was real! He thought electricity was real! So now he's dead. And do you know why? Because he *thinks he's dead*! Shows you how much he knows.

"So I tore up that parking ticket in front of that policeman who was not real, and I took responsibility for myself, came back to San Francisco, and started SUM."

He smiled fondly, looking around the room, daring anyone to question him further. It was obvious that if anyone wanted to be SUMmated, to become SUMUS, to ultimately achieve SUMmation, he or she would have to get the idea pretty quickly, without further questions. The $375 weekend was slipping away minute by minute, though, of course, by now they all understood that their $375 was all bullshit, didn't mean a thing, wasn't even real.

"Aha!" the Boston cream pie lady shouted. As she fell over backward, her eyes rolled up into her head, where they stared at the transcendent radiance of the inside of her skull. By the time she hit the carpet, she was placidly asleep, breathing loudly through her mouth.

It was an electric moment, cracking with excitement and anticipation, as mental circuits crossed wires, fizzed, snapped, exploded in sequence, became reprogrammed. Bizarre mutations spawned, generated, developed, and spontaneously combusted in sixty heads, and a furious chain reaction of enlightenment sped through the room like a sequence of Sylvania blue-dot flashbulbs at a bingo orgy. Spencer called this the "domino theory of the Self."

To the confusion of the fifteen people there who did not explode, the others began spontaneously to chant," SUM—I am, SUM — I AM . . . " They started a conga line that snaked around the room, and the bewildered fifteen had no choice but to join in or be out of it.

"I think," Spencer told Snow later that night, "that we are about to land the Big One."

He was lying on the couch in his Russian Hill penthouse, mentally counting his money. Every pop of enlightenment was another potential graduate student, but mostly he was anticipating tomorrow and the first trial of MOM, the really Big One.

"I think," he repeated, "that we can make millions. What do you think of that, Snow baby? We could make millions on this—the Nobel Prize, even. You want to make millions, don't you, Snow?"

"Sure, Spence, if you do." She was a little breathless, as she was in the middle of her Tibetan Rhamba-Bhuku meditation exercises in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass windows. Crippled, firefly traffic crawled through the bright streets below, and rain had recently dribbled down the glass, smearing the light, leaving ragged tatters of cloud that seemed to hang just in front of the window.

Her small, round breasts bobbed forward as she bent down to clasp her toes, legs straight. They wobbled as she straightened again. Her tight, boyish bottom clenched as she stretched. She liked doing her Rhamba-Bhuku meditation nude.

". . . Dharma-Dhātu," she grunted, straightening once more. Then, slowly—and, to Spencer's distracted gaze, incredibly lasciviously—she did the splits all the way down to the shag carpet. Without a pause she tightened her thighs and, not touching the floor with her hands, began to rise once more to a standing position. She pivoted and started down again. "Rhamba-Bhuku," she gasped, breathing in through her nose, out through her mouth, uncoiling the cobra of her spine.

"Hey, I even think I might be able to do it now," A. Spencer Sparling said. He really *wanted* to do it now. "Yup," he said, watching her round heels plowing outward by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

"I'd do nearly anything to please my man—and I'd want him to do the same for me."

SHASTA

"I can't understand
young women who marry older,
sexually indifferent
guys just because they have money.
It would be fun to
sit in the lap of luxury,
but it would have
to be a pretty active *lap*
to interest me!"

SUGAR BABY

"I'd *much* rather curl up with a man on a quilt-covered feather bed than on a fur-covered water bed," declares sumptuous Shasta Lindstrom, our March Pet of the Month. Shasta was discovered among the old-fashioned, objects she loves, in the California antique store where she works. According to the photographer who snapped her up, Shasta's petite 36-22-35-inch body was easily the most exquisite *objet d'art* in the place.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"I'm ready for a more grown-up thing, something less like Love Story *and more like* Swept Away.*"*

"In some ways," confides this green-eyed, twenty-year-old fledgling antiquarian, "I seem to be in love with the past. My first boyfriend was also my first lover—the only one I'd ever had up until a few months ago. He taught me everything I know and literally—as in the song—took me from bobby socks to stockings. But now I'm ready for a more grown-up kind of thing, something a little less like *Love Story* and a little more like *Swept Away*. I guess that kind of romanticism is a little old-fashioned . . . like my antiques. But when some superliberated woman asks me why I don't want to be autonomous, I answer,'I *do!* I want to be free—free to find some man who'll make me his slave!'"

"Not in the literal sense, obviously," she explains. "But in the sense that I'd do nearly anything to please him—and I'd want him to do the same for me. I'd be his comforter if he'd be my protector. If that's called role-playing, I'll take the part!"

Shasta never looks twice at a man who doesn't have both a sense of humor and "enormous" reserves of patience. "In some ways I'm still a little girl, and I need to be indulged. Maybe that's why I'm becoming more attracted to older men."

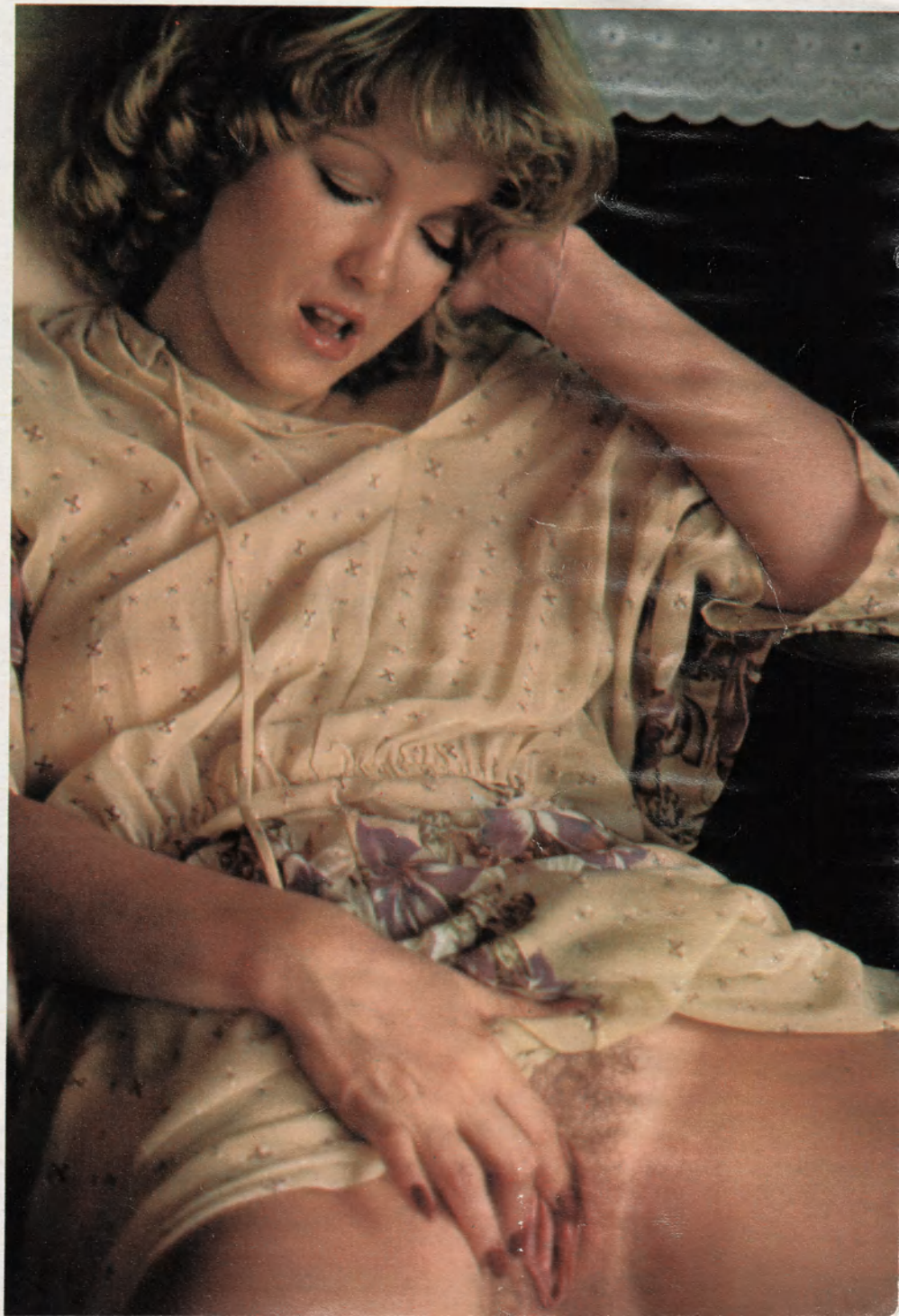
Antiques and interior locations by "The Cricket", Venice, Ca.; Clothing and lingerie by Maya Imports, Santa Monica, Ca.; "Trashy" Lingerie / 402 Shoes, Hollywood, Ca.

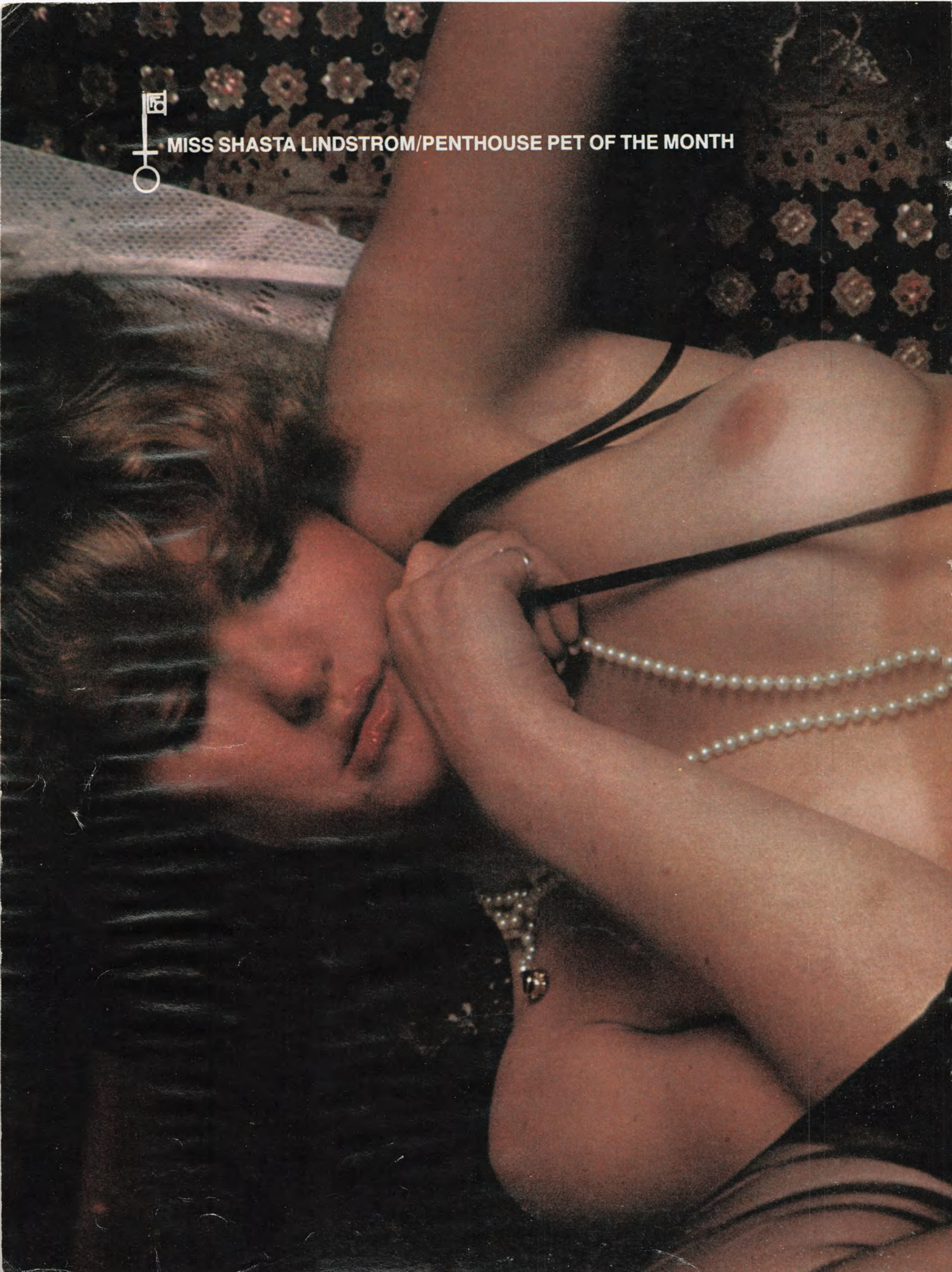
"Not that a man has to be rich. If he is kind and understanding and makes a decent living, a Sweet-'n-Low daddy will do just as well as a sugar daddy. I can't understand young women who marry older, sexually indifferent guys just because they have money. Obviously, it would be fun to be sitting in the lap of luxury, but it would have to be a pretty *active* lap to interest me!" Shasta admits that she comes from a rather overprotected background, which might explain her desire to be pampered. "My father spoiled my mother, my mother spoiled me, and I definitely plan to spoil any man in my life. It's a chain reaction."

The fastest way to win her heart, aside from being "a handsome, benevolent despot," Shasta adds, is to shower her with sexy, luxurious underthings like the corsets and camisoles she wears, to fetching distraction, on these pages. "It really brings out the coquette in a woman to dress in something frilly or lacy or silky. It makes undressing last a lot longer. After all, the more suspense you build up, the better the climax will be." It seems especially appropriate that someone as breezily good-natured as Shasta should be our Pet for March. Like the month itself, any lucky man in her life might well go in like a lion, but he's sure to come out like a lamb.

"When some liberated woman asks if I want to be autonomous, I answer, "I want to be free—free to find a man who'll make me his slave!"

Hot tub by Bob Holborow, L.A.; Makeup by GiGi

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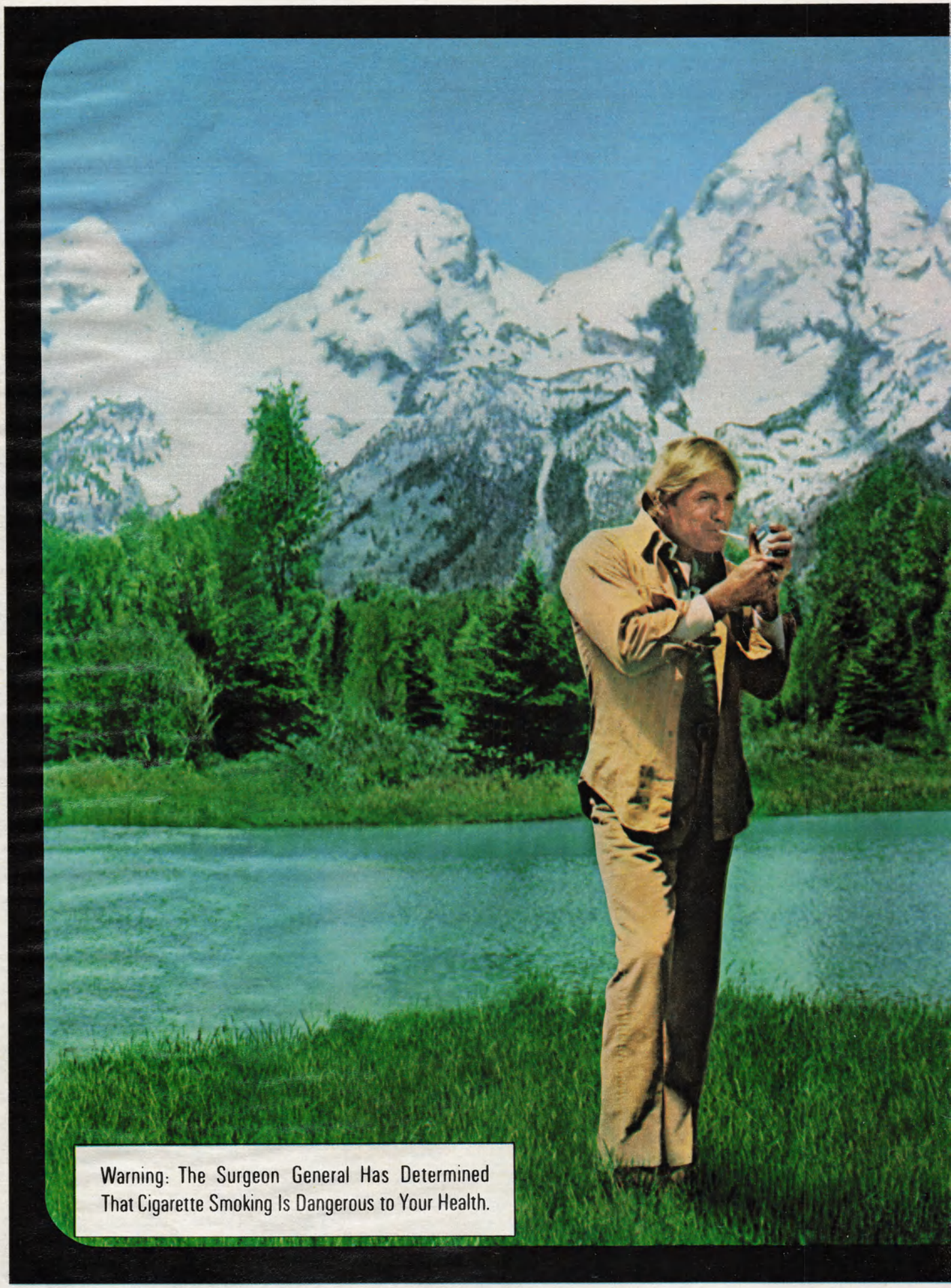
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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

BY NAT HENTOFF

The author is a board member of the New York Civil Liberties Union and a member of the steering committee of the Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press. His latest book, a history of the First Amendment, will be published this year by Delacorte.

THE REAL LEGACY OF RICHARD NIXON

Howard K. Smith, television's resident conservative, was a very young reporter in Berlin when, he remembers, "there was a knock at the door . . . and fifteen Gestapo men barged past me, opening every desk and studying every piece of paper they could find. . . . I remember thanking God this couldn't happen in America. Well, now it can. This is the worst, most dangerous ruling the Court has made in memory."

Smith was recoiling from a five-to-three Supreme Court decision in May 1978 that upheld the right of police to make surprise searches of newspaper offices—opening every desk and studying every piece of paper they can find (including reporters' notes, lists of confidential sources, and leads to stories of government and police corruption). Justice Byron White wrote the majority opinion, joined by Richard M. Nixon's four Supreme Court appointees: William Rehnquist, Louis Powell, Harry Blackmun, and Chief Justice Warren Burger.

The decision sent the press into shock. Said the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "It was a landmark decision—in the sense that a bomb crater or strip-mine scar can be a landmark." According to the *Washington Post*, it was "a staggering blow to freedom of the press."

There was no comment from San Clemente, but many journalists and constitutional lawyers have gloomily characterized the devastating ruling as "Nixon's revenge." It came too late to save *that* unindicted felon, but a future Nixon in the White House will now have a mighty weapon against even the most persistent investigative reporters. For instance, it took Woodward and Bernstein many months—and much nurturing of confidential sources—to develop the Watergate story. Had there occurred an early police raid of the *Washington Post*, with cops grimly rummaging through the papers and notebooks of the two reporters, it would doubtless have frightened away the already nervous providers of vital leads. And, as Sen. Charles Mathias has noted, "Deep Throat" would probably never have spoken at all.

In this High Court alliance against the press and its readers, Mr. Justice White—whose appointment was Jack Kennedy's most calamitous long-range mistake—is the swing vote. In 1972 White joined the Nixon choices to declare that reporters had no constitutional right to refuse to name their confidential sources before grand juries. At the time, William O. Douglas, in a fierce dissenting opinion warned that unless a reporter "has a privilege to withhold the identity of his source," those sources "will dry up and . . . the effort to enlighten the public will be ended."

Six years later White has made those confidential sources vulnerable not only to grand juries but also to any local police force. The purview of his new decision (*Zurcher v. The Stanford Daily*) goes beyond the press, however, for it also savages the right to privacy of every single citizen—not only journalists but also doctors, lawyers, merchants, psychiatrists, and just plain bystanders. As damaging as this majority ruling is to the First Amendment, it is equally contemptuous of the Fourth

> Last year's Supreme Court decision savages the right to privacy of every single citizen—not only journalists but also doctors, lawyers, merchants, and just plain bystanders.

Amendment ("the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures").

To understand the baleful scope of this decision, it is necessary to start at the very beginning. In April 1971, students demonstrating against the firing of a janitor at Stanford Hospital in California clashed with the police. Nine cops were injured, but their colleagues could identify only two of the attackers. When the *Stanford Daily* published photographs of the melee, the cops figured that the student paper might also have *unpublished* photographs that would help them find the other assailants. Obtaining a search warrant at a municipal court, the cops raided the paper. Although they did not find what they were after, the police diligently went through filing cabinets, desks, waste-paper baskets—*and* reporters' notes and correspondence.

The *Stanford Daily* sued, charging that its First and Fourth Amendment rights had been mugged by the police. A federal district court agreed, underlining the fact that no one on the paper had even been suspected of a crime. Therefore the police had not been entitled to a search warrant. Instead, the cops should have tried to obtain a subpoena. The difference is crucial, especially in a democracy. A search warrant requires no advance notice to those whose offices or homes are to be invaded. But until now, a search warrant could not be used against "innocent third parties" (such as the *Stanford Daily*). A subpoena, on the other hand, is not issued until there is first a court hearing, at which the police's prey can argue that the cops have no right to trample his privacy. And this hearing serves, of course, as a warning of police intentions. There can be no surprise raids with a subpoena.

The Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit affirmed the constitutional rights of the *Stanford Daily*. But then the United States Supreme Court—in the crabbed voice of Mr. Justice White—overturned the lower court decisions and found in favor of the police.

On what basis did White rewrite the First and the Fourth Amendments? Well, as to every citizen's right to privacy, White declared that the search warrant is just too important an investigative tool of the state to be limited, even when "innocent third parties" are involved—not only journalists, but everybody "innocent." One would expect this sort of reasoning from a magistrate in Eastern Europe. But coming from a justice of the Supreme Court, this invitation to the police to knock on any door is terrifying.

As the American Civil Liberties Union has said, "If the offices and houses of innocent people can be searched without notice, just because the police say they might contain papers relevant to a criminal investigation, there is not a newspaper, a bank, a store, a doctor's office, a law firm, or a private home that can any longer claim the protection of the Fourth Amendment. No file, desk drawer, or attic is insulated from police scrutiny."

What about the First Amendment? What about the right of the *Stanford Daily* and all other newspapers, magazines, and broadcast stations to gather and disseminate the news, without such measures of interference by the government as the pocketing of the names of confidential sources and internal memoranda that were never meant to be published? The press has nothing to worry about, said Mr. Justice White, because careful magistrates will "confine warrants to search within reasonable limits."

Trust your local cops and judges.

In response, conservative columnist James Kilpatrick observed, "His Eminence, Justice White, perhaps was born yesterday."

Take the case at hand. In his decision, White noted that the warrant issued in the *Stanford Daily* case did not authorize the police "to rummage at large in newspaper files." What White did not say is that the cops did exactly that, rummaging away with great gusto.

In dissent, Justice Potter Stewart—as William O. Douglas had argued against White six years before—pointed out that the majority decision would chill potential news sources and thereby impair the public's access to information; therefore, White and his four Nixon brethren had infringed the First Amendment's "guarantee of a free press."

A few days after Mr. Justice White's repeal of much of the First and Fourth Amendments, he was one of the guests at Ethel Kennedy's Virginia home, where family and friends of Bobby Kennedy had gathered on the tenth anniversary of his assassination. There was a certain amount of grumbling in the direction of the visitor from the High Court. Finally, a former close colleague of both Jack and Bobby stepped up to White, saying, with forceful disdain, "This is what the Court has come down to—you and the four Nixon dwarves."

The justice, nonplussed, walked away. No one moved to ease his embarrassment. But embarrassed or not, Mr. Justice White will be affecting—and too often diminishing—our liberties for the rest of his life. The only remedy for what he has done in this pernicious *Stanford* decision lies with Congress, where a number of bills have already been introduced to overturn that ruling. The most potentially effective are Sen. Birch Bayh's Privacy Protection Amendment of 1978 (S. 3164 and its House counterpart, H.R. 13017). Under this measure, any local, state, or federal official looking for evidence of a crime in the home or office of someone who is not implicated in that crime *must* obtain a subpoena rather than conduct a surprise search. It applies to all citizens, from journalists to bookkeepers.

If Congress does *not* act to repair the First and Fourth Amendments, we will continue to be in clear and present danger that this decision by Byron White and the four Nixon justices will—as *Editor & Publisher* warns—"turn local police into storm troopers." And reporters into obedient wards of the state.

HARDCORE

TEXT BY MICHAEL GOODWIN/PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC KROLL

Seven doors are set in a semicircle behind seven red curtains, framed by full-length mirrors in classic Orson Wellesian style. Reflections within reflections. The doors are red-lipstick labeled: SEXY JUICY NIKI RANDY FOXY BABY HORNY. Overhead red spotlights come on. Blue spotlights come on. Director Paul Schrader, a slight man with a scholarly look, polishes one of the mirrors, reflected over and over.

Slide Niki's curtain back and walk inside her little booth. It's divided in half by a transparent plastic wall, with a phone on your side and another on hers. There's a gadget that takes your quarter and a wooden shutter that slides up and down. There's dried come all over the plastic wall. The only thing missing is naked Niki on the other side, and she's getting ready.

"Adam, that dried come looks like shit," says a young woman with a clipboard and all her clothes. "It's too much. It's too obvious. We can't have that crap in there." Adam looks at the come wordlessly.

Stagehands roll big, red curtains around the set, closing it off from view except for the camera. The crew is nervous; sure-footed gaffers stumble over ladders and giggle in stage whispers. A grip kicks over a box, laughing. A camera assistant mutters, "Tits and ass, tits and ass."

"Did you make this place up?" I ask Schrader.

"Oh, no," he says softly. "It's based on Show World in New York—Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street. I saw that place, and I had to put it in the film."

"Is it a low-rent metaphor for movies?" I ask, thinking of the plastic wall and the shutter.

"Yeah," says Schrader, smiling. "It's pure. Pay to look, pay to talk, pay to jerk off."

Behind the set actress Season Hubley (playing Niki) is walking around on silver high heels. She's still got her clothes on. "George is here," announces the assistant director as George C. Scott walks onto the set. "Everybody, go have some coffee." This is code, and it means that everyone except the camera crew is supposed to go

Season Hubley (left) plays the role of Niki in Columbia Pictures' new film, Hardcore. *Awash in a nightmare world of massage parlors and bondage palaces, this seasoned woman-for-rent helps a deeply religious businessman (George C. Scott, upper right) find his runaway daughter, a victim of the porno plague.*

"I told the studio people that I was the only one who could direct Hardcore, *" said Paul Schrader, "because I was the last man left in Hollywood who still thought sex was dirty."*

somewhere else while they shoot the nude scene.

Schrader motions me aside. "I want you to hang way in back," he says softly. "We've already lost two sound men and a photographer because they annoyed George, and he's getting cranky. He refused to do that shot before lunch, and he's capable of walking off if something isn't right."

"Can I stay in back when they close the set?" I ask. Schrader shakes his head.

"But I need this scene for the story," I say.

Schrader smiles sadly. "I'm sorry to say that that isn't my problem," he says. "Shooting this movie is hard enough as it is."

Behind the set, almost (but not quite) hidden by the red curtains, Season lets her dress slip to the floor and walks into her side of the booth. A microphone floats overhead like a small, metal moon. Technicians edge closer. Scott slides past the camera and under the lights. The tension pumps a hair higher.

"Rolling!" yells the cameraman.

"Speed!" yells the sound recorder.

"Marker!" yells the camera assistant.

"Action," says Paul Schrader.

Season steps under the red light, into the camera eye. She sits on a chair, leans back, and gives Scott a bought-and-paid-for bedroom look. Then (BANG!) she slams her silver high heels onto the plastic, throwing Scott, the camera, and the world a big split beaver.

OZU LICENSE PLATE

Schrader dances impatiently on top of a high ladder while grips and gaffers tear his set apart. He doesn't look like the hottest writer-director in Hollywood. He doesn't look like a thirty-two-year-old millionaire, either, or the most overexposed media act since Jane Fonda.

He's short, quiet, studious, sloppily dressed, and wearing glasses with black plastic rims. His hairline is receding, he doesn't smile a lot, and he knows more about movies than three professors of cinema put together would. He looks a bit like French film director Jean-Luc Godard (one of his heroes) and acts like him, too—brilliant, didactic, argumentative.

On the set, a camera assistant mutters, "Tits and ass, tits and ass." Photographers close in and the girls begin to look a trifle panicky. But they're not stars; the set doesn't close for their nude scenes. And when they pull off their shirts, fifty people are watching. Is this really *how Marilyn got started?*

He's reserved and serious, and yet he shaved off his mustache one night in order to amuse his party guests. As it happens, Schrader will do anything to keep people amused; that makes him a good storyteller. And *that* makes him a good filmmaker, because, as he never tires of repeating, movies are essentially an oral medium, like Granny spinning tales on the porch.

"We're gonna have to strike this wall and light from here," says the gaffer. "This whole thing has to come out."

The gaffer is happy, but Schrader is in agony. He's just decided that he wants a vertical shot down into the shower, for the scene where George C. Scott is kicking the shit out of a young male porno actor, and it's beginning to dawn on him that his shot may take half an hour to set up. The film is already a week behind schedule, and it's losing ground every day. Still, Schrader doesn't *sound* worried. "That's what they get for sticking me with a thirty-eight-day schedule," he says cheerfully. "George hasn't done a thirty-eight-day picture in fifteen years, and he ain't doin' one now." Nonetheless, he tends to walk around nervously, knocking on set walls.

If Schrader doesn't act like the usual Hollywood star filmmaker, the reason is that he isn't the usual kind. John Ford did not attend film school. Howard Hawks did not write a book of exquisitely reasoned film criticism like Schrader's *Transcendental Style*. Alfred Hitchcock did not sell his first screenplay for $300,000, which is what Schrader got for *The Yakuza* in 1973. Don Siegel did not put an OZU license plate (after the Japanese filmmaker) on his Jaguar.

"Look," says a grip, after twenty-five minutes, "there's a crack in the shower."

"My shower has a crack, too," says Schrader. "Let's go! I want to *shoot* it." A pause stretches suddenly like death in a dream, and Schrader rocks his ladder back and forth like Buster Keaton. "Oooh, please, we're sinking here," he pleads. He claps his hands twice. "Whoa, let's go!" Nothing happens. Somewhere on the giant sound stage, someone is waiting for something before the shot can start, but no one knows what or where.

Schrader's big break came with *Taxi Driver*, which Martin Scorsese filmed. The crazed Travis Bickel, cut off from human contact, alone and lonely in his iron-coffin cab, was half self-portrait and half borrowed from Sartre's *Nausea*—and he hit home. Schrader was already known as a serious writer, but now he began to get a rep as a shrewd businessman as well. His office at the Burbank Studio had two nameplates on the door. Both said PAUL SCHRADER. The one on top was for Schrader the writer, the artist. The one below was for Schrader the deal maker, the hustler.

Schrader wrote five amazing scripts in that office during 1976—*Blue Collar*, *Hank Williams*, *Old Boyfriends*, *American Gigolo*, and *Hardcore*. When he wasn't writing, he was wheeling and dealing, because he didn't mean to turn *these* scripts over to anyone else.

It's been forty-five minutes, but finally the lights are set, the camera crew is ready, and Schrader is watching from the top of his ladder. On the floor of the shower, the kid is soaking wet, shivering, while Scott blocks out the action: "He talks, I talk, he talks, I talk, I turn on the water, I threaten him with the sprayer—" Scott looks up at Schrader. "How's the threat?"

Schrader smiles. "The threat's fine, George."

Scott notices the kid shivering and shakes his head. "This fucking business . . . ," he mutters to himself. "Okay, we're ready."

George C. Scott (upper left) enters the world of make-believe sex in search of his long-lost teenage daughter. "Scott is the star of the show," says Paul Schrader. "So my job as director is primarily to service his power; the moment I stop doing that, I'm going to fuck up the movie."

The camera rolls, Scott and the kid say their lines, everything goes great, Scott turns on the water—and instead of coming out of the sprayer, it comes out of the faucet. There's a moment of horrified silence.

"Fuck me!" says Scott.

"Cut!" yells Schrader.

"You okay, George?" asks the kid.

"Soitenly, soitenly," says Scott in sudden Brooklynese. "Aside from being bored."

Plumbing technicians descend on the shower head while, on top of the ladder, Schrader hits himself in the face.

Hardcore is the story of a deeply religious businessman (played by Scott) who follows his runaway teenage daughter into the nightmare world of massage parlors, pornographic fims, and S&M bondage palaces—with the help of a down-and-dirty detective (played by Peter Boyle) and Niki, a $900-a-week consultant on exotic erotica. As in all Schrader's other scripts, it's a simple idea—and an instant grabber. "A movie is a mass medium," says Schrader, "and it has to be simplified, like a long sliver, so it can zip through a million people.

"I believe a film has to have a high line and a low line," he adds, "for you to get enough people to make it financially viable. In *Taxi Driver* the high line was this existential character, and the low line was violence. In *Blue Collar* the high line was Marxist analysis, and the low line was Pryor's exploitation and get-back-at-the-Man rage. In *Hardcore*, the high line is theology, and the low line is pornography."

The plumbers are gone. "Let's *go*!" yells Schrader from his ladder. It's been more than an hour since he thought up this shot, and it's still not in the can. But now, shooting straight down through the nonexistent roof of the shower stall, the camera films Scott beating up the kid, dousing him with water, and throwing him in a bleeding heap on the tile floor. The tape recorder gets all the dialogue, no water hits the camera lens, Scott's performance is terrifying.

Hardcore was supposed to be Schrader's first film as a director, but his deal at Warners derailed; so he made *Blue Collar* instead. It was not enjoyable, but first films seldom are, and it provided enough time for David Begelman (right, *that* David Begelman, the one who got bounced for crooked financial dealings) to pick up the film for Columbia. "David is one of my strongest supporters," says Schrader, "and he's the reason this film is being made. I always liked him, and I thought he was a good executive."

Grips tear the shower apart wall by wall. Scott wanders into the nearest set—a fancy sex-motel room with plush chairs, mirrored walls, and a water bed with slick black satin sheets—and settles down with the *New York Times* crossword puzzle. Moments later Schrader throws himself facedown on the water bed. "I want to be a travel writer," he moans, rolling his head wearily from side to side. "I want to be a travel writer."

SCARED OF SCOTT

"After I hit him," says George C. Scott, "maybe I should shove his head in the toilet."

"The toilet is too baroque," says Schrader.

"Well, if you find it unseemly," says Scott, "let's not do it. Suppose I just grab onto the door here and kick the fuck out of him. Then I'll walk out, and he can go to the hospital." He flashes a cheerful grin at the camera crew.

"Scott is the star of the show," Schrader tells me later, "and he knows twenty times more about directing than I do. He's a thoroughly trained master actor—probably the best alive. So my job as a director is primar-

Paul Schrader (lower right) relaxes on set before directing the film's big fight scene with Victoria, Snow, and Kathi (left). As whip ladies, these three are mistresses of sexual theater. "Sometimes I take a submissive session," Kathi reveals, "but I hate it." Snow agrees: "I never knew how much that stuff hurts."

ily to service his power; the moment I stop doing that, I'm going to fuck up the movie. Sometimes I push him toward the edge of foolishness, because he knows exactly where the edge is and he won't fall off. But mostly he directs himself."

Actually, Schrader is scared of Scott, whose famous temper and fearsome reputation have preceded him. If Scott walks out, the picture shuts down. But Scott's manner on the set is impeccable, if slightly formal; he seems an ambassador from an older, more graceful country. More to the point, he remembers every step, every beat of a move he made hours earlier, and he can duplicate that move on demand. He sustains complicated emotional crescendos, even through endless delays, and can start them running again at a moment's notice. He does this twelve hours a day under murderous pressure for months at a time. He is an artist; he gets paid a million and a quarter a picture.

He stands next to the camera, perfectly calm. "Action," says Schrader, and Scott leaps into the shot, twitching like a man having a stroke, screaming at the top of his range.

Behind me Season Hubley whispers, "I don't *believe* him . . ."

PORNO SATURATION

Next to the bottles of Hap-Penis (Easy Come, Easy Grow), Orgy Butter, Joy Jell Grape-Flavored Lubricant, and Emotion Lotion (Gets Hot When You Blow on It), there's a rug, a foam pad, a towel hung on a nail in the wall. This place is Love at the Top. Down the hall a woman in a tight T-shirt will accept BankAmericard, and all the walls are moving in and out.

Across the sound stage, next to a table saw in the carpentry shop, twenty-one-year-old Leslie Ackerman is trying to take off George C. Scott's conservative, gray business suit. "How come you're still dressed?" she asks.

"Where's the bastard who runs this shithole?" roars Scott. Leslie flashes him a sweet, sexy smile and pretends to take off her clothes. She pulls her pretend T-shirt over her head and steps out of her pretend shorts. "One more time," says Scott. "I'm sorry."

"No," says Leslie, "I like this——" She's wearing high-altitude, sparkly shoes. She has beautiful legs. She's very serious. "Pull out your cock," she says.

They run the scene again, taking the lines in different order. Scott tries out moves, reactions. All around them the sound stage is roaring—lights are going up, sets are coming down, stagehands are drilling and sawing and shooting the shit. "Boy, they sure come through with those meal penalties." "Hey, Chuck, you got that purple up yet?" Neither Scott nor Leslie notices the pandemonium; rehearsal time is too precious. Nor do crew members give the actors more than a passing glance. Everyone is a pro.

After ten minutes Schrader strolls over and leans against a ladder, watching, his face noncommittal. Finally, he says, "Leslie, remember, you're in this totally for the money. The way this scam works is that the price keeps going up. Also, you're not spaced enough. I want you to play this about half a Quaalude down."

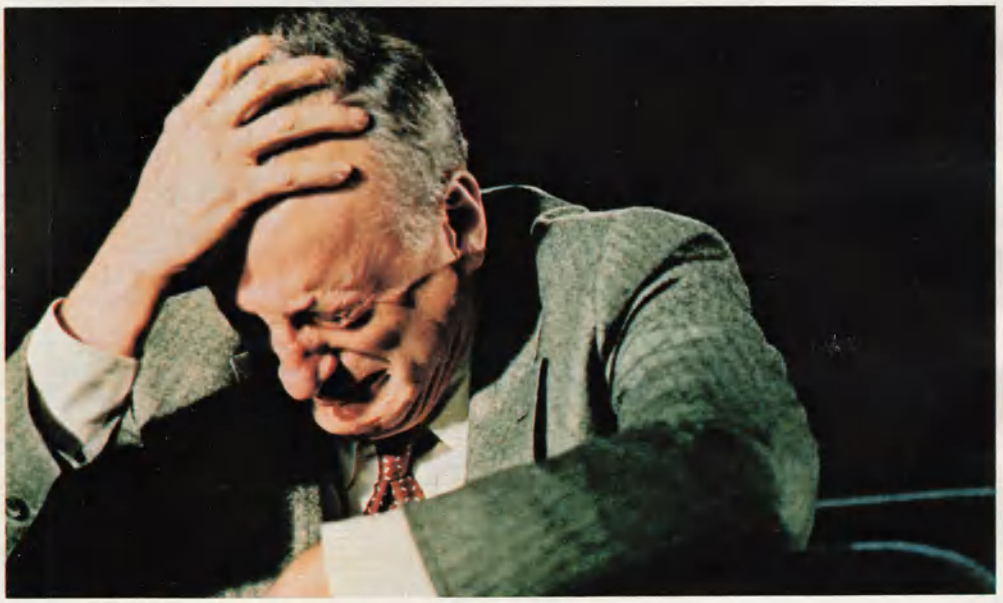
"Can we try it again?" she says.

"Of course," says Scott, and they run it again. This time her smile is not sweet, but it promises more action. "Thank you ever so much," says Scott.

"Thank *you*," says Leslie.

When they move onto the set with the Joy Jell and the Orgy Butter, photographers close in and Leslie begins to look a trifle panicky. But she's not the star, and the set doesn't close. And when she pulls off her shirt, fifty people are watching. Still, she

Paul Schrader choreographs one of the film's more intimate scenes. Despite what the director says, a lot of people still think sex is dirty—and will pay for the privilege of proving it at $3.50 a ticket. After all, no one ever lost a dime by packaging sex to look like art.



pulls it off like a pro; and by the time she's done it twenty times, most of the spectators are gone anyway. "I'll have to see this movie when it comes out," says script supervisor Betsy Norton, heading for the coffee wagon. "It'll bring back memories of porno saturation."

LUSCIOUS WHIP LADIES

Monochromatic red light, bright and dizzying, gleams on a wall of whips and leather harnesses. Mistress Victoria, tall, tough, and barely stuffed into a rhinestoned corset, black net stockings, and over-the-elbow gloves, stifles a yawn. "This is going to be a long, long day," she murmurs, arching her back. In confirmation, her breasts come unstuffed. Hardly anyone notices; Victoria examines her nails.

Today is the big fight in the House of Bondage. Scott and a stunt man will slug their way through four rooms and three breakaway walls to the screams of dazzling dominants Victoria, Snow, and Kathi and to the groans of a startled client who turns out to be the casting director in a straitjacket. Even the crew is excited; they may be overdosed on tits and ass, but luscious whip ladies are another thing.

The House of Bondage is an elaborate set, with each room devoted to a different S&M fantasy and illumined with a different color light: yellow for "Cell Block 3," green for the Louis XIV bedroom, blue for the medieval torture chamber, red for the reception area. The walls are special breakaways made from balsa wood and plastic foam, and there are several duplicates just in case. Schrader decides to use one of the dupe walls for a rehearsal, sets it up in the middle of the stage, and calls for his young stunt man to plow through it.

The old, experienced stunt man gives the kid some tips. "Go right through the middle," he says. "Don't catch your foot on the wood at the bottom. And it's gonna break; so hit it as hard as you can." The kid nods, trades a few punches with Scott, and hurls himself into the wall. But the wall doesn't break; it falls over, and the kid falls flat on top of it.

Horrified carpenters tap their way along the wall. Right in the middle they find a carpenter's stud, and it doesn't look much like balsa wood. After a while they bring over the guy who built the wall, and Schrader punches the wall for his benefit, over and over, harder and harder. "This is supposed to be a breakaway wall!" he shouts, slamming his fist into it as hard as he can. "This is supposed to be a breakaway wall!" Schrader's smile is not nice to see.

MORE SIN FOR MY MONEY

Schrader knows movies backward and forward, including the fact that no one ever lost a dime by packaging sex to look like art. Nonetheless, his intentions seem honorable. "It's a morality play," he says. "After you take down the white-picket fence of traditional morality, where do you set it up again?" He gives this line to all the reporters; it's too good to use just once.

"We are a sex-oriented culture," he goes on. "Everything is merchandised through sex. Fifty years ago the hooker had to justify herself to the bourgeoisie; now the bourgeois has to justify himself to the hooker and *her* world. In a way, the George C. Scott character is the mystery man. He's a Calvinist, he goes to church, he believes in social order, he believes that he will be redeemed. He's my father, and I love the idea of making my father into a tour guide of sex-oriented America."

In a sense, then, *Hardcore* is a metaphoric version of Schrader's own ideological journey and a mirror for his moral ambivalence. He was brought up in the strict Chris-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

"The George C. Scott character is the mystery man," explains Paul Schrader. "He's a Calvinist, he goes to church, he believes in social order, he believes that he will be redeemed. He's my father, and I love the idea of making my father into a tour guide of sex-oriented America."

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MORT SAHL

> Since Kennedy's death,
> we haven't had a presidential election
> that wasn't the result of
> intelligence-agency manipulation,
> usually through gunfire.

It has now been more than a quarter of a century since Mort Sahl first began attacking nearly every aspect of Western civilization—no easy trick for a philosopher to sustain, let alone a stand-up comedian. At fifty-one, Sahl remains a savagely brilliant man who teeters on the edge of outrage. When he started out as a comic, he would end his act by asking, "Is there any group I haven't offended?" Often enough, audiences truthfully couldn't think of any that Sahl had spared. Over the decades, the targets of his salvos have shifted from Bobby Baker to Robert Vesco, from segregation to school busing, from Hollywood blacklists to the glorification of blacklisted writers and actors—he has seen it all and scorned it all.

A Will Rogers with fangs, Sahl has rarely met a politician he didn't dislike. In fact, his very first political joke earned him his first nightclub job. In 1953, auditioning for a seventy-five-dollar-a-week stand at San Francisco's hungry i, a small basement cafe, he described the latest in right-wing fashion, the Joseph McCarthy jacket—an Ike jacket with an extra zipper that fits across the mouth. That and similarly audacious jibes—coming at a time when McCarthyism was to some degree stifling dissent in America—helped earn the Los Angeles–raised comedian a loyal following of collegians and beatniks, and within months he was regarded as a spokesman for the nation's alienated youth. Sahl rose rapidly to stardom, and he was soon appearing in major nightclubs, on television, on Broadway, and in films. He also recorded the first best-selling comedy albums that didn't come wrapped in brown paper. In the course of doing all that, he ushered in a new age of comedy, and in his wake came such talented performers as Lenny Bruce, Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, and Bob Newhart, all of whom, like Sahl, viewed American life through less than rose-colored glasses.

Sahl's sharpest barbs have always been reserved for presidents and presidential pretenders, and he's never played favorites in his choice of targets. Thus Sahl in 1956: "Eisenhower is for integration, but gradually. Adlai Stevenson, on the other hand, is for integration, but moderately. It may be possible to reach a compromise between those two extremes." Although he wrote jokes for John F. Kennedy during the 1960 presidential campaign, he didn't pull his punch lines in JFK's favor. "We've finally got a choice between the lesser of two evils," he told audiences that year. "Richard Nixon wants to sell the country—and John F. Kennedy wants to buy it." When Kennedy was elected, Sahl emceed a massive victory party in the Los Angeles Coliseum, where he announced to more than 100,000 Democrats that Nixon had sent the following congratulatory telegram to Joseph P. Kennedy: "You haven't lost a son. You've gained a country."

By then, Sahl had become a close friend of JFK's; yet he continued to poke fun at the new president—and was soon ostracized by the people around Kennedy. "My position was that of Marlon Brando in *One-Eyed Jacks*," he recalls. "When Karl Malden—the friend who robbed banks with him—becomes a pious sheriff, Brando says, 'Hey, you might be the sheriff, but I'm still a bank robber.' Well, in the same way, I didn't care who was president. I was still a comedian who made jokes about presidents."

Sahl's life changed when John F. Kennedy was assassinated. "I was standing there saying, 'How did he die?' and people in power were saying, 'Gee, Mort's gone crazy—he can't get past his grief.' There was divine irony in that." Rejecting the Warren Commission Report, Sahl virtually dropped out of show business to spend much of 1965–69 actively aiding the assassination investigation conducted by former New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison. When he did perform, his act often seemed to consist of contentious discourses on who killed JFK, and his career almost collapsed. He still retains his dark vision of recent American history—and recent disclosures of government activity have done nothing to discredit his views.

Penthouse recently sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to interview Sahl in Los Angeles. Linderman reports: "Mort Sahl has lost none of his ire, fire, or energy. A nonstop talker whose thoughts come spilling out in connections that resemble jazz riffs, Sahl has changed very little over the years. Slender and of medium height, Sahl keeps himself in excellent shape and could easily pass for being ten years younger than his age.

"When I arrived at his home in Beverly Hills, Sahl had just completed the second of three screenplays he's written—and sold—in the past year or so, and we briefly discussed the mixed pleasures of sitting down to a typewriter every day. Sahl's glittering, vulpine smile is still very much in evidence, as is his unconscious habit of punctuating his sentences with a two-second burst of laughter. Yet Sahl is an essentially serious and angry man, and not the least of his anger involves his own odyssey as a performer. With that in mind, I began our conversation by inquiring about the current state of his career."

Photograph by Ankers Capitol Photographers

Penthouse: Over the years you've acquired a reputation for being more of a scold than a comedian. Do you think that's a bum rap?
Sahl: Sure I do, but that's not just a mistake—it's the result of a lot of ax grinding by enemies of mine. First of all, I wouldn't *dare* lecture an audience—I'd get lynched.

Listen, this year I saw Dick Gregory come into a nightclub in Los Angeles and give a speech on morality; I've never done that. I don't think there's anything especially virtuous about perceiving the world in certain ways. I'm involved in trying to shape what I see economically into a gag; and when I'm on stage, it's like four laughs a minute. I'm in the *comedy* business, and it's amazing what you can learn from it.
Penthouse: Such as?
Sahl: Well, in '72 the Las Vegas Hilton built a lounge for me called the Vestal Virgin. It's a discotheque now, but for three years it was my room; no one else worked there. I did two shows every night, exactly forty-five minutes each, and right away I learned how to cut out all the fat and do punch lines. You couldn't take for granted that all the people in that audience were with you every inch of the way; so the act had to have enough punctuation—like very lively jazz—to hold everyone's attention. A lot of good jokes came out of that experience for me.

For instance, I was at the Hilton when Frank Sinatra went to Australia and was barred from performing there. The head of one of the unions told Sinatra to get out of Australia, but a couple of days later he turned around and said, "I changed my mind. Mr. Sinatra is a great artist." My question was, Why did the guy reverse his position? And I told the audience, "Well, he woke up and found a kangaroo head on his pillow," which at the time was a very topical joke.

I learned how to mix new jokes and old jokes all at once. When *Airport '75* came out, I quoted the line where the stewardess is bringing in the 747 all by herself and says, "Salt Lake City, you look good to me." I had someone else in the cockpit saying, "You can imagine the stress she's under." Coming off that, I could use an old joke. Salt Lake City is a Mormon community. So I'd talk about the Jewish guy who becomes a Mormon and now has nine wives—and is abused by all of them.

There was a lot of repeat business, which was good for the discipline, because it meant changing the material for every show. I'd just open up the *Washington Post*, and the audience would wait until I picked out different stories to comment on.
Penthouse: Do your audiences expect you to work with a newspaper?
Sahl: I've always done that, but I have to be aware of the changes that have taken place. When I started out in 1953, the newspaper was really the bible, and I could attack newspapers because they were powerful. But after a while newspapers became irrelevant, and now everybody is into television; so if I frame a joke in terms of something said on "Meet The Press," it gives audiences a better frame of reference than a newspaper story does. The message is: you can't kid pygmies. The same thing, by the way, is true of our politicians, starting at the top.
Penthouse: With President Carter?
Sahl: Exactly. Jimmy Carter finally made the presidency irrelevant. During the last election campaign, comedians couldn't get anywhere with Carter or Ford because they're *both* pygmies. To me, Carter is a born-again Christian who vetoed federal funds for abortion in case he wanted to be born for the first time. He'll run again, but only for spite.

You remember LBJ's line about Jerry Ford playing too much football without a helmet on? Well, Eugene McCarthy says that Carter's playing without a *team*. He's got an unbelievable White House team, doesn't he? It's a *long* way from Larry O'Brien and Pierre Salinger to Jody Powell and Hamilton Jordan. Think about the president's brother when John F. Kennedy was in the White House, and then look at Jimmy Carter's brother. Does *that* tell you something about what's happened to the country?

> To me, Carter is a born-again Christian who vetoed federal funds for abortion in case he wanted to be born for the first time.

Penthouse: Perhaps, but do you think he's done a bad job as president?
Sahl: He's done so well that he's just been given a new sign for his desk: "The half-a-buck stops here." I really *do* think Carter will have a tough time getting reelected, mostly because he'll have Jerry Brown to contend with. Brown, of course, studied to be a priest and took a vow of silence on the major issues. He also has the distinction of being the first governor who wants to make marijuana compulsory. During the last Democratic convention, I was a commentator for NBC on "The Today Show," and I remember John Glenn being introduced on the program as "the first American in space." That was true only if you didn't count Jerry Brown, who still hasn't solved the reentry problem. Really, if Brown is somehow elected president, the nation's loss will be California's gain.
Penthouse: Do you think he has a good chance of beating Carter?
Sahl: I'm more worried about our chances than his. What will he *do* if he's elected president? The answer I get is: very little. Which is why I haven't been disappointed with Carter—I never expected anything from him in the first place.

My own choice for the Democratic nomination would be Dennis Kucinich. That kid is a Democrat, isn't he? I mean, who else would pull that on the American people *but* the Democrats? Dennis is still the mayor and says he's going to clean up Cleveland. Even if he does, how could you tell? Actually, I don't expect Dennis or Jerry Brown to grab the nomination away from Carter, because the procedural rules have been changed in Carter's favor.
Penthouse: Is there a Republican who can beat him?
Sahl: Ronald Reagan can beat Carter in the South, and Reagan can also beat Carter hollow in debate. Besides that, he's eight times as colorful as Carter. Reagan once said to me, "The post office is a shambles. It's not unusual to mail a letter within the same city and have it received two weeks later." So I asked him whether, if he were president, he would fire the people in charge of the postal service. And he said, "No, but I'd mail them their checks."

The liberals don't like Reagan, although they're the first to kiss his ring, but that's another matter. The one thing they can't admit to themselves is that Ronald Reagan is neither an ogre or a villain. He happens to belong to himself, and if he seems to represent a group of vested interests, they're not *the* vested interests. They're not vested *enough*, to coin a phrase.

Nobody ever talks about Jerry Ford anymore, but if Reagan runs again, Ford will enter the contest and will charge that Reagan is an extremist. Reagan really beat Ford the last time around, and he could win the next one, because he has a way of touching the hearts of the Republicans. But he won't be nominated, because he doesn't belong to the Agency—and Ford does. In 1965, *Newsweek* said that Ford was the best friend the CIA had in Congress, and as we know from some recently released FBI files, Ford virtually spied on the Warren Commission for J. Edgar Hoover.

In CIA terminology, Ford is a "fireman"; that's inside language meaning that even if you call Ford on a Sunday, he'll be there. He'll be there to serve on the Warren Commission; he'll be there to serve as an interim president. With Ford, the military and intelligence agencies are saying that they own the store and that they're going to have their guy in the White House. Watergate was the last assertion by the intelligence agencies and the Pentagon that they're not going to take any chances. They removed the last president who had any human responses. After Nixon, it was time to send in the clones.
Penthouse: You believe that the Pentagon and the intelligence agencies brought about the downfall of Richard Nixon?
Sahl: Don't you think it's interesting that the "smoking pistol" tape was discovered by General Alexander Haig? He's not a combat officer; he's the guy who killed the pot

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scandal at West Point. Haig was willing to give up his pension to become chief of staff to the president, and he was also willing to try to make a deal with Jaworski. Yeah, I think Watergate was a setup, but I'm not saying Nixon was innocent—that's not quite the point. The point is that Nixon was their guy all his life, and when it was time to get rid of him, they got rid of him. It's really like the Mafia, except the Mafia has a code. These guys have *no* code.

Penthouse: You almost sound as if you were sorry to see Nixon go. Were you?

Sahl: Well, I never thought being a good American was just to damn Nixon. I kind of miss him, myself. Nixon was very definite; he was a human being and had the passions of a human being. If you don't believe me, look at what replaced him.

Penthouse: If you're equally at odds with Nixon, Ford, and Carter, where does that leave you politically?

Sahl: I'm an anticollectivist, which in the past has been mistaken for meaning left-wing. I'm not left-wing, and I'm not cynical, anarchistic, or nihilistic. I just hate stampedes, which is why, even though I had great admiration for John F. Kennedy, I didn't endorse *him*. I'm very antigroup—and in that sense I'm very American.

Penthouse: A rugged misanthrope?

Sahl: No, I don't hate everyone. I just see myself in the role of the opposition, and if there were only two people left alive on earth and they were me and my lawyer, then I'd oppose him. That's Jeremiah in the Bible, raising hell to keep people from feeling too comfortable with what they are.

The reason the Democrats have always liked me is that when I started doing political humor, they were out of office, and I naturally went after the incumbents—and Richard Nixon was vice-president. In a way, I rode in front of the Democrats with a lance, and in the 1960 elections I really knocked Nixon out of the box for them. That sounds like a large statement, but in his book *JFK: The Man and the Myth*, Victor Lasky says I was one of four people who cost Nixon the election.

Penthouse: Do you remember the first joke you ever told about Nixon?

Sahl: Yeah, it was during the Cold War. The line was that every time the Russians throw an American in jail, Nixon throws an American in jail to show them they can't get away with it. Nixon was a good, round character, which was why, later on, I could get big laughs with stories like Nixon getting off a plane in Moscow and joining Brezhnev in placing a wreath on the tomb of the unknown grain trader. The last joke I told about him was on his birthday a couple of years ago. I asked the crowd, "Did anybody buy Nixon a birthday present? Gee, he's a hard guy to shop for—it's tough to get him anything he hasn't already taken." And then I stopped doing Nixon jokes, because everyone was doing them. I hammered at Nixon for twenty years, and I may have helped unseat the right, but what came after them—the liberals—hasn't been much better for the country.

Penthouse: Exactly what is your argument with liberals?

Sahl: I usually call them social democrats, which is what they're called in Germany and Sweden. When the right wing says, "How much is this war gonna cost?" and the left wing is totally against it, the social democrats are the guys standing up singing *Deutschland Über Alles* with tears running down their cheeks.

The social democrats were all those people in Congress voting to go to Vietnam to prove to Republicans that they weren't Communists. What they've brought us is inflation so fierce that it's now almost impossible for young people to buy a home. Jobs are out; people can get lots of money in unemployment but no jobs—liberals don't give those out. The young people didn't want to go to Vietnam, and the liberals brought you that. But then young people don't want to go anywhere else, which I find quite interesting. Liberals also brought you the new egalitarianism. Now

> I want to tell
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it's not America that's at stake; it's Indians' rights and the question of who's going to kill the seals and how. They've also given us women's rights, gay rights, and ambiguous sexuality. Think of the madness: a heterosexual is now defined as someone who lusts after the opposite sex, a condition for which you almost have to apologize.

Penthouse: Are you sure you can blame all that on the liberals?

Sahl: Oh boy, can I! They've been running the world for forty years. In America liberals are people who read the *New York Times* on Sunday and worry about Africa and the Indians in order to pay off their guilt for copping out to keep the job and the house. They're a bunch of guys who say, "I'd better get down to the hospital—my wife is giving birth so that we can all share."

They also love to moan about Lenny Bruce, because that fable pleases them. Bruce is their self-serving metaphor because he got crucified. They like anybody who got crucified, anybody who didn't make it, because it tells them that heroism is *foolhardy*.

Penthouse: Do you have anything good to say about liberals?

Sahl: Well, they're excellent at revisionist history. In the movie he wrote about Martin Luther King, Jr., Abby Mann—another great liberal—presented Jack Kennedy in the worst possible light. According to him, Kennedy wasn't really concerned about civil rights, and I'll openly say that that's a lie. What's sadder still is that no black answered. I don't know why, but perhaps it's for the same reason that after King's death five white men I knew began investigating the assassination, but I didn't hear about any blacks doing the same. They were busy crying.

Now, that's harsh, but it's time that it be said. If that makes them mad, let them channel their anger, but not through coercion, or by keeping Dr. William Shockley from speaking at Stanford. Let them go out and build a better mousetrap. This is America, and that's what it's for.

Anyway, to pursue the point of revisionist history: the liberals said they'd love Jack Kennedy forever, but they've already deserted him, which should give you some idea of their fidelity. They have nothing good to say about him now, and do you know why? It's plain and simple psychology. If Kennedy smoked marijuana in the White House, and if he slept with women other than his wife, and if you think he wasn't prepared to be president, well, then, you can consider him an ambitious rich man's son, a ne'er-do-well. Therefore, you don't *have* to ask who killed him, because he really didn't deserve to *live*. On the other hand, if you think Kennedy was a worthwhile man who stood up to the Pentagon and the CIA—which acted in concert to murder him so that they could escalate the war in Vietnam—then you *have* to ask, "Why was he killed?" I don't think liberals *want* to ask why. I think liberals have no appetite for combat.

Penthouse: You certainly do. Is it possible that you're too combative to be a comedian?

Sahl: In theory it is, but not in practice. There's a certain hypocrisy you have to point out to people, but I don't believe in being cruel. Which is why I don't like that "Saturday Night Live" bunch. They were doing jokes about Totie Fields' amputation and about Franco being dead—that's merciless, in the sense that dead people can't fight back. I think it shows we've gone from satire to parody to mockery, and I don't like it. Of course, there really isn't too much television humor that I *do* like.

Penthouse: Why not?

Sahl: First of all, there's no sexuality to it. I believe humor has a great heterosexuality of attitude. Men have an outlook on the world, and I don't find it in television humor now; the men look castrated. When a talk show guy says, "Tune in tomorrow when my guests will be Ted Knight, Paul Lynde, Gavin McCloud, and John Ritter," don't you see how *soppy* that is? I mean, there isn't a clenched fist among them. By the same token, Lena Horne, Diahann Carroll, and Julie London all had a sexual threat in their presence. Those were women that you had to *deal* with.

Penthouse: Do you feel that Woody Allen is today's humorist?

Sahl: Let me redefine that for you: I'm Freud, and he is Jung. I think guys like Allen and Mel Brooks are Xeroxes, and very pale ones, because you see, I think every idea has an audience. I further think that when you have an audience, you've got to say something to them. *Something*. I don't think they do that. First of all, Woody Allen is still locked into the fifties. I mean, whining about not making out is really out of date. The loser syndrome of the Jewish guy who can't get the girl is *very* dated. Brooks also shows his age in his comedy. Mel is still doing nonsense syllables.

Penthouse: Why does that bother you?

Sahl: Well, although they don't have much else in common, I think Mel and Woody both avoid dealing with issues. In other words, I think that, intellectually, they have a position on things—just as I do—but that they don't think it pays. I also think they're both vaguely anti-Semitic.

Penthouse: Mel Brooks and Woody Allen are anti-Semites?

Sahl: Yeah. Their Jew is the hero's friend who can't fight. He works in the office while the other guys are in combat, which is really dated if you think about Israel. Meanwhile, all the novelists have been picking on Jewish girls—the yenta, the Jewish princess, the terrible first wife. Normal Mailer says, "Something turns sour in them before they are middle-aged." Nothing turns sour in Norman Mailer, of course, because he's writing The Book.

Jewish girls—and I'm half serious now—have no place to go. A Jewish male can say, "I'm not going to be discriminated against. I'm an American." What can a Jewish girl say? I've got all their books, and I'll *tell* you what they say. The more strident ones become Erica Jong, Phyllis Chesler, and that bunch, and they rave about the guys being no damn good and say that they don't need them. That's where the madness starts. You see, as much as I've indicted women—and I have—I never said you didn't *need* them. I was mad because you *did* need them and they weren't always *available*.

Penthouse: You sound as if you're an ardent foe of the women's movement. Do you disagree with their goals—for instance, their desire for equality in employment?

Sahl: I want to tell you something about the corporate world: men will not help men, because of sexual competition. Homosexuals will always help homosexuals, because they feel oppressed and because they also feel a spirit of brotherhood and kinship. But women will *devour* women. They're the only thing worse in business than men are. And when they get their equality in business, they'd better be as insensitive as we are. But the fact is, they have no mercy for one another. They're really *not* sisters. That's hokum. And even if you take a step back and say they're no better than the guys, it means that their revolution is a lie. It means that everybody, given the same opportunity, is as corrupt as everybody else, no matter which sex.

The joke on women, you see, is love. They've got a grand master plan of manipulation, but they get hung up because they fall in love. Man has a master plan, too, but nature's joke on him is sex, which hangs *him* up. As that might indicate, I'm a Freudian; I always dug Freud and still do, even though the women's liberation movement wants to burn his books. Boy, was he onto *them*!

Penthouse: Why do you think women want to burn Freud's works?

Sahl: Because he said, "Anatomy is destiny." Freud saw two branches of the human army, one female and one male. He knew that the core of men's fear was not being able to perform sexually, and he knew that the core of women's neurosis was being sheltered and then abandoned. But women won't admit it anymore, even in their choice of language. For instance, guys in California used to say, "I laid this chick." After a while I heard girls around the jazz world saying, "This guy balled me," and then it became, "We balled." I now hear girls saying—and this really pains me, because I hate the word—"I fucked this guy." But women *don't*; it's *not* an equal situation. That's almost like a guy saying he had a sex change operation and became a woman.

> I see myself in the role of the opposition, and if there were only two people left alive on earth and they were me and my lawyer, then I'd oppose him.

I hate to sound like a doctor at a convention, but a man can't become a woman and vice versa, because biological determination is irrevocable. Even if Howard Cosell sits there interviewing Renee Richards, it's still irrevocable; you can mess around with it, but you *can't* change your sex. The funny part about what's really wrong here is that I'm approaching the world seriously, and most people approach it as if it were a shuck. If you pin these women down, they don't defend their position. They say, "Well, it's all jive."

Penthouse: You're obviously very much of a show business pro; yet soon after John F. Kennedy's death, you absented yourself from comedy in order to investigate his assassination. What led you to do that?

Sahl: I did it because that event is the watershed of my life and the watershed of this generation. People don't realize that one of the reasons why we can't get on with the business of living is that we never settled the issue. I addressed myself to it because I thought *somebody* better resolve it. And in the process, I went from making a million dollars one year to $19,000 the next year to nothing the year after that. I'd turn on the television and hear about "all these guys who are making a fortune off Kennedy's cadaver." They'd accuse you of making a fortune when you were really committing economic suicide.

Or else you were "paranoid." Remember *paranoia*? I single-handedly removed that word from the dictionary just by looking into a can of worms and then trying to do what I could about it. But a lot of people ran from what we found, and others went into shock. One phrase I often used to hear was "I can't bring myself to believe. . . ." You know, I thought the revelations uncovered by people like Jim Garrison of New Orleans would make everybody go through the chimney, but nobody did. *I* did. Yet at the same time I tried not to go the other way—into cynicism. In the meantime, I also came to my conclusions.

Penthouse: Which were?

Sahl: I think CIA manipulation is deep into our culture, and it's there to make us think that the executive branch, through Watergate, is rat-infested, and that the legislative branch—via Wayne Hays and Koreagate—is also rat-infested. The next step is to discredit the courts in order to make people feel so lost that they'll be more pliable for whatever comes next.

I didn't believe all this when I started, but man, I've been to the gallows too many times in this country. There's obviously a *scenario* going on, because events keep going in one direction no matter *who* wins. And the scenario is this: to bankrupt both countries, the U.S. and Russia, short of the brink, to the advantage of state capitalism in Russia and individual capitalism in the United States. As part of that scenario, our country is still being ruled by the same people, who aren't elected. Ellsworth Bunker is eighty-six, but he's still sitting there at the Panama Canal. Open up a copy of *Fortune* magazine, and you'll see that the same money is still deciding what happens in America. The fact is, we've got a comatose body politic. The conservatives are out, but the little old ladies in tennis shoes and the right-wing retired firemen were never the money people to begin with.

Penthouse: Tell us if we're reading you wrong, but we get the feeling you trust conservatives far more than you do liberals.

Sahl: I don't think you've got it wrong. For a long time something was bothering me: I couldn't stand the people who were on my side. Everybody I knew was a liberal, and yet I still had to lock my door at night. But conservatives don't blow with the wind. I remember when director Mark Rydell, a good liberal from New York, went to work on *The Cowboys* with John Wayne. He approached the film with great apprehension, but it was a big step ahead for Rydell. In fact, it was one of those career-building jobs you should take for nothing in return.

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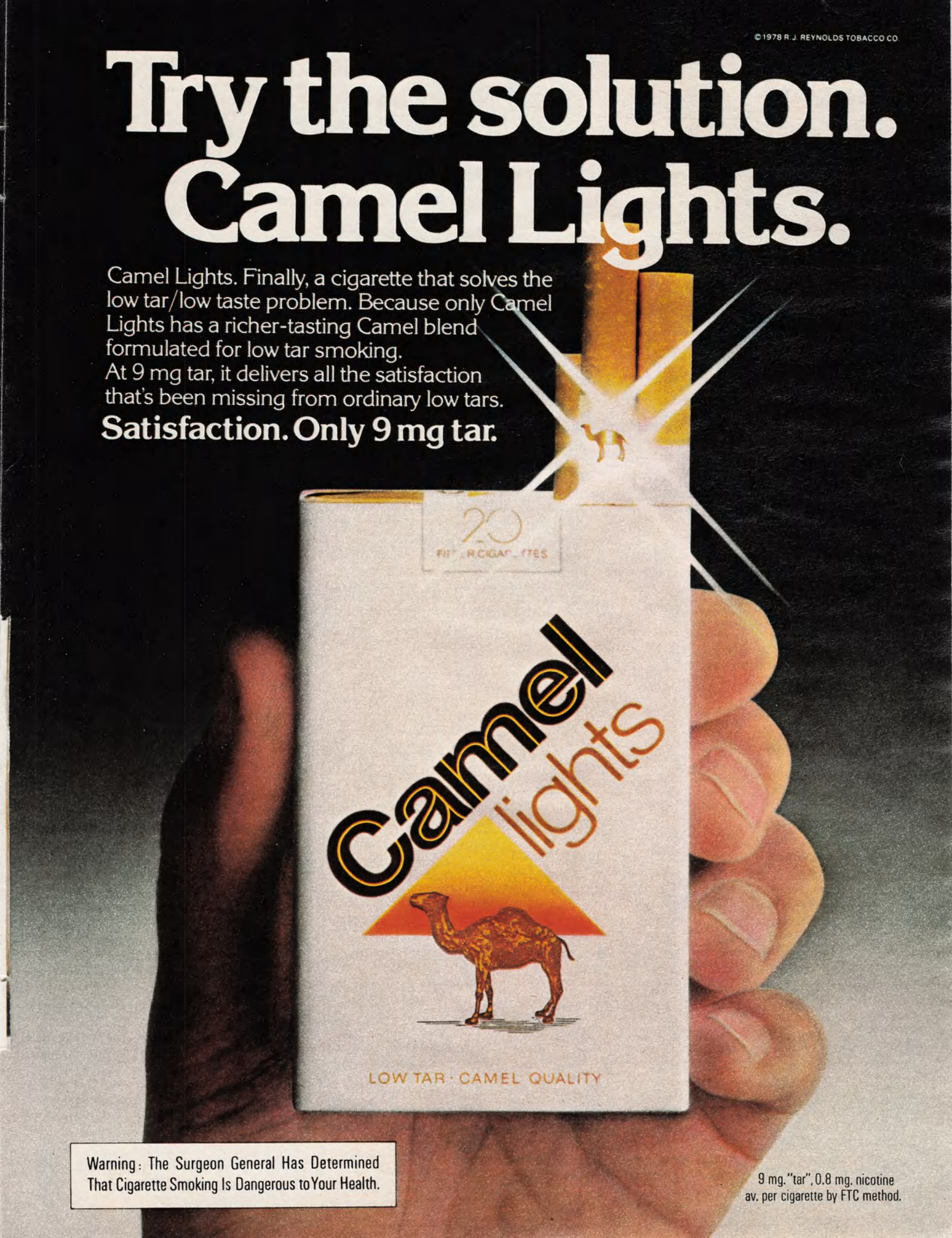

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But Wayne came to him and said, "I'm going to give you a piece of this picture." So a conservative like Wayne deals in equity. George Wallace happens to be a friend of mine, and I know that Wallace will believe the same thing next week that he believes now.

You know, it isn't that I embrace conservatism as opposed to liberalism. It's just that liberalism seems to be a way station—a halfway house, if you will—for people who were once on the left and are on their way through a period of castration to wherever their opportunism will let them light. It's interesting: liberals no longer say the Warren Commission Report is a lie; they just say, "We *hope* it's the truth." Oddly enough, conservatives are the only people who now say the Warren Commission Report is a lie.

Penthouse: Aside from your personal feeling for JFK, why do you place such importance on the Warren Commission Report?

Sahl: Because I think it's self-evident from our history that since Kennedy's death we haven't had a presidential election that wasn't the result of intelligence-agency manipulation, usually through gunfire.

Let me be specific here. Jack Kennedy was removed from the 1964 elections by gunfire, and Lyndon Johnson in 1968: escalation of the war in Vietnam forced him to withdraw. Bobby Kennedy, who was sure to be elected in '68, was removed by gunfire. Also in '68, Martin Luther King says to blacks, "You're 22 percent of America. Why are you 40 percent of the fighting forces? It's a rich man's war." More gunfire, because even though he's not a candidate, he's a leader. In 1972, we have great evidence of manipulation by *agents provocateurs* to split the Democratic party up into a thousand pieces so that Nixon could walk in against McGovern.

In 1976, Jimmy Carter didn't run out of money, but Mo Udall did. Don't get me wrong. Udall's not my candidate, not by a long shot. But what kind of Democrat is Jimmy Carter? He's not a Democrat at all. I'm telling you right now that if Democrats had had a choice, it wouldn't have been Jimmy Carter. It probably would have been Eugene McCarthy or even Jerry Brown, who beat Carter in six states.

As I said before, Reagan really won the Republican convention. Let's stop being liberals, and let's be objective. It all points to the fact that the intelligence agencies aren't going to allow a human being to get into the White House. The liberals will now claim that Ronald Reagan isn't a human being, but he is. A Ronald Reagan will say, "What do you *mean* there are Cubans in Africa and the Panamanians want us to give back the canal? Call out the marines!" Reagan's passions are his own—and they're not part of the script.

Penthouse: Do you think Ted Kennedy will run for President?

Sahl: I think he should, but I don't think he will. I've never publicly said this before, but I think he's afraid of being murdered if he runs.

Penthouse: Don't you think that's a well-founded fear?

Sahl: Yes, except I don't go along with the press in their saying there's another maniac out there waiting for him. The press has conditioned the public with phrases like "the curse of the Kennedys." What are they talking about? Certainly, it must have occurred to someone besides me that what we're really talking about is the manipulation of foreign policy—and murder. In fact, there's evidence to indicate that Chappaquiddick was a warning to Teddy that if he ran for president, he *would* be murdered.

Penthouse: That's a hell of a statement to make—and if you can't back it up, you're going to look awfully foolish.

Sahl: I think there's plenty to back it up. E. Howard Hunt testified before the Ervin Committee that both he and Tony Ulascewicz, the Watergate bag-man, were up in Chappaquiddick the night Ted Kennedy's car went off the bridge. A very interesting coincidence, especially when you consider that Hunt was the guy who falsified 240 State Department cables attributing the death of Diem to JFK.

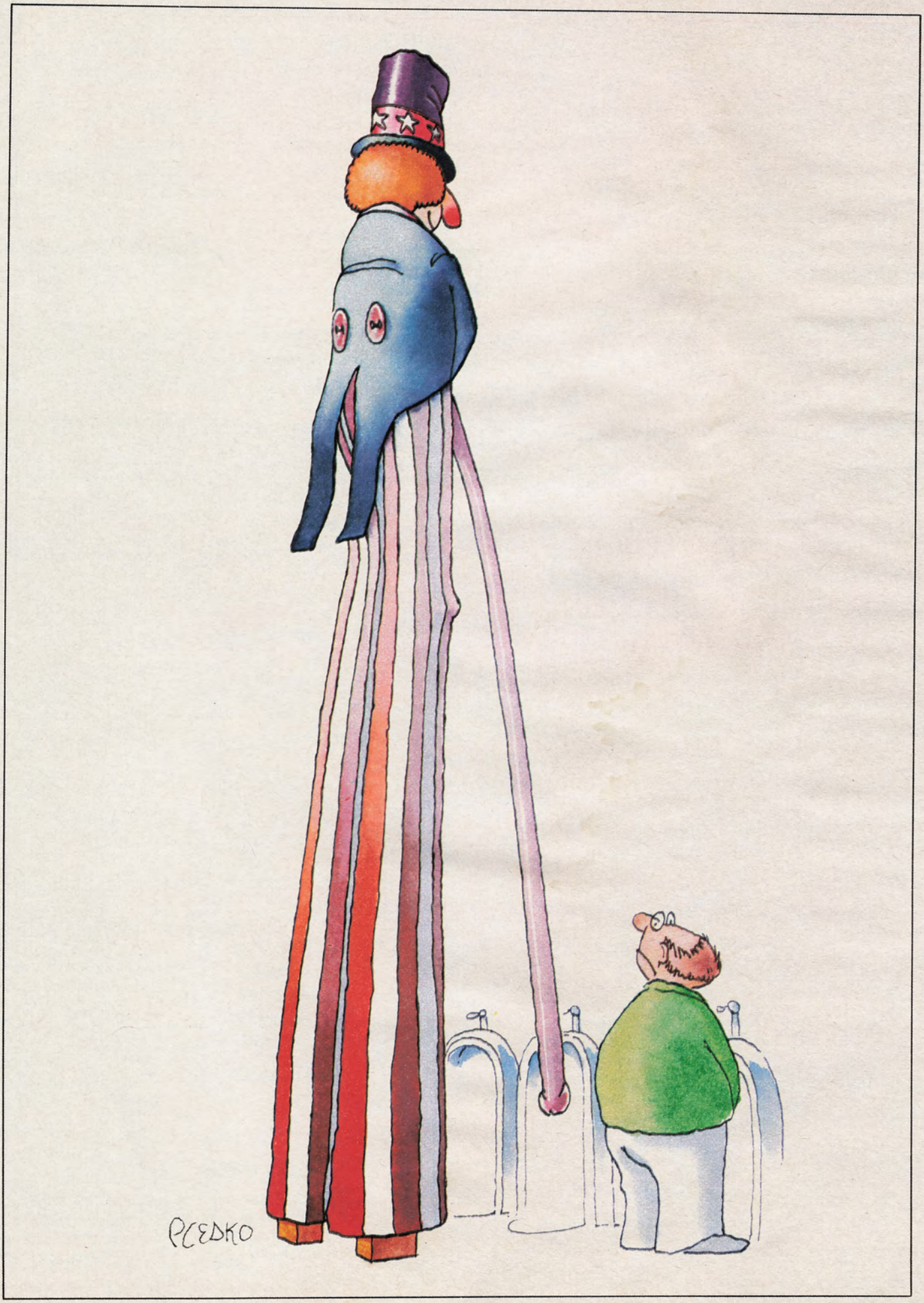
Peter Darnet, one of the investigators of Martin Luther King's murder, has developed a great deal of evidence about Chappaquiddick. In the first place, the National Safety Council verifies that you can't push a submerged car door open, given the water pressure at the depth Kennedy's car was found. And then there were the contusions around Kennedy's head, for which he was treated—and for which there is no evident accidental cause. In other words, we feel he was zapped both to warn him not to run and to discredit him so that he *couldn't* run. Chappaquiddick was a character assassination instead of an actual assassination.

Penthouse: So much of what you've told us cuts so strongly against the grain of public opinion that we wonder if you sometimes feel as if you're an alien—a kind of stranger in a strange land?

Sahl: Oh, it gets lonely, all right, and if I'd been a guy who started out in 1963, I would've been driven out of show business by now. But I'm a tree with roots, and people have wanted to know where the tree went.

I'll tell you this: I don't know how much longer I can stick it out here. I don't get a hell of a lot of cooperation, and there isn't too much nutrition for the soul in Hollywood. But I'm going to continue to be a minority voice—such a minority!—and I'm just going to keep plugging. I think, finally, that people may begin to understand what's happened to this country. We've gone downhill. We've gone from Adlai Stevenson to Jimmy Carter, from Thomas Jefferson to Jerry Ford, from Oscar Wilde to Gore Vidal, and from love to indifference. For me, personally, the hardest thing of all is still what I said in my book *Heartland*: finding anybody to talk to.

"Look, mister, if you want me to tell you the meaning of life, you have got to stop saying 'bullshit' after everything I say!"


PEDRO

TALK BACK TO TELEVISION

A new two-way cable experiment gives you thirty options for programming, including the ability to vote directly on candidates and issues that affect your life.

In just a minute we'll be meeting Ashley Whippet, the world champion Frisbee-catching dog, plus more mundane madness—but right now, it's time to see Cindy's tan line! Where do you go to school, Cindy?"

"Grandview," Cindy says, to semispontaneous cheers from a group of Grandview High teens, gathered at the school swimming pool.

"All *right*!" cries host Michael Young, with a suave disco bump. "Now remember, Cindy, you can show us your tan line any place you think will show *you* and your tan to best advantage." Young's voice has dropped insinuatingly.

Cindy peels back a bit of suit on her right hip, the same as all the other girls did. There is more applause by the Grandview cheering section.

"All *right*, Cindy! Now it's time to select the best tan out of these five lovely contestants. We'll do it by applause here at the pool, but you kids at home, get your Qube ready——"

Qube, two-way cable television, computer-linked to your living-room set, the first *participatory* television programming in America, is operational.

You've seen the big stories everywhere about television in the future—all those cuddly scenarios of Mom and Dad watching Digital Bowling for Yen on the cable while, up in her room, Sis, tuned into a video disk of the outtakes from "Renaldo and Clara," eats computer-generated dope flakes and Sonny sets his Sony Betamax to play back "Playback" from the Obscure Film of the Month Club on his twenty-foot wall screen. In fact, you've been seeing variations on this story for years. But nothing much really happened in the cable business until now—until Qube.

What is Qube, exactly? It's a console, a lightweight black, rectangular box equipped with three multi-color channel selector rows covering thirty channels in three categories—premium yellow, community green, and regular television blue. The console is slightly smaller but has the same ambience as Mr. Spock's "Star Trek" Tricorder. Television blue provides eight regular broadcast stations from Columbus, the home of the Qube system, and Indianapolis and Cincinnati. Community green gets you special Qube programs like this one—featuring the fabulous Cindy's Tan Line Show on Young's "Columbus Goes Bananaz!" It's a popular early-afternoon teen show. Community green also brings viewers educational and special interest programs. And premium yellow provides pay-television movies, concerts, and the world's first and only twenty-four-hour adult soft-core movie channel.

The buttons are arranged this way: ten on the left for channel selection, three at the bottom for punching in one of the tricolor categories, and five buttons on the far right, response buttons—the ones everybody, from *Time* to the *Times*, has been gaga about. Those are the buttons that let you "talk back" to your television—two-way buttons of the future, right now . . .

"Now we're ready," Michael Young says, "to vote for the best tan. If you think it's Debbi, touch button number one." And on the screen block letters flash over Debbi's replay peel, inviting you to TOUCH NOW.

There's no punch or press, not a toggle or crank or switch, but Touch Now, the response button for your favorite. Within six seconds after you "touch in," your vote is recognized and tabulated by Qube's computers. By the time we've seen Cindy's flash of skin again, we have not only a winner but also an exact breakdown of percentages for each contestant. The response made can be programmed for multiple-choice questions like this one, or for a pure yes/no or other two-button choice: "How many of you girls out there wear a one-piece suit?" Touch Now.

One piece—54 percent
Two piece—46 percent

There are also a number of other adaptations for purposes as apparently frivolous as these or for quite "purposeful" surveys, such as those commissioned by the New York Times Company ("Who would you like to see on the cover of *US* magazine? John Wayne? Kris Kristofferson? . . . Touch Now). Or for a casual quiz by the Mayor of Columbus, Joan Rivers, and the wife of Anwar Sadat. The more serious stuff is as follows: an official U.S. Food and Drug Administra-

Illustration by Robert Hickson

BY WILLIAM KOWINSKI

tion hearing or a local government meeting, in which town planners beam into the living rooms of the people they're planning for with such questions as, "Do we currently have enough small-unit housing? Strongly agree? Agree? Neutral? Disagree? Strongly Disagree? Touch Now."

Although still experimental, Qube is now celebrating its first anniversary of operation in Columbus, Ohio, as the most sophisticated cable system in the country. Qube's significance lies beyond the initial gee-whizery of its touch-in feature. Warner Communications, the conglomerate specializing in leisure services that developed and runs Qube, did not put out $20 to $30 million just to be dazzling, not even to be pioneering, and certainly not just to bestow video riches on a corner of Columbus. Qube is a prototype, aspiring to become the first nationally marketable cable television package, adaptable to Anyplace, U.S.A. As such, it is a potential colossus in the cable business, a field that finally seems ready for large and lucrative growth. But perhaps the most fascinating aspect of Qube is that its own special potential is not limited to television; in fact, much of its future may not have anything to do with television at all.

Deep in the intensely quiet bureaucracy of the Federal Communication Commission's cable division on a rainy afternoon in Washington, William Johnson sat behind a large sign which, with doleful bureaucratic humor, misspelled his name as "Jonhson." He is chief of Cable Policy Review and Development, and he's been reading those stories, too, and wondering why nothing much has happened. For a long time cable operators complained that excessive government regulation stunted their growth and prevented innovation. "But when we made the new cable regulations in 1972, we thought these two-way systems would be popping up all over the place," Johnson said. "For a while we got a lot of news releases, but the systems all turned out to be fakes." He knows about Qube, of course. But like most of the cable industry, he prefers to wait and see how it works out. Johnson's leg is straddled over the side of his chair. He sucks on a Diet Cola. Outside his office the halls are empty; heads pop hopefully out of other offices at the sound of foreign footsteps.

But even in 1972 the quiet in the cable world was deceptive. Soon after that, the meetings that would lead to Qube began in the offices of Warner Communications.

"High above 75 Rockefeller Plaza, seven men sat around a table, drinking bad coffee out of paper cups . . ." Ron Castell, marketing vice-president for Qube, is laying out his parable, his own Qube Creation Myth. It seems that so many people have asked him how it all got started that he's formalized the phrases that he usually intones with more seriousness than he does now, in the presence of some of Qube's young staff.

Ron Castell looks like a prototypical midwestern good guy. Tall and lean, enthusiastic and competent, he's the kind of person you'd expect to be chairman of the Ohio State Fair for three years running. His responsibilities at Qube are larger than his marketing title indicates—he's been a spark plug of the Columbus operation from the beginning. It was in his office that I first heard the company litany about Qube.

"Television is turning people off," Castell says. "All the surveys show that people are fed up and bored with what they're getting. We want to offer something different—provide a whole range of choices and completely new kinds of programming and services. Eventually, what we'll have won't be television as we know it at all." Castell grins his big grin. He is wearing red suspenders and a blue-and-white-striped train engineer–style suit. Behind his desk is a Nixon mask. Billy Joel's next-to-latest album looped on the eight-track. "We have thirty channels available," he continues. "At any given time you can watch one of five movie channels. There are two performance channels. You can learn backgammon or business writing, watch women's archery or the Slovak National Ballet, or use the Qube response buttons and participate. There's never been anything like this before. We're just beginning to learn what it can do." Castell leans back, very much in the catbird seat.

"Silvermania" is the new Qube programming chief Harlan Kleiman's term for the networks' mass-attitude, lowest-common-denominator programming, as attested to by Fred Silverman's inveterate network hopping. Because of the economics of cable and especially the pay-per-view system on Qube's premium channels (you pay only for each program you watch), Qube can offer specialized programming attractive to a number of relatively small constituencies. Qube clearly sees itself as building a national alternative to the network system. Of course, Qube co-opts Silvermania by carrying network programs on its regular channels. "If they want to watch this week's 'Rhoda' or the seventeenth rerun of 'Gilligan's Island,' that's fine; they can do it," Castell says. "But now they have a hell of a lot of other choices."

> "There was no margin for error. When we turned it on for the first time, there were a lot of tears. It worked."

Warner was already in the cable business—it was the first to offer pay-television in 1972—when the first meetings on Qube (*High atop Rockefeller Plaza, seven men around a table, bad coffee, paper cups*) began. Cable was a profitable item for Warner, and it was apt to continue growing. Some seventy communities were wired in 1950, but by 1978 there were nearly 4,000, with 13 million subscribers. Inherent factors favored cable's future, too; cable carries the more delicate color signal with better clarity than broadcast does. Also, the electromagnetic spectrum, the air upon which broadcast television rides, can accommodate far fewer signals than cable does. Not even the sky is cable's limit—just the technical ability to divide the wire and amplify the signals, which are getting better all the time. In fact, cable's future is practically guaranteed, according to the 1971 Sloan Commission Report on Cable Communications, in which was enunciated what might be called the Sloan Syllogism: with all the other signals for everything from CB radio to spy satellites lining up to demand spectrum space, because there's no other way for them to be carried, and with television being the only broadcast medium that can be practicably sent through wires—and assuming that expansion in signals is in the cards—then: cable is, ipso facto, the future of television.

Cable's potential was widely recognized years ago. The National Cable Television Association listed the possibilities in a 1972 pamphlet. They included separate channels devoted to local programming, children's shows, course-credit education, consumer information, specialized programming beamed to specific sets (medical stuff sent only to hospitals, etc.), and, of course, two-way television. But it was just talk. Most cable companies did little more than wire up a town to a big antenna, bring in a few out-of-state stations and maybe a movie, and rake in the monthly fees: let them watch promises. The question Warner looked at, after singular reception of "Monday Night Football" and "Charlie's Angels" and Grand Forks' gander at what television is like in Salt Lake (the same), plus your local weather on the screen twenty-four hours a day, was, What else would people pay for that would be technically possible and economically feasible to produce?

Some guides were available: the Sloan Report predicted that the most practical two-way or, in cable parlance, "interactive" system would be "digital response." The response buttons. An IBM study concluded that the most profitable system would be one that offered a full range of components, a grab bag of cable's potential. So Warner came up with a package exactly like that, with digital response, and called it (for no reason anyone will announce except that it sounds good—sort of multidimensional) "Qube."

At this point the Qube story starts to acquire its mythic ring. Once the big decision was made to proceed (*High atop . . . men . . . coffee*), Warner went at it with an effort

that Warner Cable Chairman Gustave Hauser not inappropriately compares to that of the U.S. space program. There was hardware to invent and refine, software to create, technical performance to be achieved, and program concepts to be conceived, tested, and realized. From the very beginning Hauser dealt with seasoned television professionals: he got former CBS and Children's Television Workshop idea man Michael Dann, who brought along Vivian Horner from Harvard and CTW to develop the children's and educational channels. He got Harlan Kleiman from Home Box Office to develop premium programming. In on the process from the beginning were Michael Marcovsky, who was widely experienced in film and television, and Spencer Harrison, who had logged some twenty years on the business side at CBS. To hold down the fort in Columbus, Ron Castell came in with his experience in radio marketing.

They put together teams. Like the Apollo program, they had to advance the state of the art in many areas along the way in order to achieve their goal—to build and launch the first television vehicle of its kind and land it in Columbus (where Warner already operated a conventional system) by 1978.

The key concept of the Qube system is the marriage of cable and computer. It had never been done quite like this before. And it is awesome: one computer sweeps the system every six seconds to note which sets are on, what they're tuned to, and which response button was last touched. When responses are asked for, another computer figures out which sets vote for what and does the computations. A third computer knows to whom each set belongs; it's used for billing for the pay-per-view premium channels and occasionally for identifying viewers for other purposes, such as awards to game winners. (Qube claims always to alert viewers that this will be done before they participate in such games and surveys. In all such instances that I saw, they did.) The computers are what makes the response button system work; they also enable Qube to have instant ratings on all programs at all times. The billing computer makes possible the pay-per-view as well as the extra services, such as ordering merchandise and having it added to the Qube bill. These are the computers' basic cable services, but they can do much more—as we shall see.

So, on December 1, 1977, the wedding day—Qube Day in Columbus ("A day you'll tell your grandchildren about," says a publicity poster)—fingers were crossed and breaths were held in Master Control. "If any one system failed, everything would fail," Hauser said. "There was no margin for error. When we turned it on for the first time, there were a lot of tears. . . . It worked."

After the wedding came the honeymoon. In Columbus some 300 predominantly young (average age twenty-eight), excited, and somewhat startled employees moved into their well-appointed studio, the largest in central Ohio, with the most elaborate

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videotape equipment in the country, and started to make history. Working twelve to sixteen hours a day, they became a close-knit group. Departmental lines were often crossed, and the place was task-oriented. They were self-conscious pioneers: they worked, talked, and partied Qube together. Vans Stevenson, a former journalist working mainly in P.R., put together some publicity tapes with another Qubester, Carol Kight. By summer they became the first Qube couple to marry.

The aura of romance clinging to Qube must have been incredibly potent during those first months. It was a wide-open situation. The Qube kids were told by the New York executives that the Qube they were creating might be completely different eight months down the road and eight months after that completely changed again. What they had now was phenomenal enough: more movies than any other cable station in the world and more variety, something old (*Red River*), something new (*Pumping Iron*), something borrowed (*Histoire d'Adèle H.*), and something blue (*Massage Parlor Hooker*) on all the time. They had four twenty-four-hour stereo radio channels. They had "Mr. Qubesumer," John Steinberg, who had gotten international attention for exposing U.S. Army drug abuse in Vietnam for *The Stars and Stripes*. When he wasn't comparing pizzas with an on-air teenage guest, Steinberg was exposing phony products and shoddy practices and getting the attention of state officials. Within months he had become the most active and effective local television consumer reporter in the country.

Vivian Horner and her team were completing a 125-hour loop of short animated and live segments that were geared to the interests and attention span of preschool children and would run twelve hours a day on its own channel, called "Pinwheel." They had college courses and a crazy library of films, including one on the history of monogamy and *Parks in Japan*. They got the "Dr. Who?" series from England, the one in which the *Star Wars* characters originated. How about the first television studio in a shopping mall—a million-dollar studio with two live shows daily—"Celebration!" for the Merv and Mike midafternoon people and Michael Young's "Columbus Goes Bananaz"?

Young in many ways typifies the Qube spirit. On the air he is genial, sexy, intelligent, silly, and above all lively. "The premise of the show is that I try anything," he says, "and I fail." Young wrestles bears, paddles kayaks, gets thrown around by a judo expert (so popular that it's a regular feature), and the response ratio on the Qube buttons is the highest of all shows. A devoted group of teenagers regularly comes to the studio—they've developed their own infrastructure. Their leader is Jerry McCloud, a black high-school student who assists Young on the air and leads the disco line. His girl friend of the moment becomes the leader and organizer of the other girls. Jerry's even been asked for autographs at the supermarket.

And what a response! Columbus has turned on. Jerry wasn't the only star Qube made—there's five-year-old Larry Otrebrecht, whose adorable brown eyes and serious camera manner won him his own segment on "Columbus Alive." (An unenchanted Qubeist called him "our Elmer Fudd.") And the cards and letters were coming in with ideas—hey, we'd like to see more of those old television shows from the fifties and also more trashy movies. How about an entire channel, called "Encore," showing "The Life of Riley," "I Married Joan," etc., all day? Or another called "Drive-In," with movies like *Empire of the Ants* and *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase*? You asked for it; you got it.

There were some problems with the Qube console. It didn't take long for people to figure out ways to get premium programs for free on it, but Qube fixed that. Everything else was A-Okay. The monthly program guides were mailed out to an increasing number of subscribers (Qube was marketed only to Warner Cable's 30,000 subscribers, and by summer about two-thirds of them had signed for Qube).

> "Nobody gets good ratings on Monday night," Bonnie sighed. "People are really vicious at the beginning of the week. Later they're better."

"People are tired of television," chairman Hauser says. "We have to give them something new to see and to use." Says programmer Kleiman, "The basis of our programming has got to be the interactive."

Touch the button.

When reporters want to see how the interactive works, Qube sends them to private homes where, for one reason or another, the people agree to watch television with a stranger. Qube sent me to visit Michael and Bonnie Zimmerman. Both appeared to be in their late twenties or early thirties, and they worked together as hair stylists. Michael, who is also a poet and photographer, had had some contact with Qubeists—partly out of curiosity and partly through business. (I also watched Qube with people Qube didn't pick.)

We watched "Columbus Alive," Qube's evening talk show-magazine, and Michael and Bonnie chatted easily about it. They like Ron Giles, the older cohost, because "he's sensitive, or that's what he projects." They like less his young cohost, Susan Goldwater, because she's icy. They talked about Qube in general; a lot of their customers have it and generally like it, as they do. But then "Talent Search" came on. "Talent Search" is the show that people at Qube do not like you to call the Columbus Gong Show.

". . . so get your Qubes ready for our first contestant," said host Rob Weller, bug-eyed and slick-voiced, striding and posturing like a panicked fugitive from network game-show afternoons. Michael did not reach for his Qube. Instead, he poured us another glass of wine.

First up was a teenage girl singing in a shaky voice. After a half minute of "You Light Up My Life," block letters obliterate her on the screen: Begin Touching. A few seconds later the votes are noted: Yes—34 percent, No—65 percent. The votes are continuously tabulated, and as long as performers get better than 50 percent approval, they stay alive. This one didn't make it past the forty-second grace period. A smile and a tear and she was gone. Participatory television. Electronic democracy.

"It's the Christians and the lions," Michael said.

We talked through the couple in matching silk shirts and black disco pants dancing to "Macho Man." We drank past the junior-high-school girls in short blue skirts and sequined vests and cowboy hats—The Flamettes—doing a Dallas Cowgirl routine to "Getting Strong Now." But when the free-lance auto mechanic with a hank of hair hanging in his eyes started into a Dylanese vintage-1963 guitar-and-harmonica wail, Michael could no longer restrain himself. When the sign flashed "Begin Touching" he didn't touch, he jabbed. We waited for the percentages. Our judgment was confirmed; they were bad. Most of them had been bad. "Nobody gets good ratings on Monday," Bonnie sighed. "People are really vicious at the beginning of the week. Toward Thursday they get more tolerant."

Michael was still staring at the departing guitar player. "What an awesome sense of power," he said, "knowing you're probably going to castrate this bastard."

While it is tempting to dwell on the dazzling excellence of Qube's technology and the less-than-edifying silliness to which it is often applied, some people keenly interested in cable television aren't dazzled and don't think it is at all silly. They think that it may be dangerous.

Qube does serious programming. It is much more than what Ron Giles, producer and sensitive cohost of "Columbus Alive," calls "democratic television," because his show constantly solicits opinions from the audience—and those opinions frequently concern whether he should wear a toupee or what the studio cat should be named. It's the system itself as much as the triviality to which it is sometimes devoted that troubles Qube's critics. For how much can you say with a finger, besides thumbs up or thumbs down? It is always a kind of Gong Show.

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There is also the question of who controls the communication. "It's not only that just being able to respond isn't true two-way communication," says Connell. "It's that it is even more important who asks the questions than who answers."

Is Qube democratic television—or demagogic? With the twin features of response buttons and six-second sweep ratings, Qube claims to be utterly responsive to its viewers. By what they watch and how they respond, the viewers are in control. On the other hand, Qube designs the programs and chooses the questions. Otherwise, they say, the system would be unwieldy and result in "bad television." Viewers are invited to respond and suggest and fit into the forms of Qube programs, but not to generate directly. Their participation is limited and passive. Qube asks plenty of questions that no one pays them to ask. But it can be argued that polling, which is fast becoming a national mania, is not the same as democracy.

There is an additional fly in the interactive ointment: on Qube, some people get to ask the questions because they pay for the privilege.

"Columbus Alive" producer Ron Giles is interviewing David Cohen on the subject of insurance. They sit in two talk-show chairs, talking talk-show talk. Cohen explains how a total insurance package is calculated to include such things as social security. Then Ron mentions that if anyone would like to talk to David Cohen about his insurance needs, he need only touch button number one in order to be called.

But David Cohen was not merely a talk show guest, nor was he simply dropping the usual talk-show plug. David Cohen had paid for this time and for the use of the Qube response buttons and computer. (The audience was not made aware that Cohen had paid for all this. It was Qube's policy in such cases not to call attention to this fact. When confronted with the idea that this might be unethical, several Qube executives told me that they might change it. When I asked some viewers whether they knew that these segments were paid for, they expressed surprise but not shock; the plethora of product naming on Qube had already made them suspicious.)

Response is the key word. "People who use the Qube system can answer what's asked of them," says Eileen Connell of the New York University Alternate Media Center. "But they aren't in control of the questions."

Qube is not the only two-way system in the country. There are others; they don't reach into every home, but in other ways they have as much claim to the title "two-way" as Qube has, and Berks Community Television in Reading, Pa., has as much claim to being "democratic television" as Qube does.

Initially funded by a National Science grant, a team from the N.Y.U. Alternate Media Center organized an interactive system on the old Berks Cable wires. Its programs centered around the elderly but later included the entire cable system. The grant has long since run out, but the community video system continues, now operated entirely by local citizens and financed by local government, businesses, and other groups, including the cable company itself. (Berks Cable is part of the American Telecommunications Company, one of the larger cable outfits in the country, owned by Time, Inc.)

In the Berks system five studios in neighborhood centers and senior-citizen high-rises were connected to each other as well as to City Hall and area high schools. (There are nineteen studios now.) Each had a camera and monitors so that people would see whom they were talking with at another center and see themselves in the process. The whole picture could also be seen on home screens, and many programs urged home participation by phone. Senior citizens themselves develop and produce the programming, which varies from "Meet the Mayor" and live Q&A with Social Security representatives to videotaped documentaries, including a monthly three-hour report on local issues presented by a retired teacher. There are also entertainment and consumer programs—sing-alongs, "Scrapbook," "Let's Go Shopping." "It's a very down-home system," says Eileen Connell, who supervised training of Reading cable participants. "It's not snappy, but it's remarkably effective. It had an extraordinary effect on the way people saw themselves."

> No one, not even top executives, gets into Master Control at Qube Headquarters without a special pass.

One of the reasons Qubeists give for not having community video like this is that "people are shy" and don't know how to use television. They are right—people in Reading had to learn. "At first they treated it like ham radio," Connell recalls. "They saw friends at other centers whom they hadn't seen in years; they wanted to chat. Then everybody wanted to be Phil Donahue. But then the system found its own formats." In the process some dramatic television was made. One program was spontaneously generated by a comment about Reading's labor troubles fifty years ago. The subject evoked immediate and continued response and participation from those who had lived through that era—both labor and management—and from younger viewers, especially teachers and students, for Reading's labor history had never been written down. Now it has been preserved, thanks to community cable. No outsider would have thought of it.

Qube, meanwhile, took a stab at local history with a series, "Columbus Then and Now," a typically professional nostalgia presentation that became one of the first programs to be cancelled.

The contrast between the two systems is equally obvious in Qube's handling of its most ambitious political interactive experiment, the Arlington "Electronic Town Meeting", which was "narrowcast" (it was delivered only to subscribers in the town of Arlington). Arlington's planning commission had issued a lengthy study on its "Old Arlington" neighborhoods; several regular meetings were held—they were heated but small—and then Arlington and Qube decided to join forces for the final public hearing.

The narrowcast had all the characteristics of a Qube production. There were the big claims for it—the world's first electronic town meeting. Alvin Toffler was on hand to give the program historic weight as "a step toward twenty-first-century democracy." The meeting was elaborately prepared for—Qube took the 140-page report and produced a glossy fifteen-minute program on the highlights, which was shown literally hundreds of times before the narrowcast. Arlington citizens showed up colorfully dressed at the studio. Even Rob Weller, cohosting with Susan Goldwater, remarked that everyone was very well dressed. The commissioners made speeches, there was discussion from the floor, and people called in. However, the major amount of time—and the major use of the interactive—was taken up with the recitation of long lists of such questions as: "How do you rate your police service?" "Do we have enough parkland?" Then viewers touched in and saw on the screen how much they agreed with their neighbors. The process was undoubtedly useful, but it seemed sterile—and controlled. The commission chairman was the titular chair of the meeting, but his authority was severely mitigated by a television floor manager and the sometimes less-than-subtle leadership of Rob and Susan. The audience was quiet. On the monitors everything was beautiful—persimmons and burnt ochres and bright canary halos around the heads.

Reading's many interactive meetings are different. They are in glorious black and white, and the main video technique is split screen. The questioner and answerer appear together in what Connell calls "the noun and verb of the system." The citizen and the mayor appear on the screen together, equal size. The Q&A programs from Reading that I saw on tape were not the end of a process; they were the process. They had sweat. Tempers. Boring monologues. Humor. Debate. And large dollops of something strange to television: sincerity. In other words, they had the old-fashioned,

pretelevision democracy, before it had had to fit formats and bow to the medium's conventions. (Reading's shows may be primarily of and for old people, but then the Arlington narrowcast involved primarily rich people. Qube's demographic poll showed that 46 percent of the viewers had advanced degrees. And for all the fanfare, the program was watched in only about 500 homes.)

The Berks experiment exposed perhaps television's biggest secret: it is not all that hard to make. The Reading results were obtained through sensitive attention and hard work in training the local people involved, responding to their needs, and getting the understanding and participation of the community. But making television itself was the least difficult. The N.Y.U. report on Berks concluded: ". . . interactive television need not be a professional medium. . . . a group of individuals does not need to have years of professional television training to make the system work. The Reading project has taken some of the mystique out of high technology by involving users in setting up the initial design."

Qube is not noncommercial video, although its system is flexible enough to include it to some extent. It is professional and intends to be profitable. You won't see anything like Reading's "Dancing with Blaine" on it, or "Tell It to Eben and Herb." Instead, Qube offers a shopping tour of Neiman-Marcus and Tiffany's by television; if you want that twenty-five-dollar pure-silver butter knife, just touch button number 1 and you'll get it in the mail, all wrapped up in a Tiffany's box. Or there's "Winning Touch," Qube's first interactive game show in which viewers can compete for prizes with their response buttons and be rewarded on the air. "Hey, I see by my printout that Eben of Herb Street got that five-part question correct! All *right!* Eben, you're going to love your Cuisinart . . ."

That's the stuff that Qube is banking on. Its emphasis is on television entertainment that has professional television ultra-gleamo electronic tap dance. But, ironically, its neglect of more modest community systems may hit Qube where it hurts, on the bottom line.

What do Qubeists complain about most? Their universe is too small.

"We need a larger universe," Ron Castell says. Gus Hauser complains, "You can't really put in a computer for 20,000 homes. I'd like 200,000; then I could do something with it." "Can you imagine New York with Qube?" asks its New York publicist. "It would go *ape*." "What I really need," says Harlan Kleiman, "is a larger universe."

A larger universe means more Qube customers to program for. The maximum universe in Columbus is 100,000—the people in the area Warner holds a franchise for. They want more cities and towns. They want more franchises.

The right of a company to lay cable and connect up a municipality is granted by the local government, which awards the franchise. With federal cable regulations waning and state laws few and far between, the local jurisdiction's power is both total and all that's left. This poses various problems.

One is graft. From their hoary and humble early days in valley towns that needed cable for clear reception, cable operators have paid for the right to wire—that is, for the right to collect fees from subscribers. When cable was small potatoes, so was the bribe necessary, and thus the so-called whiskey franchises—bought with a smile and a wink and a case of Canadian Club. But cable is a bigger game now, and even after a few people in Pennsylvania have gone to jail for it, the graft apparently goes on. A source close to negotiations in one city where Qube competed with some other heavy companies for the franchise claimed that city council members made quid pro quo, cash-for-votes overtures to all the companies involved—and several accepted. Warner was allegedly offered a unique deal by the dominant party organization: if it would deliver a big-name act for a party fund raiser, the party would deliver the votes in council. But Warner reportedly declined both product and cash trade-offs, thus sparing Linda Ronstadt a bizarre benefit appearance and losing the franchise.

> A computer sweeps the system every six seconds to note which sets are on, what they're tuned to, and which response buttons are being touched. Qube has instant ratings at all times.

Warner Cable Chairman Hauser's only comment to me about this particular situation was this: "We were the only company there without local affiliations—whatever that means to you." What it frequently means is that besides outright bribes (another middling-sized franchise in 1978 was rumored to have been sold for a cool million), there are other ways to obtain local political influence—by hiring a local consultant for an enormous fee that can be distributed in the most advantageous manner, or by taking on a local partner who gets a piece of the action.

The most lucrative franchise up for grabs in the first months of 1979 is Pittsburgh, a city not known for its political purity, especially when a $12 to 20 million investment is concerned. Several sources close to the ongoing franchising process claim that so far it's been clean. But as a local reporter commented, "The feeling here is that the situation is ripe for graft. . . . You can't build a road here without spending half the money on greasing palms."

But the Pittsburgh situation emphasizes another aspect of local franchising, one potentially more damaging to Qube than graft (for, after all, if the Warner spirit were willing, the flesh is certainly fat enough to afford it). Local franchising also means that the local government has the legal power to place conditions in the contract requiring the cable company—which, after all, is being awarded a virtually permanent monopoly—to provide certain stipulated assurances and services: the minimum number of channels it will carry, for example, plus a set franchise fee, bonding, and insurance. It so happens that Pittsburgh has developed the most stringent and specific demands that the cable industry has so far faced, especially in the area of public access and community video. These, above all, seem to be sticking in the craw of Qube, which was nosing around the Pittsburgh franchise for some months, hoping to make it its first big city system.

Warner, among other companies, is officially worried that the Pittsburgh demands are "uneconomic." But Qube has another problem. Pittsburgh wants its cable company to provide several public, education, and government channels plus studios and equipment in five areas of the city for community use. But Qube wants to keep its central control over all programming. They will resort to what Hauser calls "organized access," which means that people are invited on Qube shows with Qube production. It's a philosophical difference about public access and its acceptability—Qube says no one will watch it—and Qube is understandably nervous about letting the riffraff too close to all their expensive stuff. So, with Pittsburgh's present insistence on exercising some control itself, Qube's interest has cooled. "We're the Tiffany's of this business,' Hauser stated. "There are a lot of other places we can go."

For their part, cable people in Pittsburgh aren't uniformly excited about Qube, either. Among them is Brother Emenecker, chairman of the subcommittee that drew up Pittsburgh's cable ordinance. "We know our city better than any company does," he says. "Qube says, 'We have this technology that we want to impose here.' But this is Pittsburgh—our neighborhoods, our ethnics, our hills, our winters. I think we know what we need. I don't think we want to be used, and the Qube system has the potential to do that." Emenecker and others on the Pittsburgh committee who've seen Qube in Columbus are also disturbed by how money-intensive it is. "Everything is the best—the best equipment, the most expensive color cameras," one staff member said. "We're looking for lower cost, to make community involvement practical."

There's another cost problem—the cost to the consumer. With its monthly fee plus varying premium charges—up to $3.50 a film—and other services, Qube can be expersive. (Some Columbus customers are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

BEAUTIFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

headquarters in Washington. We think it's disgraceful that Carter has allowed these people to open an office in our nation's capital."

"Why?" I asked. "Because they massacre innocent women and children?"

"No," said Hasslich. "We try to remain totally amoral about those kinds of matters. What the PLO does to innocent women and children is their business, but 'Pretty Boy' Arafat is our business."

"'Pretty Boy' Arafat?" I asked. "Any relation to Yassir?"

"Yassir's who I'm talking about; only we call him 'Pretty Boy.' Buys his clothes at an Army-Navy store while his organization's getting $35 million a year from Saudi Arabia. Don't you think that's peculiar? You think every Palestinian Arab with an engineering degree dresses like a wino going through waste baskets in Pennsylvania Station?

"Has it ever occurred to you," asked Hasslich, "how old Yassir always manages to have a five days' growth of beard?"

"Why . . . no," I replied.

"How come he's never been photographed clean-shaven? How come his face always looks like a Mr. Grass Head that's just sprouted? Well, we've discovered 'Pretty Boy' has his beard trimmed by a Beirut barber *every single day*. Every single day he has it trimmed to the five-day level to propagandize all those Palestinians into thinking their leader's been too busy burning buses to mess with a Trac II and a can of hot lather. Arafat's ugly image is just a cynical pose. He's trying to get the ugly majority on his side, but we ain't buying his game.

"Right now we're working really hard against groups like the Committee on the Present Danger, which is warning of an unprecedented Soviet military buildup around the world, particularly in Western Europe. We're for accepting the inevitability of Russian military superiority, ignoring their violations of the Helsinki accords, and pressing forward with détente. The Soviet Union is unquestionably the ugliest society in the world. But let's face it—most nations' political systems are pretty unattractive. We've got to learn to live with the ugly nations of the world, and there's no better place to start than with the Russkies, because in addition to having a repulsive politico-economic system, the Russian people themselves have all those wens all over their faces and those tacky babushkas. We think if Russian tanks should roll into Western Europe, the United States shouldn't intervene. The world would be a better place if the Russians could do to Germany, France, and Italy what they've done to Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia: make them gray, boring, dull, and uniform. Like we say, 'Ugly people of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but Catherine Deneuve.'

"Domestically, we're against any attempt to discriminate on the basic of esthetics. We've created an ugly citizen's lobby called Ugly Cause to fight against the politics of prettiness. One of Ugly Cause's biggest battles has been against highway beautification. We believe the majority of Americans have no esthetic sense whatsoever, and it's unfair to dictate to ugly people in ugly cars that they have to drive on beautiful roads. We're anti–bottle bill, for example. If the sides of country roads out in the middle of nowhere can't be ugly, what hope is there for our inner cities? We're pro-billboard. We've got *amicus curiae* briefs filed in several states that are trying to regulate the size of commercial signs on highways. A lot of people *like* Holiday Inn signs, you know. Without McDonald's golden arches, America would be just another visually pleasing toy country like Holland or Finland.

"Ugly Cause is fighting discrimination against ugly men and women in employment. Very often, all else being equal, a company will hire someone just because he's better looking than the other guy. We think there ought to be quotas for hiring ugly people. Look—the blacks may have been discriminated against here for 400 years. But *ugly* blacks were getting dumped on by nice-looking blacks back in *Roots* country a thousand years ago. We think affirmative action is called for to redress past discrimination against the ugly. We think personnel officers should have to be blindfolded or conduct all job interviews through a partition, like in a confessional. Same goes for college admissions officers. How many kids with big ears do you see at Harvard? How many kids with bowlegs do you see at Yale? Has anyone ever demonstrated a correlation between attractiveness and intelligence? Look at Michelangelo—one of the greatest artistic geniuses of all time, and he looked like something that came out from under a rock. George Washington had smallpox scars and wooden teeth, but that didn't stop him from freeing us from the yoke of British tyranny. He had a nose like an anteater—just reach into your pocket and take a look at a quarter. How many young Michelangelos are being turned away from our universities today? How many potential fathers of their countries will spend the rest of their lives installing mufflers?

"Ugly Cause has had bills introduced in several states that would ban mirrors in public places. Ugly people don't waste their time admiring themselves. Why should ugly taxpayers have to install mirrors in which the attractive minority can indulge their pathetic narcissistic tendencies?

"We think that extreme ugliness should be a defense in criminal cases. The kind of treatment the ugly get in our society would turn anybody into a recidivist. Parents, teachers, employers—everybody is down

"And you, Emma? Is it good for you, too?"

on you just because your neck happens to be wider than your head, or just because your knuckles touch the floor when you walk. Go to any post office and look at the wanted posters. You see anybody that looks like he stepped out of a liquor ad? It's no wonder that ugly persons are driven to mail fraud! It's no wonder that the unattractive are driven to interstate transportation of stolen securities!

"One of our major thrusts is against the idea that the First Amendment protects the constant promotion of beauty by the nation's press. Every time you open a newspaper, it tells you that such and such a woman is an 'attractive blonde divorcée.' How come we never read about all those *un*attractive blonde divorcées out there? *No one* is ever described as unattractive in the press. If you didn't know better, from reading the papers you'd think that ugly people didn't even exist. And the magazine situation is worse. Look how they've prettified the layouts of *U.S. News and World Report, Newsweek,* and *Time.* By making the newsmagazines pleasing to the eye, they're subliminally communicating the bad idea that beauty is somehow better than sheer ugliness. They're trying to make us believe that their stories are more truthful and authoritative just because they come all wrapped up in pretty typography. And what about the way magazines shamelessly retouch photographs to get rid of moles, warts, and unsightly blemishes? If *McCall's* takes a photo of Rosalynn Carter and airbrushes a pimple off her nose and publishes it as an accurate representation of what she looks like, who bothers to protest? Only us.

"We're not in favor of prior restraint on what the press can publish at this time. That'll come later, when we pass the Ugly Rights Amendment, which covers things like falsely retouching a photograph of a political figure in interstate commerce. But at the very least we favor immediate federal registration of airbrushes. Let's at least know in whose hands these dangerous instruments are, so that if necessary we can confiscate them from art directors who use them to violate the human rights of the truly grotesque. Which brings us to you, handsome."

"To me?" I said. "I'm afraid I don't quite follow you."

"Don't get cute with me, *Penthouse.* What about our non-negotiable demands? Want us to do to *Penthouse* what we did to *Women's Wear Daily*? We insisted they stop writing about "BPs"—the so-called Beautiful People. We told them they better start covering us UPs. Didn't you see our Ugly People sit-in at *Women's Wear*'s offices on John Chancellor? Ninety percent ugliness in your magazine's pictorials from now on, or you're going to have 500 ugly, naked women going limp in *Penthouse*'s photo studio.

I had to think fast. "Hasslich," I said, "I've been deeply affected by what you've told me. I agree with you—the women in *Penthouse*'s photo spreads are much too attractive. Unfortunately, I don't have any control over the pictorials.

"What I can do, though, is go back to my editors and convince them they ought to run a major feature on the National Association for the Advancement of Ugly People. If I do that, can you ask your people to be patient? I'm sure that when my article comes out, the magazine will be simply deluged with letters from readers demanding pictures of women with sagging boobs and stretch marks."

It took a lot of convincing, but at length Hasslich agreed. He made me promise that I'd write the article in as ugly a style as I could muster. He made me promise that the illustration accompanying the article would make no concession to esthetics. Finally, we shook hands on it. I resolved that I would stop at the first gas station I came to and wash my right hand.

Hasslich walked me to the parking lot. He put his arm around my shoulder. I would have to get my jacket cleaned, too.

"I'm glad you're with us, Karpel," said Hasslich.

"The ugly majority is coming out of the closet. Who knows? Maybe someday you'll come out, too. And when you do, we'll be ready. Ugly bars, where the physically unattractive can cruise each other without people with regular features looking down their straight little noses at them. An ugly travel agency, with tours to *real* places—Algiers . . . Birmingham, England . . . Detroit . . . East Saint Louis . . . the Texas Panhandle . . . Port-au-Prince, Haiti . . . Oakland, California . . . Torremolinos. Wouldn't it be better for the attractive minority if more people went to ugly places for their vacations? Then they'd be able to have their unspoiled fishing villages and white-sand beaches all to their vain selves."

Hasslich got into his car. It was a rust-eaten 1955 Nash Metropolitan, maroon on the bottom, chartreuse on top. "Ugliest little car ever made," he explained. "Here, take one of these," he said, handing me a strip of paper, and disappeared into the fumes of the Jersey meadows.

I looked down. In my hand was a large bumper sticker. It read, "Outlaw Cosmetic Surgery."

As I drove back to Manhattan, to my physically attractive hotel, my physically attractive wife, my physically attractive children, my physically attractive friends, the parting words of Brutto Z. Hasslich reverberated in my ears . . .

"When you write of us," he had squawked, "be kind. For without ugliness, how would people be able to appreciate people?"

There had been tears in my eyes. Not from what Hasslich was saying. From his breath.

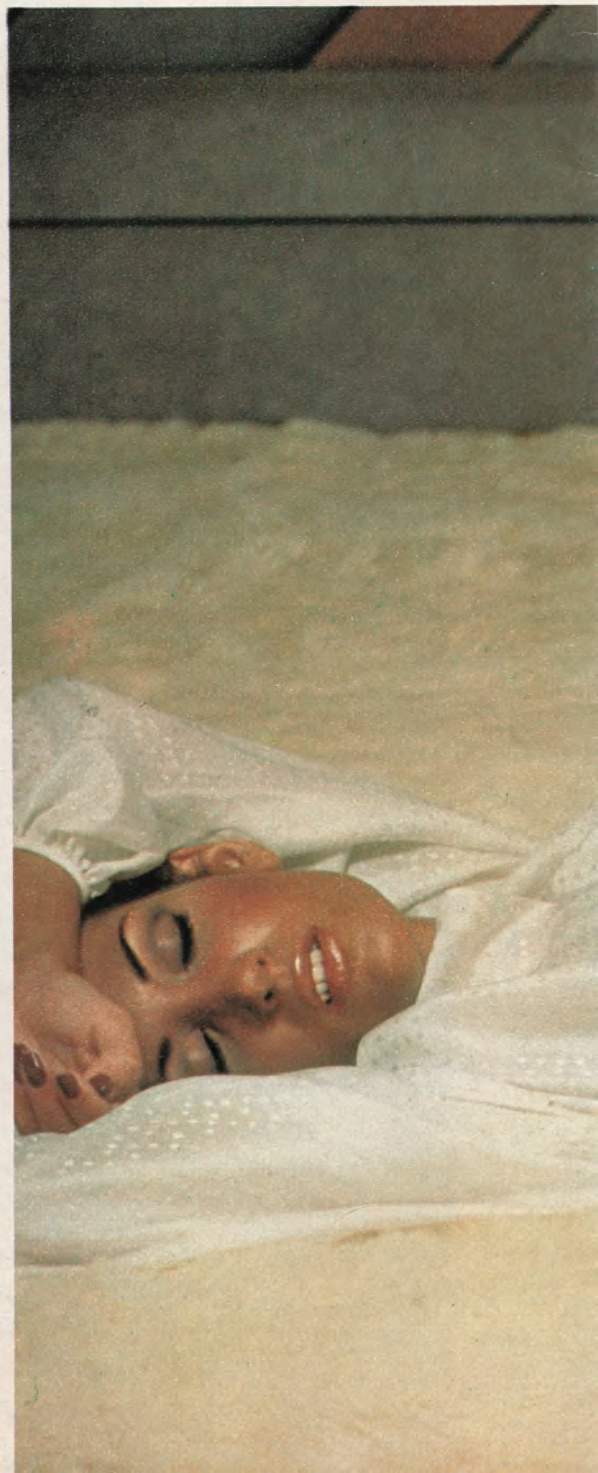
"And remember this, my friend," he had belched, "and remember it well: beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes all the way through." O+

"Don't be ashamed, Mr. Comstock. I know a lot of other millionaires who have caught the clap."

SOL SISTER

The name Solana literally means "sunny spot" in Spanish, our bronzed Brazilian import explains, "and I try to live up to my name by brightening up the lives of everyone I'm close to." Solana, nicknamed "Sol" by her best friend in grammar school, thinks that "roots and long-term stability are for *trees*, not for people! I like to keep on the move and keep growing, both emotionally and physically. To me, love means never having to ask permission. I respect the freedom of any man I'm with, and I insist on the same from him. A lot of supposedly modern men can't handle this, but I fall only for the strong, self-assured type—and he's able to handle just about anything—especially me!" Solana now lives in Albuquerque, where she spends most mornings practicing the old-time jazz tunes she loves on her baby-grand piano or perfecting her finely tuned, 36-23-35-inch body with modern dance classes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI



"I'd much rather break my neck having a good time than strain my neck being bored!"

Her favorite outdoor sport is bareback riding, a passion she acquired when growing up on a Brazilian ranch managed by her father. "It's incredibly exhilarating to take off at a full gallop on a really mean stallion and hold onto his mane for dear life," says our self-confessed Brazil nut. "My parents are worried that bareback riding is dangerous, but I love excitement. I'd rather break my neck having a good time than strain my neck from boredom," she concludes.

"I like to keep on the move. Roots and stability are for trees, *not people!"*

Occasionally, she likes to stop and relax,
of course. "Maybe it's because of my Brazilian heritage
and this sleepy New Mexican culture, but nothing
turns me on more than taking a long siesta with the man I love."
What if she's sleeping alone?

"To me, love means never having to ask permission. I respect the freedom of the man I'm with."

"Then I'll read a good book, listen to records, talk on the phone, find a new way to do my hair—anything. I'm not one of those dependent women who freak out at the thought of a night—or even a week—alone. If I don't find myself interesting, why should anyone else?" We doubt she'll ever have to worry about a man's flagging attentions. Under her sunny influence, who could complain about overexposure?

TUTANKHAMUN

SPORTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

ey, the volume of injuries was lower—because of fewer participants—but almost no one escaped unscathed.

Dr. V. George Nagobads, the team physician for the U.S. national hockey team, the Minnesota Fighting Saints, and the University of Minnesota hockey team, says that 90 percent of all facial "slices" come from hockey sticks. In contrast to football, many people will tell you, hockey injuries are bloody but generally not so serious. Well, says Dr. Nagobads, 20 to 40 percent of all injuries in hockey consist of either brain concussions or damage to the shoulder, knee, or ankle. Shoulder and knee injuries can keep a player out of action for a month or longer, and after three severe brain concussions, he advises a player to hang it up. Comparing amateur and professional teams, Dr. Nagobads said he found almost ten times more injuries among the professionals.

A few years ago the Canadian Ophthalmological Society found that thirty-seven Canadian hockey players had been blinded in one eye by injuries. Of forty-eight injuries to the eye in hockey in Minnesota, *The Physician and Sportsmedicine* reported, seven ended in blindness; in five other cases the retina was detached. The same year there were forty-seven eye injuries among high-school hockey players in Massachusetts and 110 injuries of the eye area.

The Amateur Hockey Association of the United States, supervising 300,000 players, has made protective face masks mandatory. But face masks are still optional for college and professional players, and most often they are not worn.

Almost every team in the National Hockey League today has on its roster at least one "goon," a hockey term for a player whose main talent consists of yanking up shirts and punching fast. If the play is getting too tough, or if one of the smaller, more talented members of the team is being harassed, it is the goon's job to go out there and "protect" his teammate. This player's appearance on the ice is typically greeted by cheers from the fans, and he gets more cheers when he is finally escorted—as is often the case—to the penalty box. The goon squad is an intrinsic part of every team and has become part of the technology of hockey today.

National Basketball Association players politely call violence on their courts "contact." Jim McMillian calls it "part of the game." An article published by *Sport* magazine about Bobby Jones, the six-foot-nine-inch forward then with the Denver Nuggets, spotlighted the striking difference between this gentle giant of basketball and his collegues in the NBA: in basketball today, where the rule is to get away with what you can, Jones is the exception.

Two fist fights in the 1977–78 basketball season came as quantum leaps of violence. In one incident, Kermit Washington, then playing for the Los Angeles Lakers, slugged Kevin Kunnert in a scuffle under the basket. As Washington was being thrown out of the game, Rudy Tomjanavitch, another Houston player, rushed up behind him. Washington wheeled and smashed Tomjanavitch in the face. With millions of television fans watching, Tomjanavitch crashed to the floor, his nose and jaw broken. Larry O'Brien, the commissioner of the National Basketball League, reacted forcefully. He fined Washington $10,000 and suspended him for sixty days; together, the fine and the subsequent loss of pay amounted to a penalty of about $50,000. Only a few months earlier, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the seven-foot-one-and-three-quarter-inch center for the Los Angeles Lakers, had broken his hand punching Kent Benson of the Milwaukee Bucks. Abdul-Jabbar had been fined $5,000. O'Brien's actions left no misunderstanding: the violence had gone too far.

Jim Loscutoff, a professor of physical education at Boston State College and a former member of the Celtics who was known for his rough tactics, says that there was always fighting during his thirteen years in professional basketball and that "there is no way the league can stop the fighting." One difference now, though, he says, is that "the players ain't stopping fights like they used to. It's gotten like hockey," he says. "Everyone stands around and lets the guys fight. And they shouldn't do that. The game is rougher all around today."

Jim McMillian says, "You think twice about going in to break up a fight between two seven-footers. You have to pick the angle, like a lifeguard going in to pick up somebody drowning. You've got to go in behind, or he'll drag you down. And you don't want to hurt yourself." A fight can often be a quirky thing. "You might have got up on the wrong side of the bed," he says. "In most lines of work—say, a business executive—you're not in a position to hit anybody. Now, all season long, you've been getting bumped. And just this one time, a little spark is all that's needed. Maybe it's something you wouldn't otherwise notice, but you just react. You feel bad afterward, but there's nothing you can do afterward. It's just a spur-of-the-moment thing."

Paul Silas of the Seattle SuperSonics, who is the president of the National Basketball Association Players Association, says, "You can't expect players to perform at such a fever pitch in pressure situations—especially in the play-offs, when there's so much contact—and have constant peace."

Even baseball, the once-tranquil summer game, has been infected by the violence. Half a dozen times a season nowadays an irate batter will charge the pitcher after a fastball has come too close to his head. They yell, they glare, and sometimes they punch.

Pete Rose, one of baseball's greatest hitters, says he doesn't think pitchers try to intimidate him. In any case, close pitches "don't bother me," he says. Rose has been hit "probably fifty times" by pitches, but he's never been seriously hurt. Last fall, Dwight Evans, the Boston Red Sox right fielder, wasn't so lucky. He spent two days in a hospital after being knocked out by a fastball from Mike Parrott of Seattle.

There are no modern-day base runners who compare with the great, spike-sharpening Ty Cobb. But many see nothing wrong with slamming their bodies full-force into the defenders of the bases. Such a one is Pete Rose. "I'll try to knock him down," he says, "but I'll do it cleanly. I'm a hard player but not a dirty player. I don't ever slide with the intention of hurting another player. They just know I'm gonna slide in hard, and they know they've got to get out of the way."

Infielders are not without offensive tactics, too. They have the ball in their hands and have been known to "tag" opposing runners with a stiff jab, with varying degrees of damage.

Toward the end of last season, there were several eruptions of temper. In one case, after a close call at first base, four Chicago White Sox players were thrown out of the game for their vociferous protests. In a game between Baltimore and Boston, after Red Sox catcher Carlton Fisk tagged Oriole outfielder Larry Harlow, Dennis Eckersley, the Boston pitcher, pounded Harlow with a double forearm. "I really can't explain what I did," said Eckersley, who had lost five straight games to the Orioles. "It was a reflex action. Everyone collided, and I smoked him."

To compete successfully these days, many athletes in football, hockey, and basketball feel they have to work themselves into a rage before game time. Some players, especially the older ones, find it difficult to free the monster inside them, and they turn to drugs. Amphetamines—speed—are generally their solution.

No one seems to know how widespread drug use is among athletes. Many coaches, trainers, and league officials—the same people who say they can't understand the clamor about violence in football—say there's no drug problem.

But Dr. Arnold Mandell, who ran afoul of the National Football League several years ago when he tried to wean members of the San Diego Chargers from the "speed" they were buying in the street, told *Sports Illustrated* that amphetamines are "the single factor that causes unnecessary violence in pro football today." He wasn't talking about taking one or two capsules of five to fifteen milligrams each. No. A 260-pound linebacker trying to charge himself up may toss down a dozen capsules.

Defensive linemen, according to Dr. Mandell, are most likely to use amphetamines; quarterbacks are the least likely, because the pills affect their timing. Richard Todd, the injured starting quarterback of the Jets, said he didn't know of anybody on his team who used speed. "The trainers don't hand them out," he said. "That's a bunch of shit." "If you want them," he added, "you can find 'em, just like people who are not in football. There's a lot of players that do it. We had guys in school who did it. I've never taken drugs."

Likewise, the Jets' rookie quarterback, Pat Ryan, said he knew "plenty of guys who used them in college. It got 'em really pumping, really fired up, ready to go out and hit somebody."

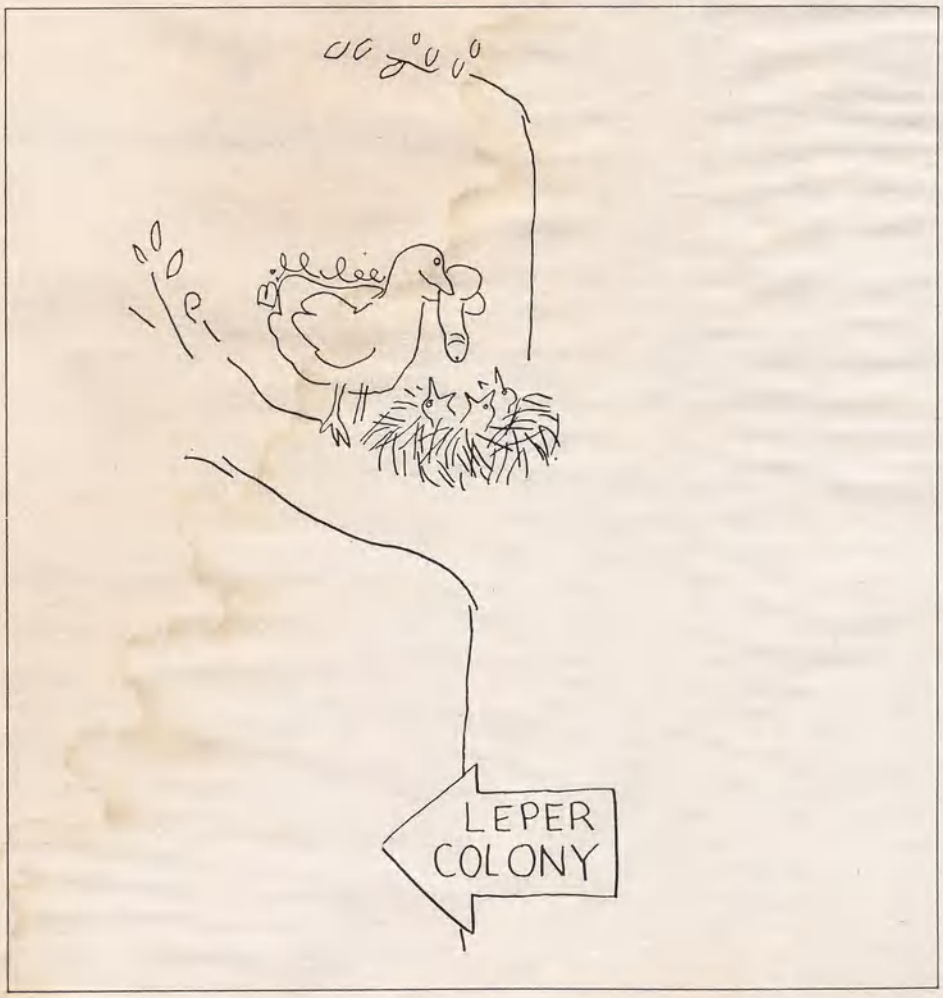
Dr. Donald Cooper, the physician for all of Oklahoma State University's athletic teams, says that some pro football players have told him of using amphetamines and that he thinks—but couldn't prove—that he's seen college players under the influence of speed. He says amphetamines cause "agitated, aggressive, sometimes paranoid behavior."

Dotted across the country—in a university town in the Southwest, a big city on the Coast, a village in New England—are men gravely concerned about the rising violence in sports. A sports-medicine specialist here, a coach there, a trainer somewhere else. They worry about the pain and the agony and the death of the players. And they worry, too, about the possible death of the sports they love. Violence, they say, is hurting the athletes and threatening the very existence of the sports.

For everyone in this camp, though, there are probably a dozen others trying to pretend the violence isn't there, scolding the others to still their voices. When I talked to coaches about violence, they got huffy and tried to get rid of me as quickly as they could. Spokesmen for the National Football League told me they were busy with other matters: call back later. One well-known sport-medicine specialist in New York quarreled with me for asking about violence in football and hockey. "If you want to look at violence in sports," he virtually shouted at me, "look at the violence in tennis, look at the violence in swimming. Diana Nyad trying to swim from Cuba—she was violent to herself. You can't tell me Connors and Nastase's tactics aren't as bad as a linebacker taking a cheap shot."

Those who are digging their heads deepest in the sand are the members of the sports establishment. If change is to come, if the violence that is transforming our arenas is to ease, it is from these men, it seems, that the initiative must come.

"There are no simple solutions to the complex problems of violence in sports," says Dr. Ryan, editor-in-chief of *The Physician and Sportsmedicine* magazine. "It seems quite clear, however, that any control, to be successful, must start with the professional club owners, management, and coaches. They have absolute power over the athletes and can establish and enforce standards of behavior. Their misconceptions as to what is good for their sports, clubs, and athletes are standing in their way of doing this."



TELEVISION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

running up bills in excess of $30 a month.) The question is, Should a cable company be given a monopoly in an area where the people are unlikely to be able to pay for it? Some companies have tried to get out of wiring poor areas altogether. Even Columbus, which has four cable companies in different parts of the city, has not yet successfully wired the predominantly black and poor central area.

One solution offered—seriously, folks—is cable stamps, the equivalent of food stamps for television. (Let them eat images.) But a more practical solution is interconnection—some arrangement among cable companies for a city with more than one channel to swap programming—as Manhattan has, and as Columbus itself is contemplating. Another most practical alternative for areas about to have cable for the first time is the Pittsburgh solution: just one franchise for the whole city, rich and poor sections alike, with requirements for social-service and community-access programming. But a tiered system like Qube, which sets different prices for different programs on its premium channels, presents additional problems.

So it seems unlikely that Pittsburgh is going to have Qube, which is probably more a cause for concern at Warner than Chairman Hauser's mask of serenity might indicate. Pittsburgh was Qube's first big-city opportunity, and Qube is likely to lose it. The rest of the cable industry's own doubts about Qube's viability aren't about to be swept away until Qube gets itself out of Columbus.

But Gus Hauser believes that he has something people will want once they understand Qube, and he believes it will be irresistible. Franchise competition is already fierce, but the top twenty-five markets are open. Even with cassettes and disks, cable is eventually going to happen in these cities and in many more. The question is, Who will wire? Warner is betting that its system will sell—or else it can just sell its Qube system to other companies. Warner hasn't risked a great deal, really. A company that generated a billion dollars of revenue in 1977, Warner could afford to invest the cost of a couple of box office fluffs. Especially when the profit potential is so enormous.

By developing Qube at this moment, Warner also hopes to defeat, or at least survive, competition from the biggest potential specter of all: the Telephone Company. The phone company has the natural system for wiring television, but after a few years of fooling around with doing just that, AT&T was forbidden by FCC regulations from any cable involvement. But the present draft legislation for the new Communications Act allows it to get back in, and with cable much more of a moneymaker now, it may want to.

Meanwhile, back in Columbus, Qube is celebrating its first anniversary and getting down to the business of making the marriage work—that is, becoming profitable.

As the summer ended, John Steinberg threw a party for Vans and Carol Stevenson to give the Qube staffers a chance to celebrate their marriage, even though it was many weeks after their honeymoon. Not everyone was there for the party, though. A few execs who'd been with Qube since before the beginning (*High atop Rockefeller Plaza . . .*) had gone on to other places. Mark Marcovsky was the latest; he went to Disney. And Qube Columbus had just undergone its first mass firing: ten people in programming had been suddenly sacked. It was a little shocking how fast it had happened, but those remaining were philosophical. Sure, they had been in it together from the start, we happy few, etc. But it was bound to happen—changes, shakeups. Qube was entering its second phase. It had all that computer data behind it—everything that had been learned about the interactive—and the new programming chief was evaluating all of it, reviewing the whole package (*. . . and eight months from then, it will all be changed again*). It was always going to be a business anyway. The honeymoon was over for everybody. Besides, who expected to be with Columbus Qube in another year? So when the "Toppled Ten" threw themselves a party that same night, most of the people at Steinberg's went over, and the two parties became one.

> In 1978 there
> were 4,000 communities wired
> with Qube, with
> 13 million subscribers.
> In five years it
> could be bigger than denim.

There had been some tension, too, when Ron Castell seemed to be losing power as Miklos Korodi, Qube's general manager, made his presence more and more felt. Korodi inspired paranoia. There was a story that he discovered a graffito in a stall in a men's john that said, "Qube shits." He was said to have gotten the handwriting analyzed, had it compared with employee samples on file and identified the culprit. The story varies on what the punishment was. Whether the story is true or not is less important than the fact that people at Qube found it plausible.

But there was too much work to do to dwell on politics—new shows to prepare, new concepts to try. Qube was marketing its system beyond the regular Warner cable subscribers for the first time. That's why they fought so hard to broadcast some Ohio State football games, even to the extent of suing ABC Sports, which owned the rights to all the games but only broadcast a few. Qube settled out of court for five games and made them a major selling point for new subscribers. So much for alternative television.

They were also marketing the first of their ancillary services, the security system. In addition to the black Qube box for television, subscribers could get the beige box: a sophisticated, multiservice security, fire, and medical package, with its own emergency power and backup mechanisms. It isn't even ironic that the man who developed the beige box and who demonstrates its formidable powers to guests (including me) is Miklos Korodi.

The Qube presidential office is fully equipped with the security devices, and the demonstration takes place here. Mr. Korodi, wearing a dramatic dark business suit, is a man of smooth and shining surfaces. But his winsomeness is contrived; it is an act that calls attention to itself. He rushes distractedly through his routine, hurries his charm, and acts as if he expects you to be completely overpowered anyway. This act *works*, he seems to say, and, indeed, the technology is truly daunting. But like many people at Qube, he is also vulnerable. He seems really anxious that you like his system as much as he does.

He asks you into the office and shuts the door. You are invited to move. The motion detector picks you up, and alarms sound. He burns some rope under the smoke detector. It beeps tentatively; the computer is double-checking. If the smoke is serious, there are louder noises. Your house can be wired for perimeter defense outside and for internal security. You have a wall decoder to shut off the noise, but there is a double-check system here, too, in case you're being held at gunpoint. It's not easy to fool the computer.

Everything goes through the master computer at Qube headquarters. (No one, not even top executives, get into Master Control without a special coded pass. Visitors are allowed to see it through the windows, which are steel shuttered. The shutters are raised momentarily for the visitor's glimpse of the turquoise wonders, the computers.) Upon being alerted, the master computer sends a printout to police and fire departments with not only your address but also pertinent information about your house, possibly including the number of burglaries or fires in your neighborhood recently—and including data as to whether they were false alarms. You can also alert the computer if you need medical attention, and the hospital will have a printout with your history and special needs to send with the ambulance.

The motion detectors are fascinating. With them, the computer scans the room every six seconds. "I'm even closer to you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

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DOMINO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

themselves through the wheat-colored shag carpeting, away from her body. "I honestly think I could do it now."

Snow's whitish blonde and very tiny personal shag moved downward slowly, approaching the golden-white shag on the floor. As that space diminished between them, Spencer began to squirm on the couch. "Yup," he said again. "I even think I could do it now, without training."

Her blonde-white hair fell forward, hiding her face. She watched, fascinated herself now, Rhamba-Bhuku forgotten for the moment, as the two rugs, small and large, approached juncture, and the soft and subtle swell of her pubis inched down.

Spencer fell with a thump backward off the couch, head near the floor, eyes cocked upward to watch this imperceptible progress. His groin twitched. All thoughts of cash flow were forgotten in the image of grazing animals, soft lips cropping the wheat-colored rug, the fertile field of floor.

Snow put her hands out, away from her body, balancing, and let her heels squinch out to the sides. The lips, to Spence, upside down off the couch, looked hungry, *eager*, opening to munch the heavy tops of wheat. The space narrowed, and A. Spencer Sparling's short, leather-clad body slithered off the vinyl couch and inched, supine, backward toward that narrowing gap. His breath quickened into quick, spasmodic rasps, his eyes rolled as violently upward as the Boston cream pie lady's had. He wanted to intercede, to interpose himself between the small blonde triangle and the floor. "I. Think. I could do. It. Now." The words ground from his larynx like walnuts from a crusher.

"Do what, Spence?" Snow's golden tones were cool and smooth as baby oil. She was thinking that Rhamba-Bhuku was a physical meditation and that she didn't really need to recite the chant. In fact, she was distracted, fascinated by her own control, and continued watching this slow descent of her venereal mountain toward the meadows of carpet. She was not giving Spencer all her attention.

"Have, you know, *more than one!*" Only a few inches remained between groin and ground, and Spencer still had four feet to go.

"More than one what, Spence?" Another inch vanished, devoured by those soft nibbles at the air.

Spencer's own booted heels scrabbled at the rug as desperation propelled him. "Orgasms!" he shouted. "We can make . . . millions . . . if . . . I . . . can do it. Aaargh!" He made a final violent lunge toward that rapidly diminishing opening. He almost made it. The bridge of his nose collided sharply with her pubic bone, however, and she toppled forward onto his leather coat, her pert, round breasts flattened on either side of the line of buttons. Her cheek splashed against the bulge that was throbbing conspicuously in his leather pants.

"My goodness," she said.

"That was a nasty crack," Spencer said, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"Oh, Spence, you have such a mind." She gently unzipped his fly, eased her long, delicate fingers inside, and out he flew, cocked and ready to fire, the Fountain of Youth, as somewhere down in the basement of his pump house the caretaker immediately turned on the spectacular formal fountains of Versailles.

"Wow!" Snow exclaimed. "Do you really think you can?" She rolled her body around and flipped Spencer's still-spouting hose into her firehouse; and with a powerful flick of her Rhamba-Bhuku-conditioned hips, she crossed her ankles between his shoulder blades, forcing his nose down under her arm and into the yellow and white shag carpet, where his squinted eyes could discern every fiber. His own hips continued to twitch, though with rapidly diminishing vigor.

6

"Seven minutes and twenty seconds," he shouted. "Five *male* orgasms, do you hear? Multiple Orgasms for Men is a reality! We're rich, we'll make millions. . . ."

9

"Uh," he grunted. "Huh unh unh." Shag filled his eyes, his nose, his mouth. His toes curled and twitched against her lean calves, and his short, little body drydocked on her long, blonde grace.

"Never mind," she said as she uncorked him, the champagne gone flat. Already she was thinking of something else: the blue light of Dharma-Dhātu.

"Tomorrow." His voice was a shallow pool turning brakish. "Tomorrow, at the lab, we'll get it. We can make millions—I know it."

"Whatever you say, Spence," Snow said. She leaned over to grasp her ankles once more. "Rhamba-Bhuku," she breathed, in through the nose, out through the mouth. "Rhamba-Bkuku . . . "

The next day Spencer made everyone wet his or her pants, curl into a fetal ball, leap to one's feet, touch toes, abase and exalt, shout and snigger, turn inward and outward, be a flaming asshole and a snot-filled buttbrain, drop cares and carry loads, shuck defenses—until, by the almighty folding green, they were all damn well enlightened.

Spencer was in a bad mood.

He couldn't do it.

Only one lousy orgasm.

He couldn't do it. He wanted to; he was impatient for tonight and the training. Millions depended on it; this could be the Big One.

"You are all SUMUS," he shouted. You belong to a special, select—I might even say *elite*—group, because you have been through Sparling Unified Meditation. Bullshit has no power over you any longer. You will never be at the mercy of bullshit again. Because nothing is real. *Everything* is bullshit, which means that *nothing* is bullshit. Except one thing: ME. I AM. SUM. So let's hear everyone of you say it: SUM. I AM. Shout it out loud!"

"SUM! I AM!" they all shouted, even the Boston cream pie lady, who had recovered from her faint of yesterday. None of them realized that Spencer was handing out his own particular brand of bullshit. But then, no one ever did. Well, almost no one.

Many of them would be back for the postgraduate courses. That thought made Spencer feel a little better, so that by the time he and Snow arrived at the laboratory he was almost jaunty once more, his enormous self-confidence returned. The green-and-gold flag of universal currency was snapping briskly in the breeze, his personal guidon and banner.

"Okay," he said, rubbing his palms together. "Let's do it."

The technician daubed him with spots of conductive gel and wired him up. As Spencer had imagined, the fresh white paper waited, fan-folded in a pile. The pens were inked, and small lights winked on the panels. LED readouts monitored the status of his glands and muscles.

The technician ran some tests, paper shot under the pens, and wiggly lines inked onto the paper; EEG, electromyograph, hormone levels. Green light painted runes on the oscilloscope screens.

"Working fine, Mr. Sparling. Ready to go."

"Let me hear that tone again so I'll know."

"Sure——" The technician adjusted a rheostat, and a pure middle-C, 128-cycle tone pulsed through the room.

"Right," Spence said. "Okay, Snow baby, lets get it on!"

Snow, naked on the bed, was reading a back issue of *Psychology Today*. She looked up as Spencer, also naked, trailing wires from forehead, navel, buttocks, and the base of his rigid member, trotted toward her. She yawned and put the magazine aside. "All in the interest of science, eh, Spence?" she said, and gave her fine, pale hair a shake that sent it cascading around her face, a swift wind over late wheat.

"And in the interests of money, Snow baby—science and money. That's where it's at." He bobbed toward her, swinging his small but shapely erection from side to side, trailing wires.

Snow's hand reached out and captured it, stopped the swinging, closed warmly around the length, and tugged gently, easing Spencer's short, neat form on top of her

languid, svelte, and graceful one.

The machines started up again, the paper rolled smoothly beneath the pens, tracing out the graph of Spencer's achievement. Paper poured from the end and piled on the floor, the twelve squiggly lines inking darkly across it. The needles all took a sudden jump as Snow eased Spence into her and he began his steady thrusting, staring over her shoulder at the digital clock on the control panel, at the green cathode ray tube tracing every deep plunge, every liquid response, every fractional contraction.

Snow, gazing at the ceiling, was thinking over the article in *Psychology Today*, "The Masochist's Way to Mental Health." Of course, for someone as SUMmated as herself, it wasn't necessary information, but the article was certainly interesting.

Dimly she was aware of Spencer's steady ins and outs, his breath puffing into her delicately whorled ear, his glinting eyes reflecting the red LED numbers as they whizzed the seconds by.

That dimness throbbed, in and out of clarity, brightened into an answering warmth in her groin and then a rashlike flush on the insides of her thighs as she began to work back and forth in response. Images of leather collars, wolves loping through the night, African snake massage, Formica doodads, Thanksgiving turkey, floated across the ceiling.

Then she forgot about *Psychology Today* A balloon filled with warm milk exploded in her lower abdomen as Spencer's breath rasped in her ear. She was getting really interested now.

Middle C began to beep in the background. Beep, beep, beep. Must be Spence's orgasm, dammit!

"That's one!" he shouted, increasing, to Snow's relief, the tempo of his movements.

Beep, beep, beep, 128 cycles per second, pure sound. Thump, thump, his pelvis bumped against hers. I am, it said. I am. I am. Waves of hot milk roiled up and down her delicately boned spine. "My . . . goodness!" she gasped demurely, eyes closed, almost there.

"Two!" he shouted, startling her. There was no break in his rhythm or in the beeping middle C. "Three! . . . Four! . . . Five!"

He jumped to his feet, dripping and drooping at once, and jogged back to the console where the technician was pulling the heaps of paper from the floor, tracing the peaks of the graph with his blunt forefinger. Spencer trailed wires and spent fluids behind him.

"Seven minutes and twenty seconds," he shouted, pointing at the digital clock, halted in place. "And three-tenths. Five orgasms! Five *male* orgasms, do you hear?" He was shouting into the technician's ear. "Multiple Orgasms for Men is a reality! MOM has arrived! We're rich, we'll make millions, I'll get the Nobel Prize!"

"Spence," Snow called plaintively to him the fine arch of her groin thrusting futilely at the empty air. "Spence, I'm not finished yet."

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THE SPY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

inside the agency was leaking material to the Soviet KGB—in some cases directly off the CIA computer (see "KGB in New York," *Penthouse*, August 1978)—the search for a mole intensified. CIA Director Turner ordered a secret investigation into the handling of defectors. Former Ottawa Station Chief Cleveland Cram was brought out of retirement in order to question the counterintelligence staff.

Just how much damage a mole could do in the agency can be judged only by the remarkable capabilities of one primary Soviet intelligence target—the KH-11. The sensor-camera satellite system is capable not only of photographing a golf ball at more than 100 miles but also of intercepting Soviet radio communications. Even while the CIA was picturing Paisley as a small-time bureaucrat, the National Security Agency requested that the FBI and Defense Department conduct an "immediate" probe of Paisley's possible connection to any missing documents relating to KH-11 and its predecessors. (According to Paisley's own biographic sketch, prepared the month before he disappeared, Paisley had been assigned to the National Security Agency by the CIA for two years.)

As a result of the investigation touched off by the Kampiles affair, sixteen manuals were discovered missing, including the one Kampiles was convicted of stealing for the KGB.

The FBI soon learned that more than 100 of the most basic and important technical documents detailing the KH-11 system and its planned successors were no longer in the CIA files or were unaccounted for. To make matters worse, the Department of Defense learned of this, not from CIA Director Turner, but from the National Security Agency, which informed Brown that it was operating on the assumption that the KH-11 system had been breached and thus "lost."

While the intelligence community began the agonizing search into the meaning of Paisley's disappearance to the national security, more curious facts were emerging about this faceless bureaucrat whom the agency had tried to pawn off as so unimportant. It was learned that Paisley shared his Washington apartment house with eleven employees of the Russian embassy. He had lived on the eighth floor, where eight of the Russians also had apartments. According to former CIA counterintelligence head Angleton, between "40 percent and 60 percent of all Soviet embassy employees are operatives for the KGB."

When confronted with Paisley's curious living arrangements, a CIA spokesman said, "We take no special interest in where our people live."

Penthouse learned that Paisley was among the hundred highest-ranking employees in the CIA. He had access to all major computer codes for Octopus—the CIA's nickname for its computer system. He had personally set up an early computer model that would quantify the Soviet military threat by means of its electronic brain. "Paisley was cleared for everything," a former CIA deputy director told *Penthouse*.

Paisley's biographic sketch told of his work on several national-intelligence estimates and continued: "This has involved him intimately in the continuing intelligence assessments of Soviet military priorities and goals and the particular choices of weapons, forces, and strategies through which the Soviet Union seeks to achieve its objectives."

This knowledge of both American and Russian secrets, combined with several aspects of Paisley's background, has investigators wondering whether the mole may not have been the master of the *Brillig*.

The man who was fingerprinted by the FBI in 1940 and identified as "Jack Paisley" was recruited into the Merchant Marine in 1941 as the United States prepared for war. Paisley served out the first two years of his Merchant Marine stint as a radio operator on runs between Great Britain and the United States. In the Merchant Marine Paisley obtained Federal Communications Commission radio and radio telephone licenses and a commission as lieutenant senior grade with the U.S. Maritime Service.

Coinciding with a U.S. aid buildup in Murmansk in the Soviet Union, Paisley was recruited into Col. "Wild Bill" Donovan's Office of Strategic Services, keeping his radio operator cover. Paisley spent two long winters in Murmansk, learning to speak fluent Russian and getting acquainted with the Soviet bureaucracy.

In 1948–49, Paisley served in the Middle East as a radio operator, working under United Nations cover. His résumé, obtained by *Penthouse*, says that he worked in the Ralph Bunch Mediation Mission to Palestine. A possible coincidence, which is called "tantalizing" by one CIA source, is that James Angleton obtained the coveted Israeli "desk," or account, in the CIA because of his work for the CIA in the struggling country in 1948. Despite the proximity of Angleton and Paisley at that time, the CIA denies that Paisley ever worked for Angleton, and Angleton himself refuses all comment on the subject of Paisley.

Paisley's assignments were varied. In 1970 he was sent by the CIA to the Newbury Air Station, fifteen miles northwest of London, to oversee reconnaissance flights. He also continued his educational career. In 1963 he completed his master's degree with an analysis of the Soviet electronics industry.

From 1953 until the time of his retirement in 1974, Paisley served brilliantly in a variety of important technical assignments with the agency. These included not only his work in the spy satellite program but also predictions of Soviet military capability. More important, Paisley's role as the

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deputy director for strategic research gave him access to a cornucopia of secret information and contact with a series of very important Soviet defectors.

Paisley was admirably suited to deal with Soviet defectors on matters of scientific and military activity in Russia. His fluency in Russian was enhanced by an ability to sight-read technical Russian skillfully. Again, it must be stressed that these assets did not correspond to the picture of a small-time clerk that Hetu attempted to paint.

On the surface, Paisley's personal life appeared normal to the point of being pedestrian. He had been married more than a quarter of a century. He and Maryann had two children. They seemed a most typical civil-servant couple.

As Paisley approached retirement in 1974, the faceless bureaucrat with the average family did something out of character. According to an investigator employed by Mrs. Paisley's attorney, Bernard Fensterwald, Paisley and his wife left on a cruise to the Caribbean aboard the *Brillig*.

The timing of Paisley's sailing trip coincided with the most important questioning of defector Nosenko. The Paisleys were in locations that, CIA sources told *Penthouse*, matched the whereabouts of Nosenko during his isolation period. For example, Paisley and his wife anchored the *Brillig* for brief spells at the Mason Marina in Wilmington, N. C., at the same time that, *Penthouse* sources say, Nosenko was in Wilmington. More important, Maryann Paisley went to work for the CIA during Paisley's last full year at the agency (1973). Although the CIA claims that she worked on the "white" side as a one-year contract employee, CIA sources told *Penthouse* that Mrs. Paisley worked at what was known as "the Farm" at Camp Peary, Va.

According to these sources, Nosenko was kept at Camp Peary in a special isolation area off limits to all but agency employees cleared to deal with important defectors.

Paisley, supposedly retired, was unusually available to the United States Senate during this same time period. *Penthouse* has learned, through sources on the Senate Intelligence Committee, that Paisley was questioned several times by Senate committees about CIA estimates of Soviet military strength.

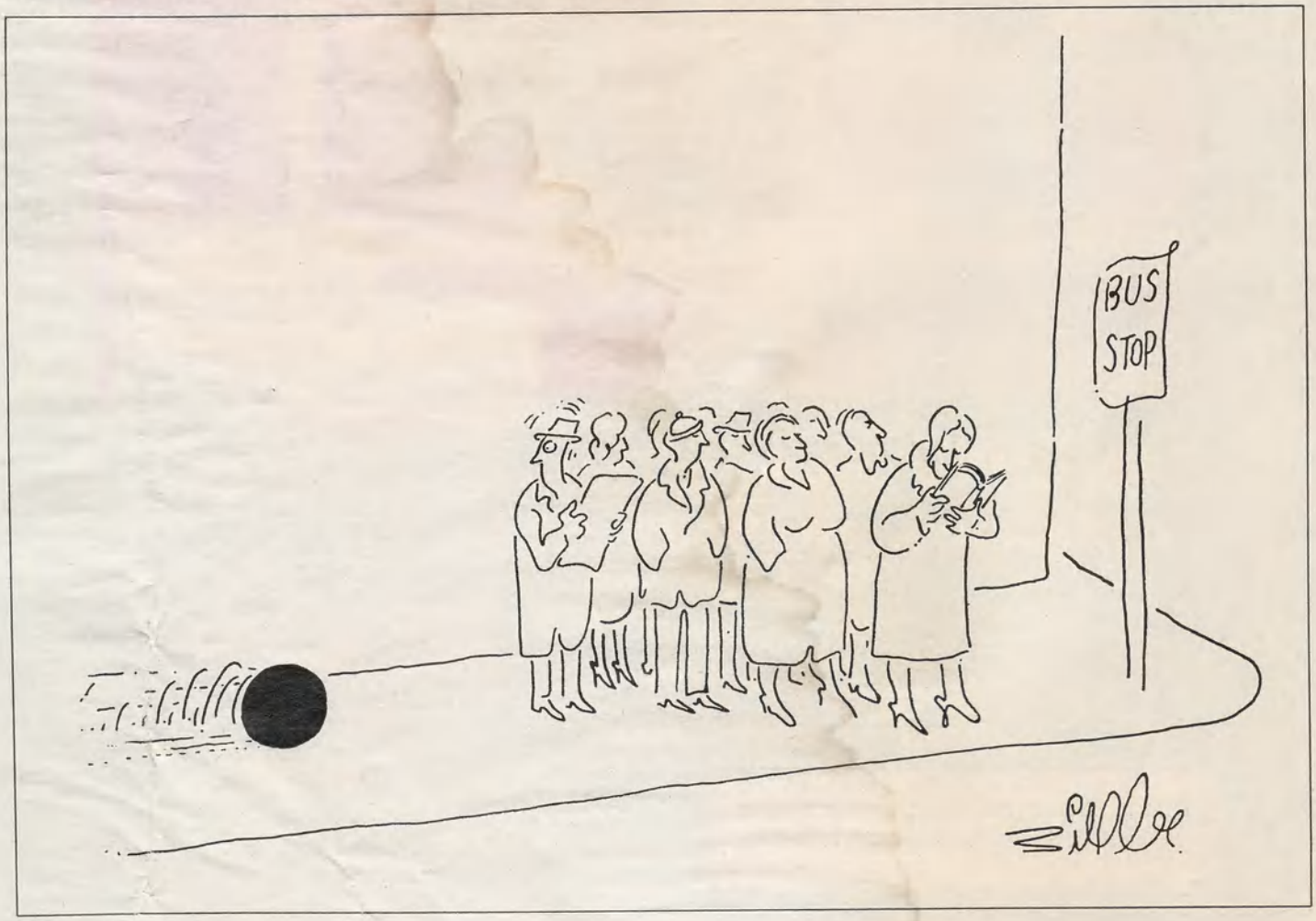
In a top-secret report Paisley prepared for the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1970, which has been seen by *Penthouse*, Paisley warned that the Soviet Union's gaining a foothold in Chile under the régime of the late Marxist president Salvador Allende was "more significant than the loss of Singapore in World War II." In addition, he prepared special memoranda for the CIA on intercepting Soviet-Chilean communications, thus drawing on not only his fluency in Russian but also his communications expertise and his fluency in Spanish.

Penthouse has learned that the Coast Guard's description of the radio equipment on the *Brillig* matches the description of highly sophisticated equipment used to transmit and intercept communications by National Security Agency and CIA operatives. Sources at the FBI involved in the Paisley investigation told *Penthouse* that the radio equipment "may have been capable of intercepting CIA communications while at sea."

Included in the *Brillig*'s equipment (which was removed by Paisley's friend William Norman Wilson) were special devices that sent burst transmissions and a high-speed telegraph key. These devices formerly were given to CIA field agents in order to avoid detection while they sent and received coded messages. More important, in the suitcase were a number of telephone-line intercept devices that would have allowed Paisley to tap the CIA computer for information.

According to highly reliable and well-placed CIA sources, Paisley would have had a rather simple task in removing the material collected by the KH-11 system from the CIA's Octopus computer. Using the sophisticated short-wave radio equipment, Paisley could make a phone patch and couple the CIA computer into any other computer he had access to and empty out the CIA's secrets in minutes.

For example, the digital codes the KH-11 sends back are stored not only in National



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Security Agency computers but also in Octopus. Paisley could have transmitted these digital codes to locations where they could be reconstructed into photographs by computer.

If the Soviets were privy to the readouts from the KH-11, sources in the Defense Department and the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence say, the Russians could learn to bypass the system.

The CIA's statement that Paisley did not have access to vital information was refuted by Prof. Richard E. Pipes, a Kremlinologist at Harvard University, and Spencer Davis, the spokesman for the Senate Intelligence Committee. They reported that Paisley was the "coordinator" for a supersecret project started by CIA Director George Bush in 1976.

Bush wanted better and more realistic assessments of Soviet military capability. He believed that the in-house staff of the CIA had become complacent about Soviet strategic power and had decided to bring in outside experts and give them access to the major secrets regarding not only Soviet strength but that of the United States as well.

Bush named Professor Pipes to head the project. Paisley was picked as coordinator between the CIA group, called for purposes of the experiment the "A team," and the Harvard professor's outside group, called the "B team."

The B team, chaired by Pipes, was supplied the secrets that it needed by Paisley, who coordinated all activities with the agency. Pipes called the CIA's downplaying of Paisley's role as "just silly. He knew a tremendous amount. He had to in order to do his job."

Though a CIA spokesman had said that Paisley was working on a "historical study that was not classified" on the *Brillig* before he died, FBI sources told *Penthouse* that the only reason the document, an updated report of the B team's assessment, was not classified was that "he simply hadn't turned it in yet."

The B team hadn't endeared itself to the CIA staff with its top-secret report. Senate Intelligence Committee spokesman Spencer Davis described the report by saying, "In short, they said that the CIA had underestimated the Russian military threat to the United States."

The CIA may have won its battle with the press to sell the suicide of John A. Paisley, but many in the Defense Department, the FBI, and the Senate were not so easily convinced. Little coincidences, when matched against the cadence of CIA lies, echo as investigators try to figure out whether there was any significance to Michael and Gretchen Yohn's living next door to Edwin Moore, who was convicted of espionage in 1977 for attempting to sell the Soviet Union stolen CIA secret documents.

Investigators wonder, too, who volunteered the information to police that Paisley had bought his second diving belt at a Washington diving shop that is part of a chain that handles large orders for agency operations.

Also being questioned is the death, under similar circumstances, of Yale University Prof. Richard I. Wolfgang in 1971. He, too, was consulting for the agency and Defense Department before he supposedly "committed suicide" after taking his sloop out for a sail.

CIA intelligence, according to Senate sources, shows that only recently the KGB decided that it needed better technical information concerning the United States and needed it fast. Perhaps in those friendly wartime days in Murmansk, a relationship was established with the Russians that explains what happened to John Paisley while he was on the water he so enjoyed.

The lies and unexplained questions about Paisley's disappearance finally convinced his widow to ask Fensterwald to represent her "in order to find out what the hell happened to my husband." Fensterwald had been a next-door neighbor to the Paisley's when the couple was first married.

From the CIA's viewpoint, Bernard Fensterwald could not have been a worse choice. "Bud," as his friends call him, has been a veteran State Department and Senate investigator and has long been one of the strongest advocates for reopening the King and Kennedy assassination probes.

According to Kennard Smith, Mrs. Paisley's reasons for asking Fensterwald to take the case were to "find out what went on. She doesn't understand why the CIA has lied about her husband and downplayed his role, but, more important, she doesn't think he is dead." Mrs. Paisley never saw the body. Friends and CIA officials who had helped arrange for a cremation at the Colonial Funeral Home in Virginia urged her to have the body disposed of quickly.

Maryann Paisley is not alone. The *Washington Star* newsroom received a phone call after the publication of news that the body was identified as Paisley's. The caller, speaking in a gruff male voice, simply said, "Paisley isn't his real name, and he's still alive." The *Star* reporter on the case, Michael Davis, discounted the call as coming from a crank.

At present there is no final answer to the mystery of John Arthur Paisley's life and his strange disappearance or possible death. However, there is a growing fear among members of America's intelligence community that John Arthur Paisley has "gone home" and will reappear in Moscow at this year's annual May Day parade in Red Square. Only one thing is certain: John Paisley has not been forgotten by those who wonder what national secrets went with him.

(This article was prepared with the assistance of Richard Sandza of the Wilmington News Journal *papers.)*

". . . and to my wife, who was always complaining that she had nothing to wear . . ."

THE LESBIAN EXPERIENCE

A major new book on human sexuality, *The Gay Report*, tells in women's own words how they make love with other women.

BY KARLA JAY AND ALLEN YOUNG

*Our society's changing attitudes toward sex have been mirrored by a spate of recently published books about human sexuality. Most of these books have been written by the professionals, and usually they make the discussion of sex both boring and sterile. The restraints of scientific writing and objectivity demand a clean and wholesome approach to empirical research, which no doubt has its uses. But a new genre of sex study book has recently appeared as well. It is the study of sexual behavior by nonprofessionals, and I think that it's a wonderful idea. Nancy Friday (*My Secret Garden*) and Sheri Hite (*The Hite Report*) did some of the ground-breaking work. Ms. Friday reproduced the private sexual fantasies of women, and so effective is the book that many of us psychologists use it in the treatment of anorgasmic women.* The Hite Report *was a best-seller precisely because it was not sterile and objective. It reflected the feelings and anxieties of many women and thereby gave support and strength to others who had previously felt alone. This is a powerful therapeutic book in a society that has hidden information about sexuality from its members.*

The Gay Report, *by Karla Jay and Alan Young, is the first "people study" on the subject of homosexuality. It covers the lives of both men and women. Although small attempts have been made before to publish this kind of material—some of it very good—this is the first comprehensive venture to publish the life experience of gay people, to read their actual words, not have them reduced to numbers on a chart or a professional's standard deviation.*

Reading The Gay Report *may make gay life more intelligible to the parent, friend, or spouse of a homosexual or lesbian. In turn, they may learn that the traditional distinctions between homosexual and heterosexual are arbitrary and have little to do with the actual lives of people in their search for love.—Dr. Charles Silverstein*

Lesbians are often asked with great curiosity or even hostility, "What do you people do, anyway?" The implication of the question is that lesbians cannot function without a penis. In the past, some of this phallocentricity was based on the myth of the vaginal orgasm—that is, that the "real" orgasm occurred in the vagina. The other orgasm, the "clitoral orgasm," was a sign of

From the forthcoming book, *The Gay Report* (Summit Books).

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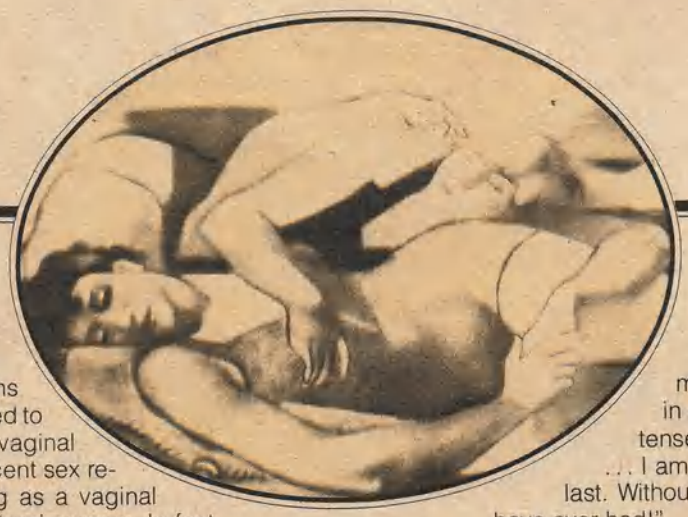

"immaturity," according to Freud and other male psychologists who obviously had a vested interest in seeing their own penises as the focus of "true" adult sexuality. Lesbians were thus women who had "failed to develop" from the clitoral to the vaginal orgasm. According to more recent sex research, there is no such thing as a vaginal orgasm as distinct from the clitoral orgasm. In fact, the vagina has few nerve endings, and most sexual nerves are centered in the clitoris.

Lesbians have long been aware that the clitoris is the center of the female sexual universe, and lesbian sexuality focuses on the clitoris. As a result, perhaps, lesbians have a much higher rate of orgasm than do their heterosexual counterparts, and achieving orgasm is an important part of sexual contact for lesbians.

Manual Stimulation

Lesbians use a variety of techniques for sexual satisfaction, including manual stimulation, tribadism, and cunnilingus. It is difficult to categorize pleasing sexual experiences by specific acts, since it seems that most lesbians engage in combinations of them. For the most part, however, manual stimulation—despite the emphasis in lesbian sex manuals on oral sex—is still the most popular method of achieving orgasm during sex.

The most popular method of mutual masturbation involves stimulation of the clitoris or clitoral area only. Vaginal stimulation is less prevalent, and anal stimulation is practiced regularly only by a minority. Here are some sexual experiences in which manual stimulation is the *main* method for achieving orgasm, which almost all the respondents *can* achieve with some form of manual stimulation.

"We generally begin by holding each other, snuggling, kissing, gently caressing each other all over our bodies. Then, lying together head to head, she begins to touch my entire vulva (she likes to make love to me first because she says it helps her get turned on), gradually concentrating more and more on my clitoris. As I become more and more excited, she moves to the entrance of my vagina, which is quite wet by then. Using the moisture there as something of a massaging cream, she caresses the area between my clitoris and vagina, gently at first and then with progressively more pressure. Meanwhile, she may be kissing my neck, sucking my nipples, or just lying still beside me, rocking her body in response to my movements. In order to orgasm, I have pretty specific requirements, which I have easily communicated to her by moving her hand or by my words, to the point where she now knows what will do it with very little help from me. She must continue a rhythmic stroking of the area around my clitoris and between my clitoris (not touching it directly, as it is too sensitive at this point to tolerate direct contact) and vagina (not entering my vagina at all at this point)—slowly, without changing the movements of her fingers, and with a *gentle* pressure. At the point of orgasm (generally about twenty to thirty minutes after beginning) the pressure of her fingers becomes much harder, and she enters my vagina with one or more fingers quite forcefully. She continues massaging the entire area of my clitoris, vagina, and labia with strong pressure throughout my orgasm, which often lasts as long as several minutes with ebbing intensity. She may continue gently stroking even after my orgasm is over as I lie still and enjoy the slow contractions of my vulva. The orgasms I have had in our lovemaking are the most intense and lengthiest of my entire life. . . . I am often amazed at how long they last. Without a doubt, this is the best sex I have ever had!"

"It was a chilly, spring evening; the only light was from a gas heater which made the small, cabinlike room rosy and warm. My lover and I were lying on the sagging double bed, fully clothed, holding each other casually, thinking about nothing, not talking. Suddenly the embrace became very close, and she began kissing me very gently on the neck and face. She was above me and began kissing me deeply. I could feel her whole body tensing with desire. I responded by holding her very tightly and raising and separating my legs so that one of her thighs was pressed against my sex and my leg was against her sex. She became very forceful—kissing roughly and taking my clothes off at the same time. I began undressing her. It was graceful, somehow. We were naked, and she was still above me, kissing and nibbling at my breasts. I was running my fingernails along her back and kissing her hair and shoulders and neck. We were both very aroused , and she rolled over on her side. She thrust her fingers into my vagina, and I reached hers. It got all complicated, with legs over shoulders and kisses along every available area and ups and downs. I was biting and sucking, and so was she. I reached orgasm (a good, strong one) from her hand in my vagina and clitoris, and she did, too. It was really like having transcended the mechanics of sex—real passion, lust, as opposed to kindness or mild pleasure. Afterward, we held each other very closely for a long time, and she said, 'It looks like we can make it for another year, doesn't it?' Somehow desire had become the vow of love."

"My experience began when we were walking on campus, where touching is not common between women, and we began touching. Everything was very subtle, and we pretended not to look at each other! I started squeezing her ass a little, and she rubbed my thighs with her hand. We went to the car and drove home. An exciting part of this was that we both had classes in an hour. (It didn't work—it took three!) My room was outside the campus, and as soon as we got in the gate, I started taking off my shirt. The sun was hot, and my hair felt good on my back as I heard Teri say, 'Mmmm, woman.' I started taking off my pants when I got to my bed, and she pulled them off me, rubbing her naked breasts against my back. I hadn't seen her take off her shirt, and it was a pleasant surprise. I drew in my breath with a gasp and turned to meet her. She smiled slightly and nuzzled my neck, working her way down to my breasts, which she rubbed and sucked. I felt a rush all up and down my body and a feeling in my stomach like the kind you get on a roller coaster. My cunt was hot, and I could feel its wetness on my thighs. I held her head in my hands and kissed her neck, softly, then more strongly with passion. I pulled away from her as a tease and lay down on the bed on my back with my legs spread apart.

"Her reaction is always important to me, adding to my excitement. Sometimes she will smile coyly and tease me with her

fingers on my belly. This time she drew her head back and moaned as if she couldn't wait to eat me. I could feel her cunt was hot as she knelt on the bed, straddling my legs. She was wet, and moved slightly back and forth so her cunt was rubbing against my knees. She started stroking my breasts with her hands slowly and then bent down so that her breasts would rub on my belly, soft as kitten fur. We were smiling at each other, and every time I thought of how much I loved her, my body would ripple with a physical rush of feeling, tingling strongly. She said, 'I love you,' and lay her full length on top of me, her leg between mine, and kissed me slowly and tenderly. We started moving rhythmically and with our tongues make an imitation of tonguing each other's clitorises, teasing in and out, building subtly in force until our tongues were deep inside each other's mouths, pushing strongly as we do at the end of cunnilingus, when one of us is about to come.

"I slipped my hand down Teri's back, and we kissed, circling until I was squeezing her ass. Then, as we broke away from our kiss, she lifted her pelvis, and I slipped my hand under until I reached her vagina. I like to have different 'techniques' or stages blend and overlap so that it's all very fluid. Teri wasn't really expecting my finger on her vagina entrance and was still reacting to the kiss. She smiled, and then closed her eyes and moaned deeply and loudly as I thrust my middle finger into her as far as it would go. She laughed, surprised. She rolled around a little, straddling my thigh as she felt the 'contractions' that follow orgasm, and started sliding down me until her face was at my cunt. She pulled my cunt hair nearest my clit with her teeth, and I felt the heat of her breath warm my cunt, heat my whole body. I was moving back and forth, waiting for her tongue on me. She darted in little movements with her tongue on my clit until I begged her to 'eat' me, which she did marvelously."

Cunnilingus

Cunnilingus, also known as "oral sex," "eating" or "eating out," and "going down," as well as other terms, is the second most prevalent form of sex between two lesbians.

Even though oral sex is a bit less popular than manual stimulation, still a large majority (70–72 percent, according to our research) give or receive oral sex on a frequent basis. Also, a large majority of lesbians (71–74 percent) are able to achieve orgasm in this fashion most of the time. Stimultaneous oral sex is neither as frequent nor as popular as nonsimultaneous oral sex, maybe because it results in orgasm for only 22 percent on a frequent basis. Many women stated that simultaneous oral sex is confusing. In any case, here are some sexual experiences in which oral sex is the primary method for achieving orgasm.

"We started off drinking wine together and talking. We hadn't seen each other for a week; so there was a lot to say. We were sitting on her bed, and as we ran out of things to say, we began kissing and hugging, long, deep kisses, stroking each other's clothed bodies with our hands, and pressing together, my thigh rubbing gently around her clitoral area. We got more and more excited and reached under each other's clothes and quickly took them all off.

"I felt warm and calm for a moment as we hugged and felt two excited bodies coming together, skin to skin. We kissed more and stroked each other's backs, buttocks, legs; we kissed each other's necks and shoulders, and our hands were playing around the buttocks and thighs. We each moved our legs apart and were fingering each other's vulva playfully, reaching for the clitoris. I moved on top of her, my leg rubbing roughly against her vulva, and she lifted her leg a little so that she could rub against me as I moved forward and back. All this time we were kissing, deep soul kisses, and I was licking her ear or sucking the skin on her neck and shoulders. I stroked her strongly with my hand, from her leg all the way up her front.

"After a while I came off her and used my fingers to stimulate her more. Her vulva was wet then, and I let my fingers run around in it, feeling a slight stinging where I had cut myself. I found her clitoris and flicked my fingers over it, while kissing her breasts, sucking her nipples, sinking my face into her stomach. I kissed her pubic hair and the tops of her thighs, playing around with my tongue, and gradually approached her vulva. I licked her lips and slowly licked her clitoris. She gave a little jerk; so I knew I'd arrived. Slowly, I moved my tongue around, getting used to the warm, wet feel and the taste of her. I began to quicken my tongue, giving varied, short strokes instead of long, straight ones. My favorite is to flick it from side to side very quickly. Now my fingers were exploring, too, finding her vagina and entering her, moving around inside, feeling the tip of her cervix and the walls of the vagina. She was responding, moving her pelvis round and round as my tongue went back and forth and my fingers went in and out. With each thrust I felt her anus, and my little finger entered her gently there. As she got nearer to orgasm, I took my fingers out and buried my face in her vulva, all wet and sticky, and moved with her, holding onto her legs (none of the rest of me was in contact with her body) and licking and sucking all over. We were both moving strong and fast; my tongue went into her vagina, then back to her clitoris, then back again to the vagina, and I didn't let up until she came. Then all was quiet, and I kissed her clitoris and her lips and her buttocks and thighs all over many times. At length I rested my head on her stomach and lay still."

"I'm in the large, light-green tile shower at my lover's house. It's summer in Hollywood. There's a thick breeze through palm trees postcard-framed by the bathroom window. It's morning, and I'm up before she is, feeling content. At the beginning of my second chorus of 'Your Cheatin' Heart,' she opens the shower door, her long, black hair wound up in a towel on top of her head, howling along with me (she is tone-deaf and not ashamed of it). She steps in with an offer to soap my back, which she proceeds to do, slowly and with her hands. I gently back her up against the shower wall, and we rub our slick bodies together. I get my hands soapy and pass them firmly up and down her thighs and between her legs.

"We continue, with variations in kissing until the hot water runs out. We turn the water off, and I reel back around facing her and take one of her breasts in my mouth as my hands press her to me. I kneel and slide one hand up inside her thigh to her vaginal area, which I caress, and then find her clitoris by gentle

exploration with my tongue. I do that for a while. It gets cold there in the shower; so we get out and dry each other off. As I sit on the edge of the bathtub, she unexpectedly kneels on the rug and quickly brings me to orgasm with her tongue."

"I usually like to stimulate my lover's genitals with light strokes, staying on her clitoris a bit longer than on the other areas. I kiss her genitals as if I were kissing her face, and then I use a sucking motion all over. As I concentrate on stimulating her clitoris and she reaches for my hair, I become as stimulated as if she were going down on me. Many times, when she is performing cunnilingus on me, I get an insatiable urge in my mouth to do it to her; so I tell her to turn around so that we can both do it. In a sixty-nine position, it feels as if I were going down on myself."

Tribadism

Although tribadism (rubbing one's genitals against some part of one's partner's body) is also practiced frequently by a large majority of lesbian respondents, it is the least popular of the three primary methods for having an orgasm in lesbian sexual experience.

Even though orgasm for lesbians is achieved through tribadism only a little over a third of the time with any frequency, the method is still popular. Here are a few pleasing experiences in which orgasm is obtained by tribadism:

"A good time is the early afternoon on a weekend or Friday after work. The best is on a nice day, warm and sultry. We hug and kiss a little to let each other know we want to make love. Sometimes we giggle because we are both a little shy and self-conscious about being too sexually forward. Then we go into one of our bedrooms, and hug and kiss and stroke each other's bodies while standing up. We sit on the bed and begin to take off each other's clothes, slowly and sensuously. I am more aggressive about this than she is, meaning that I usually initiate this process and carry it through from start to finish. Then I take off whatever of my own clothes she hasn't already taken off. I kiss her a lot, laying her gently down on the bed on her back. She is hugging me, and I kiss her and stroke her body, which is now naked (except maybe for socks, which we always laugh at when we forget to take them off). We rock back and forth, me on top, or half on top, rhythmically moving, which turns us both on. I rub her breasts and finger her nipples until they are erect. Then I touch her clitoris and go a ways inside her vagina, then out again, and rub my hand around her ass and inside of her thighs. She touches me, usually sucks my nipples, and kisses me.

"Then I lie on top of her, with my Venus mound just below hers, putting pressure on her genital area. I move, up, down, around, pushing against her, and meanwhile stroking her body and kissing her neck or mouth. She likes me to kiss her hard as she gets close to orgasm. She moans, with her eyes closed (that turns me on a lot). Usually it doesn't take very long for her to come. She has one long orgasm; then it's my turn. A common way she makes love to me is to stroke my breasts and legs, and then, when I'm turned on, she performs cunnilingus while lying on top of me; so I grab her ass and press it against me while she is licking my clit. We move back and forth, again in rhythm."

"She and I had gone to bed tired after such a hectic day. We wound up around each other, sheltered from the cold February night. Her back and bottom were pressed against my breasts and legs respectively. My arms were under her neck and waist. Lazily rolling herself over, she stroked my hair. We lightly touched lips to cheeks, noses, and then our lips and our tongues together. I moaned lightly, feeling turned on, feeling exhausted. We lay there, not moving. My eyes and mind slowly moved open and shut, drowsing and smelling her next to me. Hooking onto the inevitable, I touched the inside of her thigh, and my fingertips played lightly on her and felt her respond and stir in my arms. She took my face in her hands and rolled toward me, looked at me, and kissed me while playing with my hair. My hand, which had been tucked between her thighs, moved to grab her ass as we kissed deep and long. My clitoris made itself known. Her hand seemed aware, too. She stroked lightly, a finger or two bringing moistness from cunt to clitoris. My body went electric, pressing close to hers and feeling delicious with and for her, and for me, too.

"At some point I pulled her onto me. We lay there with our lips, legs, fingers, together like one entity. I moved my leg between hers and began moving to stimulate her, and her leg did the same for me. We moved as if in a trance. This lovemaking was new to both of us. The spontaneous, adventuresome, almost sleepy quality turned it into a long, languorous, mystical, and transcendent closeness we had not experienced before. I have experienced that kind of 'delicious sex' before, although perhaps not so completely. She felt like a part of me, I of her. Coming did not feel important or even imminent until it happened. More, the feeling of warmth, both physically and emotionally, and the completeness within the experience were overwhelming."

"I can't really pick out a night in particular, but the best were with my last lover; so I'll describe one night I had with her. She started it—I am flat on my back and she rolls over on top of me, interlocking our legs. She makes a sort of circular motion with her hips, and I do the same, only counterclockwise. I lift upward for better contact between our genitals, and she pushes down. My arms are wrapped around her hips to hold her tighter to me, and she either holds my shoulders, the pillow, or the headboard. I have a pillow under my ass to improve contact, too. After a few minutes we both come. Of course, through all of this there is French kissing."

Summary

If love (or sex) is a many-splendored thing, it is certainly also a very complex thing, with many, many variables. Some researchers have spent a lifetime investigating the components of sexuality, and nothing is conclusive yet.

Nevertheless, one might agree that the true test of a good sex life is whether or not the person feels that her sex life is satisfactory. In our study about 94 percent of the lesbians felt satisfaction regarding their sex life. The pleasing experiences in this chapter are testimony to this fact. Perhaps there is a great deal of truth to the saying, "Lesbians make great lovers." ○—

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

CAN THIS RELATIONSHIP LAST?

TEST YOUR COMPATABILITY QUOTIENT

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions that let you know Ms. Right from wrong.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Falling in love is easy, but maintaining a successful long-term relationship is a much more complicated matter. If you're interested in continuing the relationship with the woman in your life, this psychograph may help. The questions are designed to pinpoint specific areas in the behavior of your mate that either please or bother you. You don't have to be married to take this quiz. Current psychological research indicates that questions like the ones here can be successfully used to examine either informal (but serious) male-female liasons or standard, "traditional" marriages.

Rating one's mate may be a risky and downright dangerous undertaking. Focusing on your partner's weak points can generate all kinds of resentment. On the other hand, a specific, point-by-point examination of the behavior that goes on inside your relationship can be of enormous value. Too often we make generalizations about our mates. We'll say things like, "She bothers the hell out of me," but we can't pin down precisely what is causing our irritation. This quiz can help you discover exactly what areas of your relationship are unsatisfactory. Armed with this knowledge, you and your mate (if you approach each other with tact and sensitivity) may be able to solve some of the problems before they ruin your relationship.

The items on this questionnaire have been culled from the latest literature in the field of *dyadic adjustment*—how two people manage to maintain a relationship. The questions focus on areas that are proven pressure points that can make or break a relationship.

Although this psychograph has been constructed specifically for men, women may take it also. The results may be slightly less accurate for them, because a few areas of mate behavior that are important to women but not to men have been excluded from the questionnaire.

Answer the questions honestly and quickly. There are no right or wrong answers. The best policy is to follow your initial impulse: it will most likely be the most accurate response. If both you and your mate plan to take the quiz, you should do so separately. After both of you have completed the questionnaire, you should consider getting together in order to discuss points of obvious difficulty in your relationship.

Next to each answer you'll notice a number in parentheses. Ignore it. These numbers don't mean what you think they mean; so don't try to figure out which ones will yield the highest number of points. Just answer the questions honestly.

1. When the two of you argue, is your mate more likely to
   (a) Stay and fight things out until some sort of resolution is reached (15)
   (b) clam up and give you the silent treatment (22)
   (c) walk out the door and return later as if nothing has happened (10)

2. Would you say that your partner's sex drive is
   (a) about the same as yours (23)
   (b) higher than yours (30)
   (c) lower than yours (12)

3. When you first met your mate, did you feel that she didn't like you?
   (a) yes (13)
   (b) no (21)

4. Would you say that your mate is
   (a) competent and capable (34)
   (b) incompetent and helpless (10)
   (c) generally capable but with occasional lapses (40)
   (d) sometimes competent but more often incompetent (11)

5. How often does your mate kiss you?
   (a) every day at least once (16)
   (b) now and then (22)
   (c) rarely (31)

6. If your mate (who had never done anything like this before) asked you for a large sum of money and would not provide an explanation, would you give her the cash?
   (a) yes, without question (15)
   (b) yes, but I'd be very angry (22)
   (c) definitely not (12)

7. Would you say that your partner
   (a) is generally tolerant of your faults (25)
   (b) picks at you constantly (20)
   (c) sometimes is tolerant, sometimes picky, depending upon her mood (30)

8. Would you say that your mate's outlook on life is similar to yours?
   (a) yes, almost completely (33)
   (b) yes, although we differ on relatively unimportant things (24)
   (c) no, we look at life from entirely different angles (30)

9. Would you say that your mate is as physically attractive as you?
   (a) yes, we're both about the same (14)
   (b) she's more attractive (21)
   (c) I'm more attractive (12)

10. How would you rate the intelligence of your mate?
    (a) average (14)
    (b) above average (23)
    (c) below average (21)

11. How often does your partner say, "I love you?" (To you, that is.)
    (a) every day (14)
    (b) often enough so that it feels good (51)
    (c) only on special occasions (21)
    (d) rarely (10)
    (e) never (10)

12. How does your mate get along with your family?
    (a) very well (14)
    (b) quite well (22)
    (c) well enough to please me, since I'm not all that fond of my family either. (23)
    (d) not very well (31)
    (e) poorly (12)

13. Is your partner sexually responsive and uninhibited?
    (a) yes, very much so (16)
    (b) quite (33)
    (c) not too much (21)
    (d) not at all (11)

14. How is your mate's sense of humor?
    (a) very good (15)
    (b) not bad (32)
    (c) could be better (12)
    (e) she never understands the punch lines (11)
    (f) compared with her, Attila's Huns would look like Monty Python's Flying Circus (10)

15. Does your partner
    (a) talk freely about things that are important to her (23)
    (b) clam up so that you're never sure what's important to her (20)
    (c) talk about things that are important to her but only with obvious effort or embarrassment (13)

16. When it comes to resolving problems in your relationship, does your mate
    (a) expect you to solve all the problems (22)
    (b) try to solve all the problems by herself (31)
    (c) divide the responsibility for dealing with problems about equally with you (34)

17. Does your partner irritate you by saying that you don't make enough money or that your job doesn't have enough prestige?
    (a) yes (10)
    (b) no (16)
    (c) occasionally (20)
    (d) very rarely (12)

18. When you run into a particularly stressful period at work, is your mate more likely to
    (a) be more considerate of you at home to make it easier for you to cope with the outside pressure (15)
    (b) pick just that time to complain or start fights (20)

19. How often does your partner use sex as either a weapon or a trade-off to get something she wants?
    (a) just about always (10)
    (b) often (20)
    (c) rarely (13)
    (d) never (15)

20. When the two of you disagree, is your mate willing to compromise?
    (a) yes, always (15)
    (b) most of the time (33)
    (c) rarely (21)
    (d) never (11)

21. Would you say that your mate spends enough time with you?
    (a) yes (34)
    (b) almost enough (41)
    (c) no, she always seems to have something she considers more important to do (20)

22. Is your partner jealous and possessive of you?
    (a) yes (10)
    (b) no (24)
    (c) a little from time to time (22)

23. Which of the following statements best describes how the two of you spend your leisure time?
    (a) we do everything together (33)
    (b) we do nothing together (10)
    (c) we do most leisure activities as individuals but occasionally do things together (21)
    (d) we *must* do everything together; my mate resents my having any outside interests of my own (10)
    (e) we do many things together, but we also have individual interests that we pursue on our own (34)

24. Does your mate expect you to read her mind? For example, if you ask her what will please her sexually, is she likely to respond, "If you have to ask, you don't love me," or "What good is it if you have to ask?"
    (a) yes (11)
    (b) sometimes (30)
    (c) rarely (22)
    (d) no (24)

25. Are you reluctant to take your mate to important social functions?
    (a) always (20)
    (b) often (11)
    (c) rarely (13)
    (d) never (16)

SCORING

Each possible answer on this psychograph has a number in parentheses next to it. Go back now and circle the number that corresponds with the answer you selected on each question.

By *adding* the two digits in parentheses, you will arrive at the point value for each of your answers. Thus (23) does not mean twenty-three points; it means 2 + 3 or 5 points. In the same way, (30) actually equals 3 points, (14) equals 5 points, and so on. Now add up the points for all twenty-five answers to arrive at your total score.

A score ranging from 128 to 152 points suggests that you value your mate highly. If she feels the same about you, the two of you have a good chance of establishing a long, satisfying relationship.

If your score falls between 103 and 127 points, it means that you have given your mate an above-average rating. When you feel that you and your partner are in a congenial mood, you may want to go over some of the areas in which you gave her a low rating and see what she thinks. But don't push it. You seem to have the makings of a good relationship.

A score ranging from 79 to 103 points raises some questions. Although this is the spectrum within which a large portion of people would rate their mates, it indicates that you are dissatisfied with your partner's behavior. A score in this range suggests that your relationship is on shaky ground. If you and your mate feel that you'd like to remain committed to each other for the long term, you may want to start working to improve those areas where either you or your mate scored poorly.

If you rated your mate between 55 and 78, it's a wonder that you're still together. Nevertheless, there must be some bond between you, even if it's only mutual distaste. Actually, your relationship may not be unique. J. Richard Udry, a sociologist at the University of North Carolina, notes that "studies done among the upper middle class, where marriages are most stable and to outward appearances the most adjusted, conclude that few of these people find their marriages deeply satisfying."

A note on scoring: A short quiz like this is not a foolproof instrument for predicting whether or not your relationship will be successful. Male-female relationships are too complex to be so easily dissected. A test like this is valuable because it provides you and your mate with "talking points." It concentrates on specific behaviors that are known to cause problems in a relationship. You should not use the test as a weapon against your mate. ("I gave you a low score because I think you walk all over me.") Use the information gleaned from these questions constructively. If you rated your mate poorly in a particular area—*and if that area of her behavior really bothers you*—talk to her about it. Don't bring up the subject during an argument; wait until both you and she can discuss it intelligently.

You should also be aware that we rate our mates differently at various points during the course of a relationship. Dr. Udry says, "The first decade of marriage is characterized by a consistent decline in marital satisfaction, accompanied by a decline in intimate husband-wife communication, a decline in consensus, and a disengagement from joint activities." Men are more likely to rate their mates highly during the earliest and latest years of their marriage. Consequently, a low score on this quiz is less a cause for concern if you are a married man with children than if you either just began living with a woman or if your kids have grown up and left home.

Finally, it should be pointed out that this quiz is based on the traditional models of male-female relationships. If you gave your mate a poor rating, that may simply mean that your relationship is based on entirely different standards. You may be living with an ugly, bitchy, but very rich widow in a relationship in which both of you are aware of the ground rules and are satisfied with them. This quiz also presumes that you expect a high level of satisfaction from your relationship. But some men want only a few specific things from a relationship (companionship or sex or someone to cook dinner) and are perfectly happy to find other satisfactions outside of their relationship.

So use the results of this psychograph intelligently. If you find it useful, fine. But if you're content with the relationship you've got, don't let the quiz itself become a point of contention.

"Now promise me if they start swapping wives, you'll take me back."

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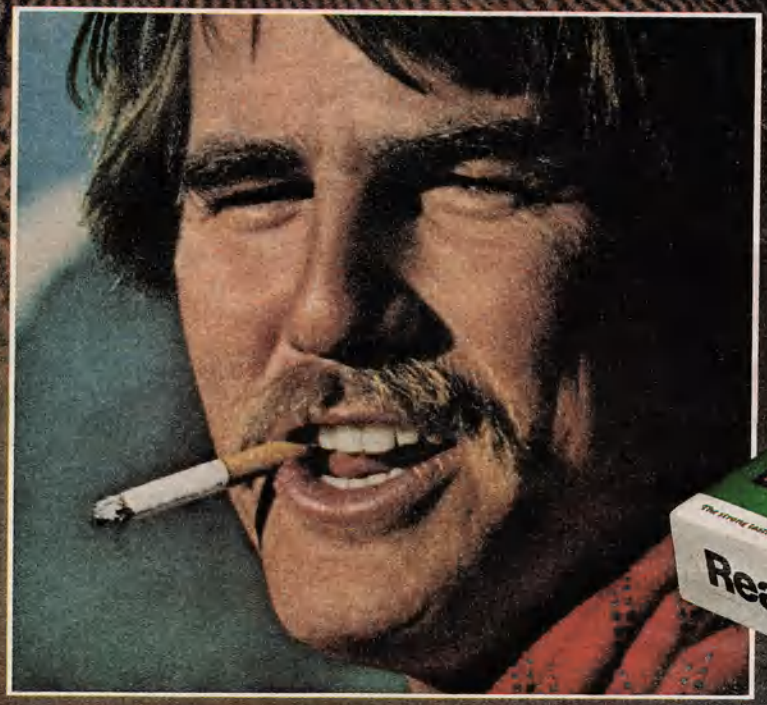

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

sun. As I removed my shirt, Robin said that if I took my jeans off, she would put the lotion on my legs. Soon I only had my underpants on. I had a tremendous erection and could tell that she was very hot, as well. Finally, she said, "If you'll fuck me easy, to show me what it's all about, I'll give you your blowjob."

My mouth fell open, and she actually thought I wouldn't go for the idea. But I readily accepted and told her it would be my pleasure. We first went into a very slow sixty-nine, as I was trying to be very gentle with her. I'm just average size, but when I gently entered her, she was very tight (and very scared). We worked my erection in and out very slowly, until she took it all in with very little pain, which made me feel like a very wise instructor. I came in her, and she experienced her first orgasm. It was a very mild one, but she knew what had happened and thanked me sincerely. After we rested, she kept her end of the promise and gave me a fantastic blowjob. I came in her mouth, and she happily swallowed it all.

Afterward, we sat and talked until about one in the morning, when I really had to leave. Robin asked if I thought I could get it up for a nightcap. I told her I didn't know if I could, and so she assisted with her soft mouth. After another very gentle and sensual session, I had to go. We agreed not to discuss the evening with anyone. Robin then asked if I could tutor her further the next month.

This has been going on now for eight months (except the one time Louise visited Robin during my meeting). Once a month Robin does all the things for me that my own wife refuses to do. When we go out, she wears a garter belt and stockings without panties or bra. She once gave me a blowjob in a traffic jam. She allows me to fuck her doggy style and leaves her stockings on during our monthly lesson. We have attended several X-rated movies together, and next month she wants me to "buy a pound of the high-priced spread" so we can explore anal sex. Last month she shaved off all her pubic hair, but she says it itches too badly; so she has trimmed it into a neat page boy. Robin even wants to put the moves on Louise the next time she visits, which should be interesting—and remarkable, if it works. This woman puts no demands on my time other than once a month, and I was wondering if you think I've gotten myself into an untenable situation.—P.D.

No, but I must say that I think it's unfair to compare your wife's performance in bed with that of her friend's. After all, it's easy to be the perfect wife for just one evening out of the month.

FOURWAY FREEWAY

My wife, Elise, and I have been happily married for three years and have only participated in group sex on one occasion. We had been partying in the city and were drinking heavily. On our way home, we decided to stop by at a close friend of Elise's, who lived downtown with her boyfriend, Ted.

It was late, and Lisa and her boyfriend were already in bed, but Lisa invited us in to have a drink anyway. It turned out they they had been doing some downs and were fairly messed up at this point. Ted stayed in bed while the three of us had a drink. Lisa then suggested we sleep on their couch, since it was very late and we were so high. We readily agreed. About fifteen minutes later, Lisa came back out, dressed in nothing but sheer panties!

I'd long admired her body. She was tall and thin, with long blonde hair and small but extremely shapely and bouncy tits—in the Faye Dunaway mold. And now those pointy breasts were staring right at me. She laughed and said she was hungry and wanted to make some guacamole. "I hope I'm not too casual—it's too much hassle to get dressed," she said. Of course, I had no complaints, and Elise was so loaded that she just thought it was cute. I sat and drooled over Lisa's body while she and Elise made and ate the snack.

Finally, Elise and I retired to our couch. But not for long, since Elise decided to go and have a chat with Lisa. After about fifteen minutes I decided to go into the bedroom and investigate, because my wife had gone in there wearing only her panties and my V-neck undershirt, which her tits were falling out of. I must say that Elise is also quite a looker. She's only five feet two inches tall, but with a wonderfully womanly body, lots of curves in the right places, and the nicest ass I've ever seen.

The three of them were sitting talking on the bed; so I joined them. (You have to remember that the four of us were feeling no pain.) I started passionately kissing Elise and looked over to see Ted going down on Lisa. Elise also looked and started to bolt out of the room, but I grabbed her, held her down on the bed, pulled off her panties, and spread her legs. She struggled for a moment, because she had never been nude in front of another man, but she really loves oral sex and was soon murmuring her approval.

Elise and Lisa had their heads at opposite ends of the bed, and Ted and I had our heads buried in their respective muffs. I was busy turning on Elise when I felt Lisa's warm hand close around my throbbing prick. I shifted my position a little to make it easier for her, and my wife looked down at what was happening. She looked at me, and to my surprise smiled, then reached across and grabbed Ted's huge, upright penis, which was considerably larger than my thick seven inches.

Seeing that Elise had no objection, Lisa moved herself around so that she could put my steaming cock into her mouth. Again to my surprise, Elise didn't miss a beat. She turned and took about half of Ted's member into her mouth. Our bodies formed a neat rectangle, with everybody sucking simul-

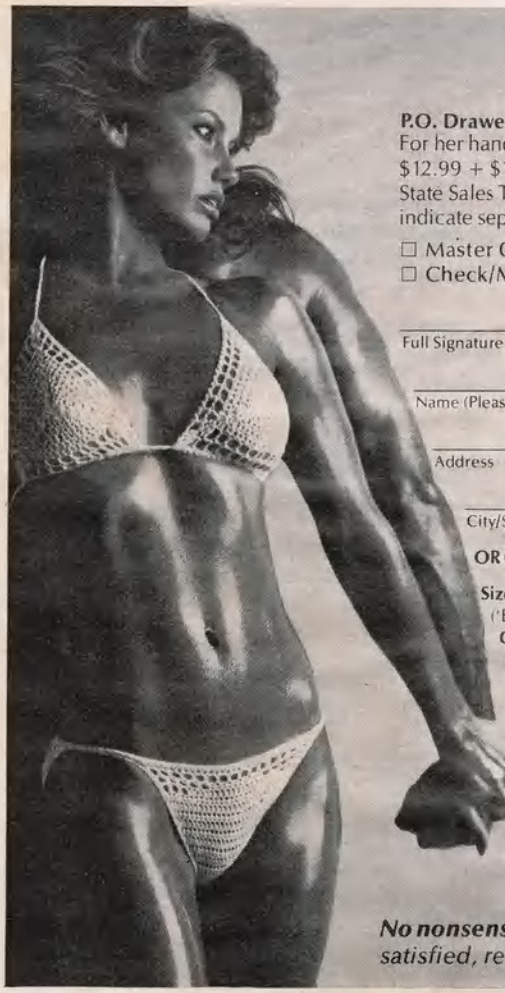
taneously. I was getting the best blowjob ever, and I could see that Elise was fascinated by the size of Ted's tool. After several smaller climaxes, both girls came to crushing, grinding, hip-raising orgasms at nearly the same time. As the girls collapsed back for a moment, Ted and I looked at each other, grinned, and said "Switch!" A few seconds were all they needed, and soon we were back in our rectangle, only this time Ted was licking Elise while I was getting a taste of Lisa. Her loud moans made it clear that my wife was enjoying herself. I have an extremely talented tongue, and Lisa was energetically responsive—bucking like crazy. After a short while I noticed my wife had stopped licking my balls and was completely engrossed in what Ted was doing to her. Lisa had stopped sucking Ted as well, I swung around and straddled her face. Ted started to raise himself up so that he could plunge his prick into my wife, but she put her hands on his shoulders and pleaded, "Oh no, no, don't!" He returned to her quivering pussy and went to work. In a few minutes she started groaning rapidly and urgently, "Oh, mmmmm, oh, yes, yes." The bed was shaking all over the place as she humped faster and faster, twisting and turning from side to side, raising her hips higher and higher. Elise was coming to a stunning climax as she shouted, "Fuck me, please fuck me now...oh, please!" I couldn't believe my ears. She was going nuts, shouting, "Put it in me, fuck me, fuck me!" like some religious chant. Finally, Ted did, ramming his big dick all the way home on the first thrust. Elise cried out and then started bucking like a wild woman.

Lisa and I broke away from our sixty-nine. I flipped her over and entered her pulsating vagina from the rear, squeezing her tits and ramming myself into her at a blinding pace. She really knew how to shake her hips.

After some amazing action, we all rested. We smoked a couple of joints, and then the girls took matters into their own hands, playing and teasing our cocks. Finally, they climbed on top. It was a great finale, watching those two sets of boobs bounce up and down as the girls rode us to climax.

Everybody crashed soon after, and, as I said, it was the one and only time my wife and I ever did anything like that. She felt guilty afterward but enjoyed it at the time. My question is: do you think I should try to set up another of these encounters and see if Elise will go along with it?—D.G.

Of course, and if she refuses, don't let that stop you. Your friends obviously enjoyed themselves, too. If Elise refuses another fourway—which I doubt—just invite Ted and Lisa over for drinks and dinner. What happened once will most likely happen again, without your having to coax Elise into anything. One look at Ted should get her going. Just watch out! You may not be able to stop her. Faithful wives with approving husbands sometimes act like nuns in a commune when it comes to fourways and swapping. Once you've got them going, who can stop the action?



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Contemporary Marketing Inc.

Fashion by Ed Emmerling/Photos by Denis Piel

EASY LIVING

Traditional menswear is left in the shade by spectacular new Italian sportcoats in vibrant colors.

Today's liberated man—strong but sensitive, masculine but never macho—has inspired a revolutionary new look in sports coats, a traditional staple of men's apparel. The new "strong man" look from Italy is accentuated by a return to padded shoulders, but it has a softened effect. The lack of obvious sex differentiation is echoed here in the use of such vibrant colors as magenta, rose, yellow, or teal blue—which would have been dismissed even a year ago as affected. (It's appropriate that some of the clothes on these pages are modeled by women, underscoring the idea that it is the person *wearing* the clothes, not the clothes themselves, that dictates the sexual image conveyed.) This new look in sportswear is deliberately more elegant than last year's look—especially when the fabric is linen or silk—but the freedom to wear the clothes that suit one's taste is still most important. Most of these jackets can be worn in a more traditional, formal way at night, and then "dressed down" for daytime wear simply by turning up a collar or rolling back a cuff. (But last year's "rumpled look" is out.)

Like the dollar, lapels are shrinking, but there is versatility here as well. The more avant-garde sophisticates can choose the narrow two-and-one-half-inch lapel, while the majority of men will probably opt for a fuller three-and-one-half inches. There are more options than ever for men, both in life-style and in fashion—as long as men approach both with confidence and imagination.

Ladies' underfashions styled by Gaby. Hair styled by Jacques Corsia. Makeup by Rex. Room interiors by Richard Gillete.

Roomy, soft shapes in supple lightweight fabrics are the essential ingredients of software. High-visibility colors, such as royal blue, lavender, pink, provide a striking contrast to last season's sea of neutral. The silk and linen orchid-colored, shawl-collared blazer has turn-up cuffs and two lower patch pockets ($120) and is worn with all-worsted wool flannel double-pleated straight-leg pants ($80) and one-inch silk and leather belt ($20); by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Augustus. Orange cotton tie ($7) by Camouflage. Silk crepe de chine shirt ($90) is by Saint-Clair. Her underthings by Shuba; jewelry by M&J Savitt; shoes by Carina Nucci.

The newest softly constructed blazer is shawl-collared, broad-shouldered, and has a shirt styling. This spun-silk, double-breasted, shawl-lapelled shirt-jacket in rose ($125) is worn with pleated pants of Tussah silk ($85); by Morgan Ayres for Morgan & Co. Raspberry silk crepe de chine shirt ($90) is by Saint-Clair; one-inch tie ($7) by Camouflage. His 14K gold bracelet ($400) at Alfred Dunhill of London, Inc. The big shirt that is his but one she likes so much to wear is all-silk iridescent with a banded collar ($80), by Lanvin Shirts. Otherwise, the underthings are by Ora Feder; jewelry by M&J Savitt.

His silk-blend textured-weave jacket ($175), by Givenchy by Chequers, and silk-blend trousers (about $65), by Tallia Sport, make up a sport ensemble ($240). The silk-blend pullover sweater vest ($35) is by Tallia Sport. Cotton-linen shirt ($40) by Georgette Ghica, Ltd.; tie ($7) by Camouflage; cotton scarf ($35) by Jean-Paul Germain. Another sport ensemble of his is favored by the lady, wearing his all-cotton chenille blazer, with "wedge" shape shoulder pads ($80); by Adolfo Sport. The striped polo shirt ($55) by Weavers for Jean Robert; the pleated pants ($50) are by Ciao for Barney Sampson. Silk and cashmere tie ($25) by Georgette Ghica, Ltd. Her jewelry by M&J Savitt.

The "silk look" jacket ($115) is by Johnny Carson Apparel, worn with cotton and linen pleated pants ($70), by Saint-Clair. Cotton and acrylic vest ($55) by Weavers for Jean Robert. One-inch wool tie by George G. Graham. Cotton shirt ($27.50) by Egon Von Furstenberg. Elite model Eva Wallen wears his bright yellow "silk look" sports coat (about $90), by Fiorvanti by Brookfield. Cashmere sweater-vest ($150) and linen pleated pants ($90) are both by Georgette Ghica, Ltd. One-inch tie ($7) by Camouflage. The cotton and linen shirt ($40) is by Lanvin Shirts. Her jewelry by Artwear, shoes by Carina Nucci. Both silk pocket squares by Eliot Gant, Ltd.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page **170.**

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 166–169, contact these manufacturers or stores.

GAYLE KIRKPATRICK FOR AUGUSTUS
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Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Tex.
J.L. Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.
Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.
Liberty House, San Francisco, Calif.

MORGAN & CO.
1275 No. Harper Avenue, Number 7
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046 (213) 656-7196

Maxfield Bleu, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Madonna, New York, N.Y.
M. Penner, Houston, Tex.
Bacon, Corps, and Fort, Boston, Mass.

GIVENCHY By CHEQUERS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-3535

Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.
Lanson's, Miami, Fla.
Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif.
Cedric's, all stores, Minnesota

ADOLFO SPORT
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Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.
Woodward and Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
Filene's, Boston, Mass.

JOHNNY CARSON APPAREL
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Abbot's Menswear, Phoenix, Ariz.
Porter Stevens, New Orleans, La.
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Saint-Clair
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Lanvin Shirts
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 586-1903

Georgette Ghica, Ltd.
41 West Fifty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 223-0371

Weavers for Jean Robert
105 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 541-7227

TELEVISION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

than your mother," Korodi says, speaking for the computer with an accent more than one visitor identified as German.

Korodi is proud of his electronics. He personally holds six patents. After demonstrating each device, he says the same thing: "It works." He is their father, and he wants to be your mother. He wants to protect you. He wants you to like these things, which are undoubtedly useful. His achievements are impressive, and he works very hard. He is Qube's Werner von Braun. But he doesn't seem to understand that it is frightening to be in a room with the door closed, surrounded by sensors—especially when he says those things with that accent.

These systems do not exhaust Qube's ancillary capabilities. "Many things can be done," says Korodi. "But the question is, Is it cost effective? Is it a useful service? Is it a business?" One of the future possibilities is traffic-light control. "Will we do it?" Korodi efficiently asks himself. "I don't know. Would I like to? Not particularly. Can I? Yes."

These services are possible and priced below other independent systems (basic fire protection, for example, will cost $100 for initial installation and then $12 a month), not because television is wired into the home, but because a sophisticated computer is. Data bank retrieval, newspaper printouts, and complicated merchandising are also possible. While home computers are the subject of debate and speculation, Qube has computer-linked more than 20,000 homes in Columbus. "A simple computer terminal," Gus Hauser says. "That's what the Qube console is."

Some see dangers if Qube succeeds. It is a single system capable of going into a number of cities, requiring a certain uniformity, and driving out user-initiated variety. If Hauser thinks Qube is the Tiffany's of television, its critics call it the McDonald's of cable.

There are questions about the digital response system. Exactly how far from passivity is it? Is it more than a chimera of participation? Qube has a new dramatic program in which an improvisatory theater group works a viewer-suggested subject into a skit and at certain plot points asks, through the response buttons, which of several alternative turns the story should take.

Except for the difference that she was mailed her lines, Mildred Montag in Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* could be talking about Qube: "It's a new idea. The homemaker, that's me, is the missing part. When it comes time for the missing lines, they all look at me out of the three walls and I say the line." The three walls are covered with television screen. Qube's program sounds more interesting, but does it lead in the same direction? Will this be the way the American vegetable takes final root in a computerized armchair?

Qube may be an escalation in forming an electronic fortress mentality about the private home, because, until they put two-way video and perimeter defense in your digital quartz wristwatch, home is where the action is. And will this isolation and ease of responding with a finger to transmit simple opinions (thumbs up, mostly up, halfway up, halfway down, down), informed or not, thought through or not, make us increasingly smug and irresponsible? In our self-guarded homes, where the decisions are easy when the machinery whispers, "Touch Now"?

But there are also fears about what may happen if Qube begins to fail. The organization might then turn to more extensive and obfuscated marketing surveys for certain income. "The next step," says Qube's Klieman, "is sophisticating our research capability. We've got the best research system ever invented. We can get it in seconds—painlessly." Will a hard-pressed Warner simply sell this information-gathering system to others, whose scruples about privacy and the use of computer data may not be as strong as Qube's?

Mistakes have been made before in confusing the future with science-fiction glitter. In fact, the only true two-way television in the home was offered in 1970 by AT&T—Picturephone—and was summarily rejected. So it's not true that nothing ever failed because it overestimated the American appetite for gizmos.

However, Qube is part of a trend toward what the Texas Instrument Company ads call, "personal electronics." From calculators to video disks, from eight-track and Cuisinart to Betamax and Advent screens, Qube fits in. It also fits into another contemporary context. In describing the services of Qube, Gus Hauser likened it to a department store: it's big, you can walk through the channels, shop around, buy or not buy. The comparison is true as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. What Qube is even more like is a shopping mall. It is centrally controlled, preplanned, and monitored. There are all kinds of things to buy, but the biggest thing is the experience itself. It is made up of consumer images, in patterns repeatable anywhere. Shopping malls are themselves reflections of television: the simulated reality, the two-dimensional version of small-town America. Qube is just a little further along the feedback loop. It is the shopping mall of television.

Qube could conceivably include community video of the Reading model. But so far, in the hands of Warner, the company can't cope with the idea conceptually or economically. Qube is "Me" Cable—stylish, sexy, product-oriented. Community video is "Us" Cable. The question is, Will local governments and their constituents, newly schooled in the capabilities of cable, successfully demand, finance, and use true two-way community television? Stay tuned. But that won't be easy. At least, not as easy as Touch Now.

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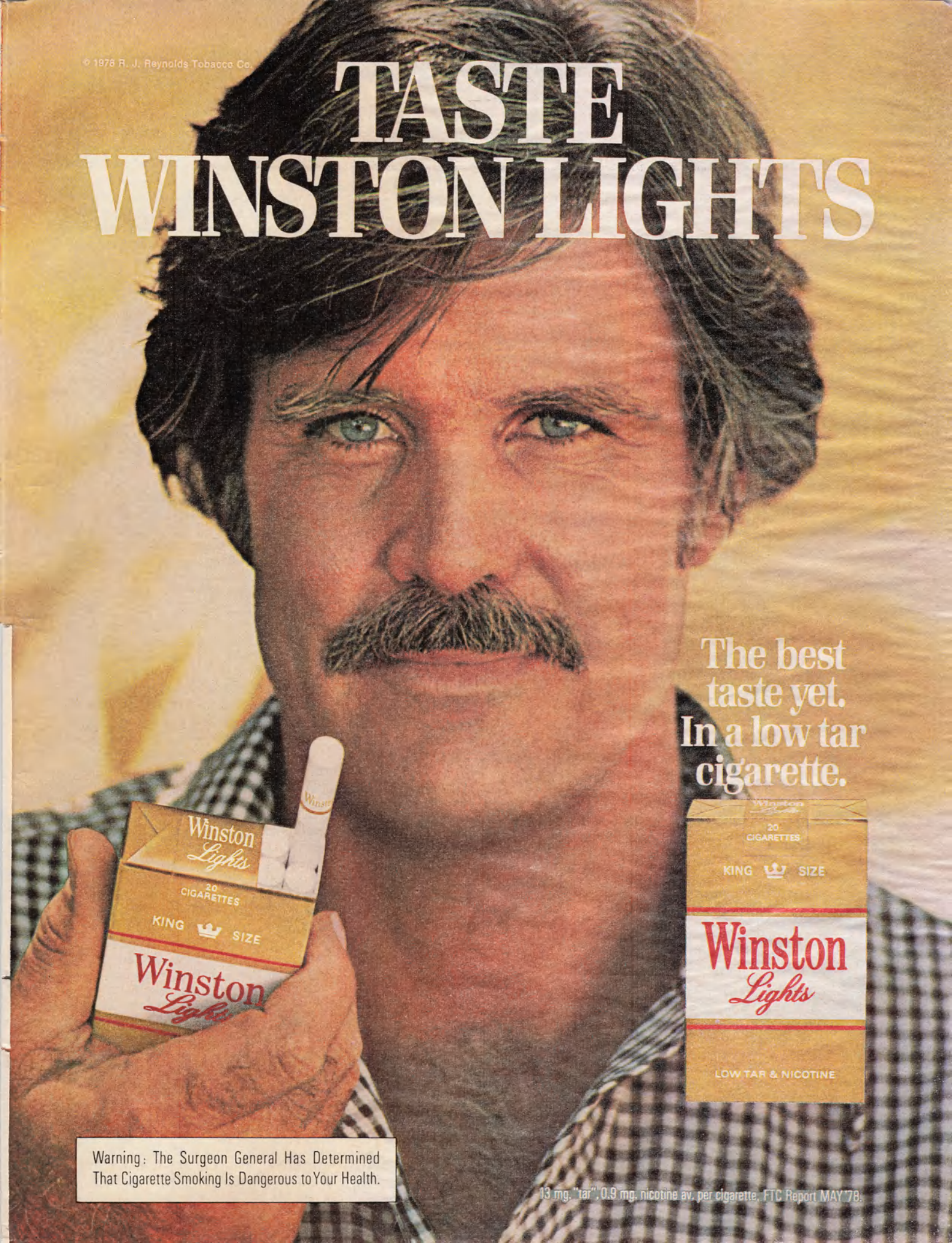

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SPECIAL REPORT: CAMPUS

How are today's college students dealing with our culture's liberated sexuality? Where can students find privacy in a dormitory setting? How do sexually active undergraduates deal with roommates, lovers, and parents? Dr. Judith Steinhart answers these and many more questions in her report. Plus: a surprising survey on contraception by Lisa See, who asks America's college students who is responsible for birth control. All too often, the answer is *no one*.

BREASTS

Boobs, tits, bazooms, jugs—the American male is obsessed with breasts. *Forum* discovers that the American female is just as hung up on breast size. But is bigger *really* better? Not necessarily, according to author Nancy Shiffrin.

FORUM'S MALE MASTURBATION SURVEY

Have you ever told anyone how you masturbate? Nearly 20,000 men answered *Forum*'s Male Masturbation Survey. Lillian Africano interprets this definitive study of male autoeroticism.

MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

Before you get a divorce, you might consider changing your marriage. The boom in swinging and casual sex and the skyrocketing rate of divorce seem to have put the institution of marriage in danger of extinction. However, Dr. Edgar Butler maintains that marriage will last long into the future—but in a form that would probably shock your grandparents!

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

several articles that I feel would be quite beneficial in my management classes. The articles are all in the psychographic self-examination series by Frank Donegan. Specifically, they are "Business and Career: Rate Your Own Success Probability Quotient" (May 1978), "Ambition: Is Getting There Really Half the Fun?" (July 1978), and "Future Quake: Are You Ready for What's Ahead?" (October 1978).

I would like to reprint these quizzes and distribute them in my classes. I feel that they will help us all to look at ourselves and see where there is room for improvement.

I myself have taken all these quizzes and feel that I have gained immeasurably from them. I compliment Mr. Donegan on his insight and talent in developing this series and hope to see more in future issues of *Penthouse*.—*S.H., Commerce, Tex.*

Man over machine

I should like to take issue with Robert Jastrow ("Interview," October 1978) for his comments on the inherent superior qualities of the computer, as he would argue, over our own human intelligence.

First, it must be noted that the computer has not at all been evolving at dynamite speed. In terms of language itself—and the computer is essentially a highly sophisticated language machine—what we are experiencing is the effect of the clay tablet, stone tablet, papyrus, and paper and the printed word on our ability to communicate and to maintain a record of that ability. I would argue that, in fact, it is not humans who are a finished chapter in evolution; it is our present human language. With the aid of the computer's electronic records and extended calculating capability, we are at the threshold of a truly universal language that will give man the precision of highly specific space-time calculation.

Our language already does this if we think about it, but only in a relatively imprecise manner. With respect to the foundations of language, the sign, and the study of signs (semiotics), the computer is a minuscule letter in the evolution of life. My own work—I might add, in order to divulge my bias—concerns a universal language at the Institute of Empirical and Philosophical Science in Berkeley, Calif. I call it the "bul."

In closing, I would like to mention the excellent choice I think *Omni* is as a complementary magazine to the *Penthouse* list. Its interview with Freeman Dyson (October 1978) brings to mind the organic coding systems, developed over the years, that antedate the "bul." And, finally, let me compliment your excellent photography and the exquisite ladies in the photographs.—*P.J. Zharn, Berkeley, Calif.*

Give 'em what they want

I must applaud your request to the federal court in Oklahoma City to strike down as unconstitutional the recently passed city obscenity ordinance.

I own a chain of convenience stores, and I have not, as many other stores have, stopped selling the magazines my customers want to buy, including *Penthouse*.

As a business person, I believe that the clergy and the city council cannot and should not determine what the people of any city can read. It is the business of the consumer. We sell the magazines under the counter only, and our employees have been instructed to request identification from any questionable purchasers, such as children. This is fair; banning is not.

Good luck with your lawsuit. I back you 100 percent. I hope my clientele gets what it wants—good, adult entertainment.—*Robert M. Anderson, the Anderson Corporation, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

MOANS & GROANS

I am twenty-six years old, married, and a mother of two normal, healthy children. It is time that you people wised up and realized that you have a large *female* audience as well as a male one.

I really enjoyed your pictorial "A Touch of Class" (December 1978). Now for the big question. Why didn't you show us girls a little more of that beautiful guy? I personally would have loved to have seen his erection sticking out of the soap suds.

Now, don't get me wrong; I like to see the sexy girls in your magazine, but how about "sticking us girls" with a peek or two of the more interesting parts of the sexy male body?—*Name and address withheld*

We're very pleased to have a large female audience, but as we indicate prominently on the cover, Penthouse *is the "International Magazine for Men," and most of the men we know prefer looking at sexy female bodies—not "peeking" at the sexier parts of their own.*

I just wanted to write and tell you what a great magazine you put out, but at the same time let me make one suggestion for improving it. Get rid of Xaviera Hollander. Many of my fundamentalist friends feel that she is giving your whole magazine a bad name. Some of them are even turning to that cheap rag that Larry Flynt puts out.

The problem is that since Xaviera has been with you, the poor woman has become sexually obsessed. Her column has deteriorated into a steady diet of sexual topics. Let her go! Once you cut her loose, she will probably go back to her old job (whatever that was) and might be able to get sex off her mind for a while. It's in the best interests of all concerned. Remember: *Penthouse* is not just another skin magazine.—*Name and address withheld*

For your knowledge, Xaviera Hollander has always written a sexual advice column. If you (and your "fundamentalist friends") want asexual advice, we suggest that you read Ann Landers.

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BY WADE HOYT

Alfa Romeo has been, along with Ferrari, one of the last holdouts against automatic transmissions. Now that Ferrari has broken the ice and offered a General Motors Turbo-Hydra-Matic on its four-passenger Ferrari 400, Alfa has gone its longtime racing rival one better by offering a truly outstanding, German-built ZF automatic in its own four-seat Sport Sedan.

Alfa's current lineup in America includes the two-seat Spider Veloce, the 2+2 Sprint Veloce, and the four-door Sport Sedan, long a staple of Italy's *Polizia*. All three models are powered by an all-aluminum, fuel-injected, twin-cam, four-cylinder engine—a classic racing design that looks like a miniature Indianapolis Offy. On the sedan, the engine is mounted up front, as tradition dictates, but the standard five-speed overdrive transmission is located between the rear wheels, resulting in a near-perfect weight distribution of 51 percent on the front wheels and 49 percent on the rear. The alloy engine manages to pump out a miraculous, smog-controlled 111 horsepower on unleaded regular from its 120 cubic inches and yields 122 pounds-feet of torque. Figures approaching one-horsepower-per-cubic-inch haven't been seen on these shores since the great horsepower race of the late sixties, well before pollution-control requirements reached their present levels. Ford's four-cylinder Mustang needs a turbocharger to equal the Alfa's 0.93 horses per cubic inch.

Alfas have always been famous for tenacious handling, and the independent suspension that must accompany a rear-mounted transmission makes this new breed of Alfa even better, especially on rough roads. The ride is busy but not harsh. In fact, it has been softened up quite a bit from earlier models. The only criticism that can be leveled has to do with a certain awkwardness in the shift linkage, which no longer juts right out of an engine-mounted gearbox but now must travel nearly half the length of the car. The automatic option solves that problem nicely.

If you don't think an automatic is sporty enough, the Alfa-ZF will most likely change your mind. Put the pedal to the floor. Watch and listen, as the engine winds and winds and winds—right up to its 6,200-rpm redline—before it slams into the next gear. It shifts into high at more than 70 mph. Full-throttle shifts have the slap-in-the-back crispness usually associated with dumping the clutch on a manual transmission. When the engine is cold (and the transmission fluid thicker), it won't rev over 4,000 rpm. If you're just cruising around town, with barely the weight of your foot on the pedal, it shifts at about 2,000 rpm. And if you want to shift for yourself on a winding stretch of road, the gear lever has a zigzag gate that allows shifting quickly and accurately, through D-2-1 and back, without your having to take your eyes from the road. At night, a little green light inside the console tells you what gear you're in.

The interior of the Sport Sedan has the understated elegance that is characteristic of Italian automobiles. The instruments are color-coordinated—white numerals on deep blue backgrounds, with yellow and red highlights. The speedometer and tachometer needles rotate in opposite directions. Even the idiot lights are smarter than usual. The temperature light stays on when the engine is too cold or too hot and goes out when it's just right; it supplements the temperature gauge, just as the low-fuel light supplements the gas gauge. Another light tells you when the thermostatically controlled radiator fan is working. Push a button, and a green light tells you the automatic-transmission fluid level is okay.

The short-pile brown velour upholstery promises durability as well as comfort. The stereo speakers, mounted at hip level, give a richer sound than the usual foot-level speakers. And "childproof" rear-door locks can be set so that these doors can be opened only from outside the car.

But the interior is also uncompromisingly Italian. The seats and pedals are set up for the short-leg-and-long-arm crowd—something the tilt steering wheel (standard equipment) doesn't quite rectify. Controls for the lighting and ventilation systems are truly Machiavellian. These are aspects of the car that Alfa fans find endearing; others might not be amused.

But the engine, the handling, the appointments, are undeniably attractive—irresistible, even. The grand old firm *Societá Anonima Lombarda Fabbrica Automobili* has joined the automatic generation with a flair. The Sport Sedan, at about $10,000, is as smart and sexy as any Alfa Romeo that came before it. C+E

Photograph by Earl Miller

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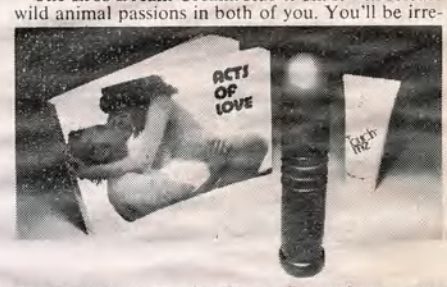

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

that her large erect nipples stood out in the cool autumn air. Her legs were spread wide; they seemed to beckon for my axle of love. She then shouted, "Well, start exploring!"

I was stunned at first. I stood and gaped at her moist crotch. My God, it looked so delicious that I practically came in my pants! She took my hand and placed it inside her panties. The warmth of her pubic hair, coupled with the moist pulsating of her vagina, drove me wild. She then looked at me and said, "I am Mother Nature. I command you to be my servant." She then ordered me to undress—quite a simple task, considering that I had practically burst out of my pants already.

Next, she requested that I remove her clothes and orally worship her love temple. I was more than happy to oblige her. She took my hand and asked if I'd ever screwed in the woods before. I told her that I hadn't and added that I was tired of the little foreplay game with Mother Nature. At first she seemed a little bit offended, until she turned to me and grabbed both of my testicles. She swooped down across my chest, licking me and moaning softly. She seized my thick rod and began sucking me wildly.

I became more aroused than ever, and my trembling body began to thrust upward into her mouth. I was about to lose my load when she withdrew my cock from her mouth. That only increased my arousal, for I was fascinated by the prospects of what sexual techniques she would apply next. She then sat backward on my face and began tickling my cock with ferns. I was going crazy! Finally, I threw her off my face and said, "I am Father Nature, and I'm going to fuck you senseless!" I then slammed my rock-hard shaft into her now soaking grotto. She let out a yell that echoed through the woods. We came in a matter of a few short thrusts. I filled her with semen until her cunt was overflowing. Afterward, we lay back and began another series of oral foreplay techniques.

Rosy and I have never forgotten that day. We plan to take hikes weekly from now on. After all, the chipmunks and squirrels deserve to see some first-class erotic lovemaking in their forest.—*Name and address withheld*

Maid to order

I am a student at a large university in the Midwest. I would like to share with you and your readers a quite unusual experience I had. Several weeks ago I was relaxing in my dorm room, reading an issue of *Penthouse*. At the time, I was wearing just my gym shorts, with my hair still a little wet from a cold shower. Once a week we have maids come up and clean the sinks, floors, and showers. They range in age from about twenty-five to fifty.

When I stepped into the bathroom to blow-dry my hair, I found a very attractive

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lady scrubbing the tile floor. Within a second's glance, I saw one charming, firm, rounded ass. She seemed startled at first to see me pop in, but she resumed her work. We chatted and exchanged names—hers was Renee—while I plugged in my blow dryer. I noticed her uniform clung to her lovely buttocks quite tightly, which did a very good job of enhancing the body of a woman in her thirties. I could see her on her hands and knees, diligently scrubbing away at the tile, which caused her breasts to sway. Joking to myself, I thought I might like to get in some backdoor fun. Occasionally, I would see Renee take short, wanton glances at me that eventually became lengthy stares. I found myself getting aroused looking down at her and thinking of my far-fetched fantasy.

As she scrubbed the floor with the soapy liquid, some of it "accidently" splattered on my calves and ankles. She immediately excused herself, but I calmly told her it was all right. Renee noticed a slight tingle in my eyes, along with a bigger, more expressive one in my gym shorts.

Without hesitation, she cupped her hands and dipped both in the slippery liquid. She slowly and skillfully massaged my calves and lower thighs, as I let out a low moan. It sent a chill through my body as she worked up and tenderly kissed and licked my waist. At that time she rose from her knees and placed her fingers inside my shorts on my swelling Oscar. With slow, gentle movements, she gyrated her hand up and down my pole, which soon became lubricated with the foaming liquid. I unfastened her bra and let it fall to the floor, exposing two of the most prominent dark nipples I've ever seen. Slowly, I lowered my head and began to run my tongue in circles around her pendulous breasts in ever-decreasing arcs, coming closer to her dark nipples. I soon began to unbutton her uniform bottom and caress her through her soft panties. Both hands were busily fondling Renee's full and rounded ass, and I could feel her erect nipples rubbing against my bare chest. I was feeling mighty randy as I fingered her from behind, sensing her foamy love broth beginning to boil. With one of my hands stabilizing myself against the sink and the other probing her honey pot, we both started to slowly rock back and forth. Now my fantasy would easily become a reality, I thought to myself.

We both fell to our knees, with hands working eagerly on each other's juice factories. Renee and I lay down on the suds-filled tiles and slid to and fro. I felt a trembling in her inner thighs as she began to bite my shoulders passionately. Excitement raced through her body as she opened her thighs wide, then closed them, and then again exposed her wet twat again. She continued to swing open her love gate and then suddenly close her pearly-soft thighs, trapping my hand in her wetness. With my fingers tenderly probing at her box, I put my leg over her stomach and straddled her as I watched her erotic

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eyes stare back at me. It felt as if I were riding a wild bronco!

Renee's free hands took my throbbing cock and began masturbating me between her huge jugs. Pushing my manhood deep between those lush, lathered tits sent me spinning into another dimension. Her juices began to leak into my busy hand. With the hot broth clinging to my fingers, I grabbed both of her tits and excitedly pumped my iron deep within her cleavage. It felt like a volcanic eruption as my boiling sperm shot on her face, leaving her with my discharge dripping from her neck and mouth. Renee greedily licked off the warm droplets with her long, pink tongue, which sent me to seventh heaven.

I slid off her, only to see Renee go down on my flaccid prick. She eagerly licked and sucked my organ with her luscious, moist tongue, just like a child with a fresh stick of candy. In no time I was hard again, and I turned her over on her soft belly. In one motion I easily shoved my length deep inside her ass hole. Renee immediately began to groan as I fingered her honeypot from the bottom, meanwhile deeply pumping her delicious ass. We both came and felt the flow of our frothy juices.

Renee and I cleaned ourselves up soon after and agreed to meet again next week. Well, I've been passionately enjoying myself with the cleaning maid ever since, because she sure does one hell of a good job! And students have the nerve to say it's no fun living in a dorm!—*Name and address withheld*

Breaking loose

One night recently, my wife, Karen, and I were talking about sexual fantasies and revealing to each other our favorites. This was not a subject that we had really opened up on before, but it did cause us to have some of the best sex that night we had ever had. I really didn't think much about our talk until Karen showed up in my office the next Friday afternoon and informed me that, beginning right then, I was to be her slave and obey her every command. The door to my office was closed, and Karen ordered me to remove my briefs. She laughed at me as I tried to put my rock-hard cock back into my pants, and then she left, with my underwear in her purse. Later that afternoon Karen called and told me to strip in the garage and be totally naked when I entered the house.

On the way home that evening, I could hardly concentrate on driving, because I was thinking about what was in store for me when I got home. When I arrived, I did as instructed and stripped in the garage. Upon entering the house, I saw Karen, dressed in a pair of black boots and a small loincloth, which barely covered her golden triangle and well-rounded ass. Her beautiful, bare boobs bounced freely as she approached me and my whole body stood at rigid attention, my cock pointing straight out. Karen rubbed her body against me as she proceeded to tie my hands behind my back and put a dog collar and leash

ZERO HAIR LOSS!

Recently I was part of a clinical test on a new hair loss solution which proved to me that my hair problem could be solved.

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When I was selected to be a part of a test that was going to try a new concept, I was a complete sceptic. This new concept sounded as ridiculous as some of the other things I had tried. But, since the process was developed by a doctor in Mexico, and a major pharmaceutical company was conducting the test, and this formula had been tested before with good results, I said to myself, "Just maybe it could work for me." And, believe me, my hair was going fast.

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Here's what I found: After several applications, my personal hair loss dropped in half. And the most unbelievable thing occurred in about two and a half weeks, one day while cleaning my hair, I lost no hair. Not one in the drain. Knowing this is the time when hair is its weakest (during cleaning) and most apt to come out, I was amazed. After using this new hair-cleaning process for a full two months, there has been a number of days where no hair loss occurred during the cleaning process.

WHY I WAS GOING BALD MAY BE THE REASON YOU'RE GOING BALD.

The researchers said that my scalp was killing my hair, literally choking it to death, and causing it to fall out. They explained that the sebaceous glands of my scalp excrete too much of a fatty substance, a lipid actually, known as sebum. It seems that this sebum accumulated and hardened around the hair follicles beneath my scalp, clogging the follicle and inhibiting the normal growth and regeneration of my hair.

I'd never heard of sebaceous glands or sebum, never mind these "excessive sebum accumulations," so I thought I'd better ask if there was something seriously wrong with me (besides that I was losing my hair!). It turns out that sebum usually works along with hair growth, but my glands just excreted a bit too much. Anyone who has ever had dandruff has had excessive sebum accumulations!

THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO YOUR HAIR LOSS PROBLEMS, TOO.

Obviously, my problem was a matter of finding a way to penetrate beneath the scalp to remove the sebum that was responsible for my accelerated hair loss. I had known all along that medicated shampoos weren't the answer. *This new formula was.*

Jojoba Extract cleaned deeply without the side effect of drying out my hair, and most importantly it loosened and suspended that hardened growth-inhibiting sebum accumulations!

Besides cleansing the scalp of embedded sebum, this solution had the positive effect of making my scalp less acid... and that means that my problem of too much sebum is being brought under control. No medicated shampoo does that, either!

If your hair loss is caused by sebum accumulations, like mine was, there's only one solution: *Jojoba Extract.*

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Patent No. 3,976,083.

around my neck. She then led me into the den, where she commanded me to get down on my knees and eat her pussy as she stood over me. By the way her love juices were flowing from her bush, I could tell that she was really enjoying our little game.

For the next few hours, we had a terrific time, doing many things that we had been too inhibited to do before with each other. After I brought Karen to a climax orally, she began to masturbate herself and I watched, fascinated, as she began to writhe in the throes of another climax. She then led me into the bedroom, where, after I had given her a massage, she tied me spread-eagled to the bedposts and informed me that since I had been such a good slave, a reward was due. With that, she began to run her tongue up and down my aching love pole. Just before I was about to shoot my wad, she started laughing. She said that that was my reward for now and that she wanted something more filling. Karen then jumped up, put on a dress over her nude body, and announced that we were going to get a hamburger. She led me to the car, with my hands tied this time in front of me, and we drove to a local drive-in to get our meal.

On the way over there, Karen had me sit close to her so that I could play with her love box as she drove. You can imagine the look of surprise on a girl's face at a drive-in window when a car pulls up with a woman driving and a naked man sitting beside her! The poor girl could barely make change, much less talk. Karen untied my hands, and we ate our burgers as we drove toward home and what turned out to be an all-night fucking and sucking marathon for a slave and his mistress.

The next Friday night, a real surprise greeted me when I got home. With the aid of slip knots, Karen had tied herself spread-eagled on the bed. She told me that she wanted to be my slave and had been tied up for almost an hour, waiting for her master to get home. She said that while she was lying there tied up, her sister, Gail, who is single and lives nearby, had come over to borrow a sweater. Karen said that she had had to explain our game to Gail, who thought that sometime she might like to play, too. I got my revenge with Karen that night, and we are both looking forward to having her sister join us soon.—*T. C., Sherwood, Ark.*

Back to basics

Jack and I have been having a torrid love affair for over four years. I can't imagine how we could improve our lovemaking, but we wanted to try. So, two months ago, we subscribed to a swingers' magazine and contacted a couple who lived in a nearby community. We made arrangements to meet Dave and Joann at a bar and then retire to a motel. Jack checked into the motel early, paid in advance, set out some booze, and turned down the beds.

At the appointed time, we went to the bar and immediately recognized our swingers

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If you are like thousands of men and women who may have "let themselves go" a bit in recent years, you might reasonably feel a little uncomfortable running on public roads or tracks. The HOME JOGGER gives you all the time and convenience you need to get back into shape... at your own pace any time of day or night in any kind of weather... without a word or glance from anyone.

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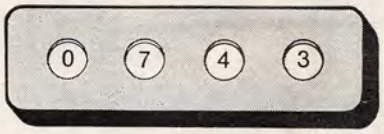

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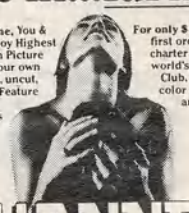

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by the clothes they told us they would be wearing. There were introductions all around and a couple of drinks, and on we went to the motel. After another drink and some exchange of small talk, we changed partners. Within fifteen minutes I was vowing silently never to get into one of these situations again. The guy knew where to put his cock, but that was about all. Jack was having his problems, too. He simply couldn't get turned on to the girl.

I called a break in the action (or lack of action) by going to the bathroom, and when I came back, Jack drifted back to my bed and Dave to Joann's.

I was so happy to have Jack back that I threw myself into his arms. Well, I guess all of us have some exhibitionism in us, and I'm no exception. I could feel Dave and Joann watching as we kissed and fondled one another. I moved slowly down to take Jack's hardening cock into my mouth, and I made sure that they could see every move I made! I sucked it into my mouth, ran my tongue around it, dropped it out, and licked slowly up the vein the way he likes. I kissed his balls, took them one at a time into my mouth, and sucked them gently. Then I went back to his cock, sucking and licking it, and back to his balls. I even took ice from my drink and got my mouth quite cold before resuming with Jack.

Jack was so near coming that he had to stop me. So he pulled me up for a kiss and said, "My turn." Down he went on me. I lay back to enjoy my favorite sport and again made sure that Dave and Joann could see everything. Jack gives marvelous head; so it wasn't long before I was ready to burst with excitement. At last I could stand it no longer, and I mounted him for the orgasm I wanted so badly. When it was over and we lay panting in each other's arms, I glanced over at our eager audience. They were still just watching.

Well, we packed up and went home and had another four hours of delightful lovemaking. I think I'd enjoy having an audience any day. It sure adds a new dimension!—*S. P., Omaha, Nebr.*

Justice deserts

I have been a devoted fan of your magazine—particularly of the "Forum" section—for a number of years. And I have read many letters sent to you by professional people (doctors, nurses, teachers, for example) relating their sexual experiences. I would like to relate an experience that I had recently, because I think your readers will enjoy hearing about it.

I am a twenty-eight-year-old man, and I work for a juvenile justice agency. I am on twenty-four-hour call about four or five times a month. Recently, I received a call about a young girl who had been picked up, and I had to go to juvenile hall to deal with the case. While there, I got to talking with the young matron on duty, and in the course of our conversation she mentioned that she had to work all night by herself. Since it was the middle of the week and things were slow, she would get bored out

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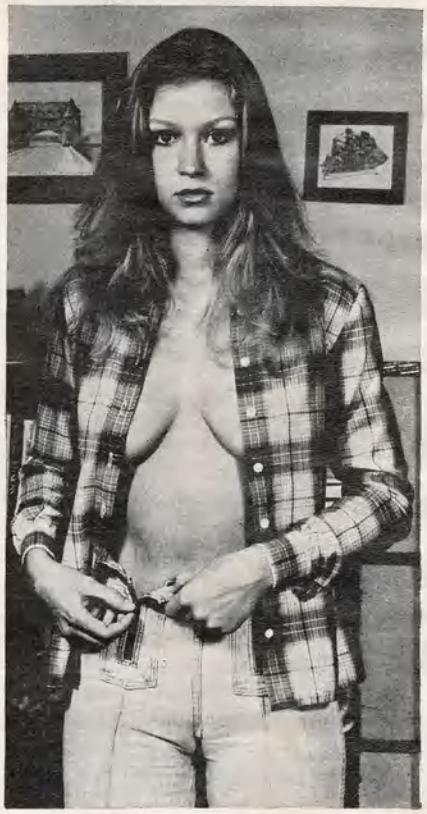

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Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

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Think about that for a second.

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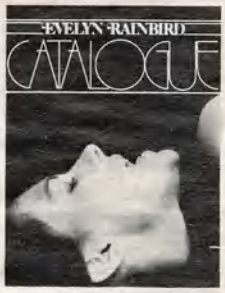

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of her mind. I made a mental note that I would be more than happy to keep her entertained. However, when I had finished with my case, I went home and thought no more about it. I should note that Becky—I'll call her that (not her real name)—is about twenty-six years old, stands about five feet, two inches tall, weighs about 105 lbs., and has golden blonde hair down to her shoulders. She also has an angelic face and body that would make any cock come to attention even while she's fully clothed (with figure measurements of about 34-22-34).

Anyway, about two o'clock in the morning I was lying in bed awake—feeling slightly horny and a bit more than slightly frustrated, since I hadn't had sex with my wife in about two and a half months—when I got a call from Becky, telling me that another girl had been brought in. When I got there, however, Becky admitted that there really wasn't another case: she was feeling bored and lonely and simply wanted someone to talk to. Since I had nothing better to do, I consented to stay and talk with her a while.

As we talked about a multitude of subjects, including sex, Becky sat on the corner of the desk, sort of sideways from the chair I was sitting in. Although I couldn't see anything, because her mid-length skirt was draped over her knees, I could definitely smell the sweet, enticing aura of pussy, making me hornier and hungrier by the minute. (It didn't dawn on me at the time, but she had been wearing slacks the first time I talked with her.) Suddenly, smiling impishly, she pointed to a sign on the wall that read "Everyone entering Detention is subject to search" and said, "Do you realize you haven't been searched?" With that she asked me to stand up and remove everything from my pockets. I had a little difficulty standing, considering the enormous bulge in the front of my pants, and as I started removing the contents of my pockets, Becky began running her hands over my upper body from behind as if searching for a concealed weapon. She then ran her hand up the inside of my left leg and came to rest on my now rock-hard cock imprisoned there. Giving my cock a slight squeeze, she said, "Aha, what's this?" and before I could respond she said, "It feels like a weapon strapped to your leg. You'd better drop your pants."

As I began to undo my pants, I realized that I had neglected to put on any underwear when I left the house, so that, when I dropped my pants, my cock sprang up in her face because she was now kneeling in front of me. She gripped my cock at the base with her forefinger and thumb and said, as if to herself, "I wonder if this thing's loaded." She then wrapped her soft, luscious lips around the circumcised head and proceeded to suck the entire length into her mouth. I could feel her tongue wrapping itself around and massaging the shaft and head. She started bobbing her head on my shaft, and it didn't take her long to find that it was indeed loaded, because I shot stream after stream of hot come into her throat, which she swallowed with no

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trouble. The feeling of her throat muscles literally milking my cock was absolutely indescribable.

When she had finished the last of my semen, she sat back down on the edge of the desk and raised her skirt so that I could see that she, also, was not wearing any panties. As I sat down in the chair, I said, "That looks like good-eatin' pussy to me," and I immediately buried my face in one of the most delectable pieces of hair pie I've ever tasted. As I ran my tongue along her inner lips and gently lashed at her clit, she draped her knees over my shoulders and gripped the back of my head. She began to move her hips, literally fucking my tongue, and began moaning louder and louder, and I knew that it wouldn't be long before there would be cream with my pie. As she neared her climax, she tightened her grip at the back of my head, as though she were trying to push my entire head into her cunt, and I tasted her sweet honey as it began to flow into my mouth.

When her climax had subsided, I stood and aimed my still-hard rod at that beautiful gash. But as I was prepared to enter her, to my momentary disappointment, she stopped me. She then stood and leaned over the desk with her perfectly rounded ass cheeks pointed toward me. Handing me a tube of cream from her purse, she said, "As you said, the pussy's for eatin'. The behind is for fuckin'." After I had coated my cock, I proceeded to slide it into her tight little anus, and with each inch that I slid into her, she moaned with ecstasy. Once I was all the way in, I proceeded to fuck her furiously, and each time I lunged, she would scream "Harder, harder!" until we both reached another gut-wrenching orgasm and I shot another load of cream deep into her bowels. When we had finished, we both dressed, kissed, and went home.

We have repeated this scene several times at her apartment, and each time it's as exciting as the first. We are both pleased that we each got our wish that night. She is no longer bored, and I got to "entertain" her. I would also like to say that Becky is the first woman I've ever butt-fucked, but I certainly hope she won't be the last.—*Name and address withheld*

Messin' with Mary

I thought I'd write you about an experience I had while I was a student at a private college.

I was working on an art project at school, and it was past eight at night. No one else was around till Mary walked in. She had really shapely legs, long brown hair, a pretty face, and was about eight years older than I. Tonight, as usual, she was wearing a short skirt that really hugged her thighs. After smiling and saying, "Hi, Dan," she sat down on a bench and started working on her own art project.

I noticed that she was wearing black nylons, and those legs were pointed right at me, giving me a good view. I kept looking her way in order to get a good view of those

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legs. When she'd say something, I'd look up at her face and we'd talk a little. She caught me looking at her legs several times, but every time I took another look I'd see a little more. She would position one leg a little higher and a little wider till I could see her white thighs. Eventually, she spread her legs, and I saw her garter belt and white panties. As she did this, she was telling me how she wanted to be my friend and how her husband works too much. I told her how beautiful her legs were, how nice she always looked, and how I hadn't had a date in a long time.

Well, that's all it took. She said I was very handsome and desirable. She slowly walked over, bent down, put one hand on my leg, and kissed me on the lips. I reached down to her hand, which was on my leg, and pulled it onto my rock-hard cock. I stood up and embraced her passionately. I told her I wanted her as I put one hand on her breast and slowly worked it into her blouse to cup her small but firm breasts. We both sat down on a bench, where she took my cock out of my pants and started pumping me with her hand. I was rubbing her pussy, and I could feel how moist she was through her panties. She got up and hurriedly slipped them off. God, she looked beautiful with that garter belt and black nylons on. She had a lot of black hair covering her love mound, and around it was the softest white skin I ever felt. She sat back down, and I started to massage her clit again while slipping a finger into her love hole. Soon, to my surprise, she started to rock her hips and her breathing became very rapid. She clutched me tightly and stopped the rhythmic beat on my penis because she was engrossed in her own orgasm.

We then moved down the hall to the lounge, where there was a large couch. When we reached the other end of the hall, she turned off the lights to the hallway. The street light outside lit up the lounge. She lay down on the couch, with her dress pulled up around her waist, her panties off, and her blouse open so that both beautiful, white breasts stood up waiting for me. She was very desirable. I took my pants off and lay on top of her, feeling the warmth of her body, especially her hips. She told me how much she wanted me to make love to her. I then positioned my hips up, and with one hand I spread her cunt lips and slowly slipped my large, hard cock between her cunt lips. My cock has a very large head, but it went in very easily, because she was really wet and hot. I started pumping her slowly and kissing her passionately while massaging her hard nipples at the same time. Later she started to rotate her hips. I started to fuck her faster and faster. With each plunge of my cock into her, she would take a deep breath. As I pulled it out, she would exhale. Her hard, fast breathing was keeping time with my hard, fast fucking. Finally, she clutched me very tightly and arched her back. I started to come at the sight of her coming, pumping her wildly. I shot my load, but my dick was still hard; so

we made love once more before we quit.

She later told me that that was the first time she ever ran out on her husband. We made love on other occasions, but afterward I always got the feeling she felt guilty. In a way, I loved Mary, and we were friends. I haven't seen her since college.—*D. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.*

A loose wire

It was a hot, sticky summer day, and I had just walked my girl friend to her car. We gave each other a peck on the cheek, and she was on her way home. I'm a pretty straight guy and usually maintain a one-to-one relationship. And I've been dating this one girl for three years now.

I waved good-bye, and in the background I could hear the beep-beep sound of her Volkswagen car as she took off. The evening was hot and humid, and although I lived near the lake, I didn't relish the thought of going back to my apartment. I decided to take a walk. I began casually walking toward the lake, when I noticed a beautiful pair of legs sticking out from under the hood of a Toyota. My curiosity got the best of me, and I proceeded in the direction of the legs. And what a set of legs they were—probably the most beautifully formed legs I have ever witnessed. As I approached closer, I got a full view. The suntanned legs were long and lean, and the tight little white shorts she wore not only emphasized the length of her legs but also gave me a sneak preview of her tight little ass.

She had on a tight, white sleeveless T-shirt that snugly caressed two of the firmest and largest breasts I've ever seen. It was apparent that she did not have a bra on. The T-shirt was flimsy enough that I could see the darkness of her nipples as they stood erect. Mesmerized, I felt a warmth in my groin. My prick was getting hard as a rock, and I casually put my hand in my pocket to quiet it a bit before I made my play.

As I neared the car, I was beginning to become intoxicated by the scent that exuded from her body. Her face and hair were stunning. Only in my fantasies had I seen a more perfectly shaped woman. Long, soft auburn curls neatly framed her classic good looks. Her mouth was soft and sensuous. The fullness of it enticed me further. Her eyes were soft and dreamy, and her pert little nose gave her an impish appearance. Her lashes were dark and long. The sight was so unbelievable that I nearly pinched myself to make sure that she was not a *Penthouse* pet I had fashioned in my imagination.

Her beauty was paralyzing. I found myself choking on my words as I approached her, but I had enough self-confidence to follow through. *Damn, could I get my rocks off with a dish like that!* I thought to myself!

She appeared relaxed when I asked her what the problem was and if I could be of some assistance. She told me she was having some difficulty with starting her Toyota. I offered to take a look. Even though it was getting dusky now, I could see the loose wire dangling. I immediately and very deftly reconnected the wire. Then I jumped into the car, and it started. She was beside herself with gratitude. I told her to think nothing of it. When I did sit in the car, I inhaled the sweet fragrance of some expensive perfume. I was getting hotter and hotter by the second. When I got out of the car and proceeded to close down the hood, she nonchalantly pressed her beautiful set of tits against my back. I did not back off. I turned around and stared at her and her devilish grin. She licked her lips lovingly.

I asked her whether there was anything else I could do for her, and she asked if I could tell her where she could find a phone. I suggested she use mine at home, since it was only a half a block away. She asked if it was any trouble, and I said emphatically, "No, it isn't."

When we got up to the third floor, I fumbled with the lock. Up to this time, I had been so cool. Again she pressed her tits on my back. I did not resist. We entered. I showed her where the telephone was and offered her a cup of coffee. She said that that would be nice. She also took out her checkbook and offered to pay me for my services. As far as I was concerned, I was interested in only one payoff—and money

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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OH, WICKED WANDA!
NEWS OF THE DELLICIT DELIGHTS BEING FREELY DISPENSED TO THE PUBLIC IN WANDALAND HAS REACHED HIGH PLACES. REACTION IS SWIFT AND STERN — SHERIFF LEO NITHICK HAS ORDERS TO CLOSE THE PLACE DOWN!
SKREEEECH
GET ON THE SIDEWALK— YA GODDAM PEDESTRIAN!
POLICE
THIS IS A HELLUVA TOUGH WORLD TO GROW UP IN!
HANDLE THIS RIGHT AN' YOU COULD BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR! AN' AFTER THAT MAYBE EVEN...!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WANDA KNOWS NOTHING OF THE EVENTS NOW SET IN MOTION. AT WANDALAND ALL IS PEACEFUL.....
THE LAST FANTASY OF THE DAY HAS BEEN ENACTED. THE CROWDS HAVE GONE HOME. THE CLEANERS HAVE GONE HOME. THE GATES ARE CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.....
FIZZOOM!

SHERIFF LEO NITHICK AND HIS POSSE SMASH THEIR WAY INTO THE CENTRAL BUILDING.....
WELCOME TO
ANDA
AND
CLOMP
CLOMP CLOMP
CLOMP
?
EIGHTY FOOT PUSSY!
JEEZE! WHAT TH' HELL IS THIS PLACE?
STEADY MEN!
IT'S A COMMIE PLOT TO CORRUPT YA!
CONCENTRATE ON OLD GLORY!
DON'T LET 'EM GET YOUR MINDS!
IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM HOMER SAPIENS IS ENJOYING A CHICKEN LIVER AND DILL SANDWICH AFTER A CLANDESTINE LATE NIGHT FANTASY WITH HALF A DOZEN WOOD NYMPHS....
WHAT'S THIS— CUSTER'S LAST STAND?
WAIT A MINUTE! THE PLACE IS CLOSED!
THAT'S NO FANTASY!
GRUD! GET OUTTA THAT BED!
WE'RE BEING RAIDED!
I'LL WARN THE MOSTRESS!

AH, SAPIENS—I WANT A WORD WITH YOU! SOME OF THESE SEXUAL FANTASY FIGURES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH STAMINA!
IF YOU'VE DELIBERATELY INCORPORATED A BUILT IN OBSOLESCENCE TO FURTHER YOUR OWN INTERESTS— I'LL HAVE YOUR.....!
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! FIRST TIME IN MONTHS SHE'S PLAYED WITH ME —AN' HE COMES IN AN' SPOILS IT!
MISTRESS! WE'RE BEING RAIDED!
COSH, BOOFUL! THE BOATS ARE FULL OF FIERCE LOOKING POLICEMEN!
MY ROBE, SAPIENS!
WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LITTLE FUN, PUSSCAKE!
OH, THAT PERFUME! IT'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME!
ACTIVATE SOME OF OUR FANTASY TABLEAUX, SAPIENS
LET'S SEE WHAT IT TAKES TO TURN A DEDICATED POLICEMAN ON!

sleeping beauty
one prick and she wakes!
cinderella
waiting for a ball!
SPREAD OUT AND ARREST EVERY-ONE, MEN!
STEADY MEN!
MEN!

I'VE BIN DREAMIN' THAT DREAM SINCE I WUZ 12 YEARS OLD!
I MAY NOT HAVE MUCH IMAGINATION —BUT, BROTHER —I KNOW WHAT I LIKE!
and Free Beer
YOU'VE GOT NO SELF DISCIPLINE!
THAT'S WHY THEY WHUPPED US IN ASIA!
SPLAT!

LIBERALISM IS SOFTENING YA BRAINS!
SAPPING YOUR WILL!
YOU'RE ALL HOT DOGS AN' ICECREAM! NO BACKBONE!
YOU'RE BEIN' EMASCULATED BY THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT!
YOU BUNCH OF DEGENERATE POT HEADS!
YOU AIN'T MEN! ALL YOU'RE FIT FOR IS POSIN' FOR DEODORANT ADS!
I DON'T NEED YA — I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

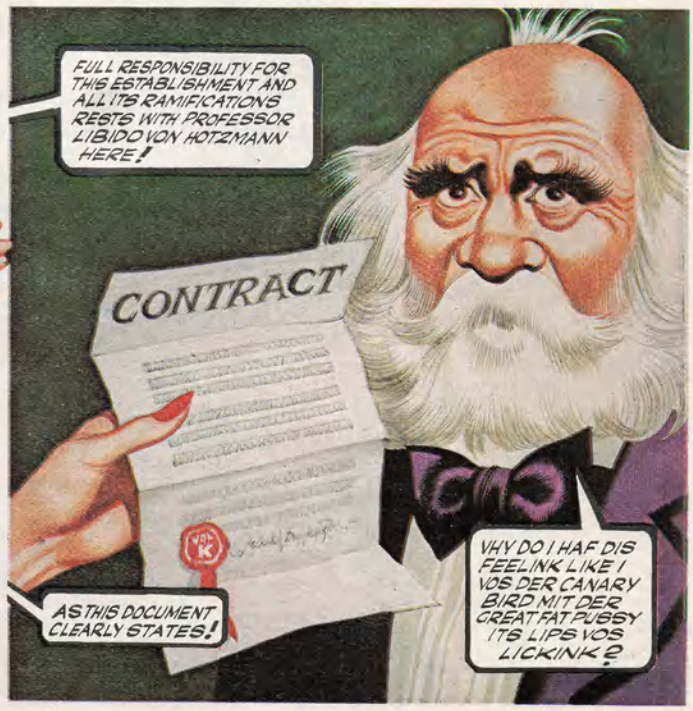
FINISH HIM OFF, BOO'FUL! THE ROTTEN SPOIL SPORT MUCKED UP OUR GAMES!
MUCH CRASHINK UND DER SHOUTINK LIKE DER THIRD VORLD VAR HAF STARTED MITOUT ME!
SHALL I DEAL WITH HIM, MOSTRESS!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CRUD!
NOT YET, PUSSCAKE. HOMER AND I FORSAW SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
HE FASCINATES ME! THICK AS A PLANK AND WITH NO IMAGINATION WHATSOEVER!
BARELY HUMAN AND WITH ABOUT THE SAME I.Q. AS ONE OF HOMER'S ROBOTS!
SOMETHINK IST WRONG?
NOTHING THAT NEED CONCERN YOU, OLD COCK!

TIME FOR CONTINGENCY MEASURES, SAPIENS!
AT ONCE MY ILLUSTRIOUS COMMANDER!
VOS IST GOINK ON VILL NO VUN BE TELLINK ME?

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, FELLERS? SOMETIMES I'M ABSOLUTELY AMAZED AT MY OWN BRILLIANCE!
LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE AND YOU'LL SEE SOME OF MY ELECTROBIONIC TOYS USED WITH REAL FLAIR — EVEN IF I DO SAYSO MYSELF!

OKAY, YA BUNCH OF PERVERTS — GRAB THE CEILING! ER.... UH... ..GULP!
GOOD EVENING, SHERIFF. WAS THAT RATHER OVER DRAMATIC ENTRANCE REALLY NECESSARY?
THIS IS A VERY BORING GAME! I AIN'T EVEN GONNA GET ANY TIPS OUTTA THIS LOT!
SOMETHINK BEYOND MINE COMPREHENSION IST GOINK ON AROUND HERE!

I...I'VE GOT ORDERS TO CLOSE THE PLACE DOWN, SIR!... AN' TO ARREST THOSE RESPONSIBLE!
DO YOUR DUTY, OFFICER. MR. VON KREESUS IS MERELY A GUEST HERE, LIKE MY COLLEAGUES...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CONTRACT
AS THIS DOCUMENT CLEARLY STATES!
VHY DO I HAF DIS FEELINK LIKE I VOS DER CANARY BIRD MIT DER GREAT FAT PUSSY ITS LIPS VOS LICKINK?

WE'RE ALL SO PROUD OF YOU, PROFESSOR!
YOU ARE A SHINING LIGHT IN A DARK WORLD!
A MAN WHO IS PREPARED TO STAND UP TO THE WORLD FOR HIS BELIEFS!
A BEACON OF ENLIGHTENMENT AND FREEDOM!
THE FIRST MARTYR IN THE NAME OF SEX!
VILL SOMEBODY TELL ME VOS IST GOINK ON?
YOU GOT ALL OUR LAWYERS LINED UP?
YES, MOSTRESS!
THERE IS STILL A STRONG CURRENT OF PILGRIM FATHERS PURITANISM IN THE MAINSTREAM OF IDEAS IN THIS COUNTRY!
I'M GOING TO ENJOY DRAGGING THIS THROUGH THE COURTS OF THIS COUNTRY!
OHH, SHE'S GONNA GET ALL SERIOUS AGAIN! IT'S GONNA GET AWFULLY BORING AROUND HERE!
CAN WANDA GET AWAY WITH IT? IF YOU WERE A LAWYER WOULD YOU MAKE A STAND FOR HER BY ACCEPTING HER BRIEFS? IS THIS A RUT-ORICAL QUESTION?
THEY'LL TRY TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES THROUGH THE MEDIA, PROFESSOR....
BUT WHEN THE FIRST GREAT TIDE OF MORAL INDIGNATION BREAKS OVER YOU—REMEMBER —WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU!
YEAH! WAY BEHIND!
VILL SOMEBODY BE TELLINK ME VOT HAPPENINK IST IN DER NAME OF HELL?

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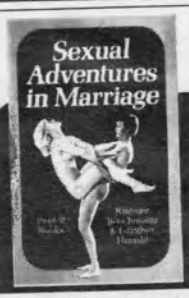

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189

had nothing to do with it.

When I walked into the living room with the two cups of coffee, I nearly dropped them when I saw her lying on my yellow sofa with her shirt thrown on the floor, those firm, enormous breasts begging to be sucked and caressed and her tight, little shorts halfway down to her knees. She had the reddest bush I have ever seen—a mound of hair, which she gingerly played with, and every so often she would spread her loving lips and tease her clit. She slowly lifted up her eyes to meet mine and coaxed me to come to her. I felt sensations like no other shooting inside my groin, and my prick was so swollen that I thought it would pop out of my pants.

I walked over to her. She immediately undid my belt, pulled down my zipper, and reached in for my cock. I could not in my wildest fantasies believe that this was happening to me. I had never been so horny before in my life. She first caressed my cock with her massive tits and then tenderly put it in her mouth. Her tongue was doing all sorts of contortions on my dick. They felt terrific. I let her continue with the blowjob while I grabbed at her tits, squeezing them as hard as I could. They were so firm and soft. Her nipples, which must have covered half of them, were a dark brown and about the size of a silver dollar.

The sucking action she administered so skillfully on my cock sent pangs of joy all through my body, and, finally, when I could not hold back anymore, she deftly drew all my semen out of me until I lay totally spent on the sofa. I felt as if I were unconscious. She began to play with my dick again and told me to suck her tits. I sucked, pulled at the dark nipples, and lovingly bit at them. I was so enchanted with her nipples that I wanted to bite them off. She moaned with pain as I bit a little harder, but she loved it all the same.

I pulled her to the carpet and flipped her over. She had the tightest little ass I had ever seen. I put my hand near her clit and began to rub. She gave off moans of pleasure. I grabbed at her tits from behind and thrust my dick high into her butt. She screamed with pain and pleasure. I came within seconds and lay totally wiped out on top of her.

She was insatiable, continuing to bring me off by placing my dick between her tits. I came again. I lay quietly for a few seconds, and then she urged me to eat her out. Her pussy smelled like clover. I pulled at her red hair and proceeded to suck each lip at a time. I made her spread out her legs, and then I spread her puffed-out lips, thereby exposing her clit. It was a juicy little clit. I started slowly, sucking at it and then biting on it. She loved everything, and anything I did. She pressed my head further down. I continued to lick out her hole, and she was begging for more. Every few seconds I would stop. Then I was at it again,

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eating every inch of her out. I began to feel shivers going through her body and knew she was getting close. I stopped again—I loved teasing her, and she loved it, too. I buried my tongue in her hole, and as I sucked and licked away, a gigantic convulsion took hold of her as she came.

Within seconds she was finger-fucking herself while locking her mouth around my cock. We came at the same time. Then she turned me over, told me to get on all fours, and proceeded to lick out my behind. She was able to get her skillful tongue way up the hole. I loved it and begged for more. In the meantime, she started fingering her clit again. She was undoubtedly an expert in lovemaking.

I told her to get on top of me. She swiftly obeyed. I began to suck her tits one at a time. She was enjoying every minute of it. In my state of euphoria, I did not hear the door to my apartment open. There standing above us was my girl. I was dumbfounded. Before I could explain, she had proceeded to take all her clothes off and join us. We had a *ménage à trois*. My girl friend is usually as straight as I, and I'd never dreamt that she would join in. Nevertheless, she was a willing and adept partner. We spent the rest of the night fucking and sucking one another until we all lay back and fell asleep.

Next morning, when I woke up, only my girl and I were in bed, but on the dresser there was a note, reading, "Dear Friends, I never thought that a loose wire could bring me so much erotic bliss. Thanks for everything, Sally." We never did see Sally again, but we had one hell of an orgy that we'll never forget.—*Name and address withheld*

Ride 'em, cowboy!

I must share this erotic experience with you. On Labor Day I decided to take a break from the hassles of school and hitchhiked from Austin, Tex., to the sunny, pussy-filled beaches of Florida. I needed a break, and I had heard that it was very easy to get laid on those beaches. That was just the kind of rest I was looking for.

Outside Lafayette, La., three wild French girls picked me and my hard dick up in a van. We started rapping, drinking beer, and smoking some dynamite Colombian grass. One thing led to another, and one of these girls—a real macho chick, said, "Cowboy, how good are you?" I said, "Baby, I am the best, and I can handle all of you." That was a mistake. Two of these girls said, "Oh, yeah, cowboy? Let's see what you're made of—we're going to check out your oil." One ripped off her tank top, and the other lunged at my hard dick. The third one drove but still kept an eye on the scene in the back of the van.

Before we knew it, two of the girls and I were completely naked, going round and round. They did everything but pull my dick completely out of the socket. It was great! My big cock was being fucked and sucked, and I was eating one girl's love canal all in one motion. Then they rolled me over and started to abuse my body. I loved it! I had the biggest erection in my life. The next thing I knew, these girls opened the back door of the van and hung my long legs out. One sat on my face with a big, juicy box right in my mouth; the other sat on my cock, riding it like a horseback rider.

Just imagine going down Highway 10, with one girl rubbing off on your face and the other squeezing your dick inside her gaping vagina. I came three or four times until we were literally lying in a puddle of love juices. We pulled over so the driver could get some of the action.

This third chick made me lie on my stomach with my head out the door of the van. Before I knew what was happening, she had inserted a large, greased dildo into my tight little ass hole. They made me scream, "Fuck me, fuck me harder!" at the top of my lungs. The louder I screamed, the further the dildo went into my ass hole. It was absolutely great. This went on for an hour and a half. It was one hell of a trip, and I hope one day I'll have a ride like that again. This is one bronco who's been broken!—*P. J., Austin, Tex.*

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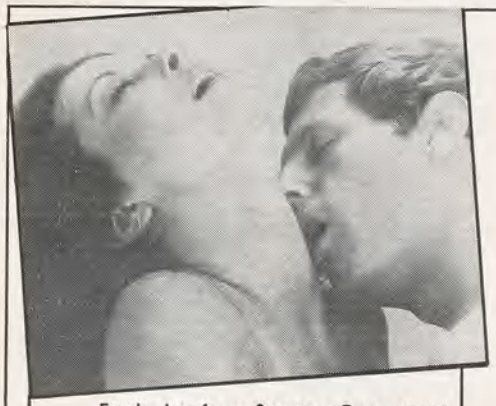

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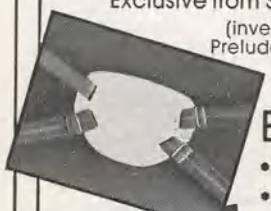

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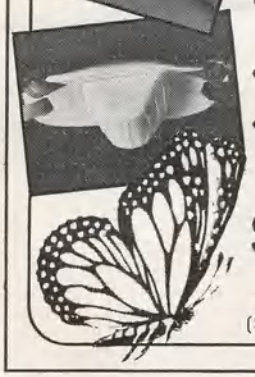

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HARDCORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

tian Reformed Church; and since the church frowns on movies and other worldly amusements, he was sixteen before he saw his first film—*The Absent-minded Professor*. "I was very disappointed," he recalls. "I expected more sin for my money."

Schrader took his film crew back home with him, to Grand Rapids, Mich., to kick off his cinematic tour of sex-oriented America—which, he told the locals, was called *The Pilgrim*. But they knew something was fishy; Schrader has a bad rep in Grand Rapids. Hadn't he been kicked out of Calvin College? Didn't he write that taxi-driver movie?

In Hollywood, one afternoon, another Calvin College alumnus (and black sheep), novelist Fredrick Mannfred (*Lord Grizzly*), turned up to see how his friend's movie was going and got talking about the Grand Rapids title change. "It *has* to be *Hardcore*," said Mannfred, "because it refers to more than pornography. You have to understand about Calvinists. Calvinists are saved. They're going to heaven when they die. They *know* it, just as they know the Bible is the word of God. They do not question, which is why they can beat you in an argument. *That's* the hard core—the hard core of truth."

"The context from which I come is still far stronger than the context in which I am," adds Schrader. "In fact, there was one point where I told the studio people that I was the only one who could direct *Hardcore*, because I was the last man left in Hollywood who still thought sex was dirty."

TOWARD THE BLUE-LIGHT TORTURE CHAMBER

"Sometimes I take a submissive session," says Kathi, "but I hate it."

"Yeah," says Snow. "I never knew how much that stuff *hurt*."

I've been hanging out with the whip ladies most of the afternoon, when it dawns on me that they're not from Central Casting—they're real dominants, imported from L.A.'s Passive Arts Studio. When I apologize for the confusion, Snow just grins. "Discipline!" she snaps.

In the House of Bondage, they're still setting up for the fight-through-the-walls. This is the most important stunt of the film, and no one begrudges the time. The fight starts in Cell Block 3—a tiled prison room with whips and chains on the wall, a rubber suit for punishing the top half of female inmates, and a Harley-Davidson motorcyle in the middle of the floor. Waiting for the lights to be set, Schrader climbs on the Harley and bounces in the saddle, kicking the pedals and pulling the levers like a happy kid.

He's totally excited about the fight. "I tried it in *The Yakuza*," he recalls, "when Mitchum fought his way through a whole hall of *shoji* screens, but it didn't work. You just keep on doing it until you get it right. What makes it exciting now is that this time

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we've got color. Every time they go through a wall, a different color gushes through from the other side."

Across the sound stage, George C. Scott, a wicked grin on his face, reaches for his bishop. "This is the most chickenshit move I've ever made," he chortles. "It's gonna kill you." The young stunt man thinks for a minute and then responds with a rook end run. Scott shakes his head and whips his hand back and forth over the board, tracing imaginary moves. "I kin understaynd thayet," he mutters in Andy Devinese, and slides his queen a few squares sideways. The kid slashes in with a rook. "Now," says Scott "I have to figure out a little *respondez-vous*. Hmmm." He traces strategy over the board with his hand. "Boom-boom-boom! Wham! Zap! Hmmm." Scott plays chess in fifteen dialects and sets of slang.

"It's show time," says Schrader, strapping Vic, the casting director, into a straitjacket and chaining him to a chair.

"What's my motivation?" asks Vic.

"Don't get smart," says Schrader, "or I'll let Mistress Victoria do this."

When the fight starts, it goes like clockwork. Scott barges in on the kid, the kid swings at him with a motorcycle chain, Scott knocks the Harley on top of the kid, the kid smashes through the wall into a gush of green and the Louis XIV bedroom. It's coming up on a twelve-hour day; with luck, thirty seconds of on-screen action are in the can.

Kathi, Snow, and Victoria leave for the night, but the rest of Schrader's army slogs determinedly toward the second wall and the blue-light torture chamber on the other side. Lights move; cameras move. Scott and the kid rehearse their violent dance to cinematographer Michael Chapman's direction. Schrader cuts the wall inch by inch with a razor blade so that it will break just right.

Finally, the cameras roll, and the fight rocks on. It goes perfectly; but when the wall breaks, camera number two is framed too high to catch the action. Schrader is exquisitely beat, but he's not whipped. "That's what we got the dupes for," he sighs. "Let's put the wall back in, and we'll get the shot first thing tomorrow." Vic has been in bondage for hours.

SOAP OPERA

Q: Have you shot a lot of hard-core footage?

A: There's no hard-core footage; otherwise we'd get an X, and we want an R.

Q: How about tits and ass?

A: I shot a substantial amount of tits and ass and crotch. How much ends up in the film becomes a matter of storytelling. Ratings aside, just artistically, I don't know how good it is to show it all. It may be more effective not to show it.

Q: How do you feel about pornography?

A: I find pornography endlessly diverting. I find it to be a downer rather than an upper. It's a way to kill time. It's like soap opera; it smooths you out. It's like a Quaalude. You

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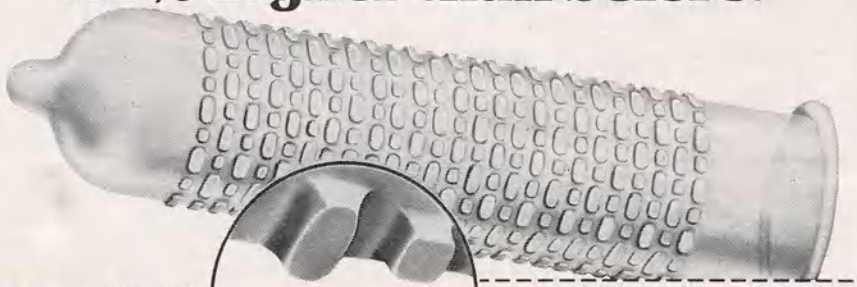

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MALCOLM MCDOWELL AND PETER O'TOOLE IN SCENES FROM *CALIGULA*

The Making of Caligula—The spectacular and long-awaited Penthouse Films production of *Gore Vidal's Caligula* will premiere in New York City this spring. Rome's most decadent emperor has fascinated the world for almost 2,000 years, but Caligula and his times were never depicted truthfully until Bob Guccione and Gore Vidal, one of America's leading authors, decided to tell this story. The film has been controversial from the start: this ambitious fusion of establishment and underground cinema re-creates the unprecedented sexual explicitness of ancient Rome—an effort requiring a cast of thousands, hundreds of artists and artisans, and a budget exceeding $16 million. There were explosive developments among the film's highly talented and often temperamental cast and crew, including the walkout of the original female lead, Maria Schneider, and the banning of Gore Vidal from the set by director Tinto Brass after Vidal publicly pronounced all directors "parasites." In a special twenty-page pictorial report, Ernest Volkman tells, for the first time, the full story behind the making of *Caligula*—one of the most talked-about films in years.

Working Hard—Studs Terkel's earnest book *Working* lent dignity to the common workingman. But what, wonders humorist Robert Wieder, about those dedicated folks slaving away in sex-related industries, such as the VD clinic caseworkers, the condom inspectors, and the X-rated ad writers? They, too, are working stiffs (no pun intended), and sometimes, suggests our author, they are downright eloquent. As one porn writer soliloquizes, "Work is a way to kill time while waiting to die."

Avoiding Taxes—According to author Jim Davidson, the citizens supporting antitax measures are not being un-American; if anything, they are honoring "the substance of the first rebellion for independence . . . with a new revolutionary struggle of their own." The bad news is that the average American pays more than 42 percent of his income in direct or hidden taxes. The good news is that many working people have successfully stood up to the IRS scare tactics. Davidson explains how they've done so and marshals the facts and figures in order to support his contention that our government "costs too much and provides too little."

James Baldwin—"Take Me to the Water," a moving study of private joy and trust set against a backdrop of social bleakness and oppression, is James Baldwin, one of America's finest novelists, at his best. In this second *Penthouse* excerpt from Baldwin's forthcoming novel *Just above My Head*, Arthur and Crunch, two black teenagers traveling through the hostile South of the fifties as part of an impoverished Gospel singing group, discover the elation of first love and the kind of attendant physical passion that is impossible without emotional commitment.

Redneck Power—When a liberated red-neck novelist comes up against the hard-core-pickup-truck-and-shotgun variety of red-neck, dust, fists, and insults are bound to fly—especially in a sweltering mining town called Glob, Ariz., where the prevailing sentiment is "If you ain't a cowboy, you ain't shit." Edward Abbey, poking fun at himself and others in "Drunk in the Afternoon, or in Defense of the Red-neck," does for the genuine and the self-made red-neck what Tom Wolfe did for Radical Chic. The result? Abbey had better never show his face in Glob again. O+A

watch it, and you sort of get . . . wiped out.

THE CURVE OF THE MAGAZINE

When we screen the fight dailies, there's magic in the room. Walls crash in a dream; color drifts over jagged bursts of action, screaming women in leather, whips, falling motorcycles, Scott as a dancer trapped in a violent metaphysic of multicolored shadows. The camera spins past Snow, Kathi, Victoria, to finish in a blaze of hard, red light, and the screening room is full of applause. Raw, uncut, the fight already has the look of a classic.

But as Schrader says (quoting Coppola), "A finished film is never as good as the dailies or as bad as the first assembly."

Paul Schrader is something of a mystery man. Often described as "withdrawn," "distant," even "dangerously short of energy," he is hard to touch, hard to figure. On the set he gives direction only when forced to, but his script is good enough to do a lot of his directing for him. And if he seems passive on the sound stage, his aggression in the editing room is prodigious.

Looking at shots of Peter Boyle firing a pistol, Schrader gleefully goes for the one where Boyle spins the piece and flashes a grin. "It gives the audience something to cheer and applaud," he explains. "Real cheap-seat stuff." He's delighted with himself. Maybe he seems cold because the hot part of him is on screen, exploding. Schrader turns his madness into movies.

One sure thing is that he is the perfect seventies filmmaker—a serious artist who makes his art pay off. The secret is his high-line, low-line gambit and a sure sense of urban desperation that shoots his films full of sexual electricity. When he says he's the last man who still thinks that sex is dirty, he's only half kidding. In some secret, unspoken place, a *lot* of people still think sex is dirty—and will pay for the privilege of proving it at $3.50 a ticket. Schrader orchestrates the dark fantasies we desire more than life but fear to speak.

Inside the sex-motel room, Schrader's whip ladies are doing S&M cheesecake shots on the black-satin water bed; three photographers and a small crowd of crew members are in there, too. Outside, Schrader, who dreamed it all up, is bitching about how much he hates directing. "It's fifteen minutes of creative decisions a day," he says.

He moves toward the camera, an Arriflex BL. "Still, I'm learning that a lot of routine decisions turn out to be important aesthetic decisions," he goes on. "The hardest part is keeping mentally alert, because the job is so dulling that you start to nod out."

Voices drift from the water bed. Through a missing wall I can see Snow and Kathi on the bed, legs flashing through black net. Above them, Victoria stretches her whip. Without realizing it, Schrader is running his hands affectionately over the poised Arriflex, caressing the lens barrel, smiling as his fingers softly trace the curve of the magazine. O+A

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